

# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

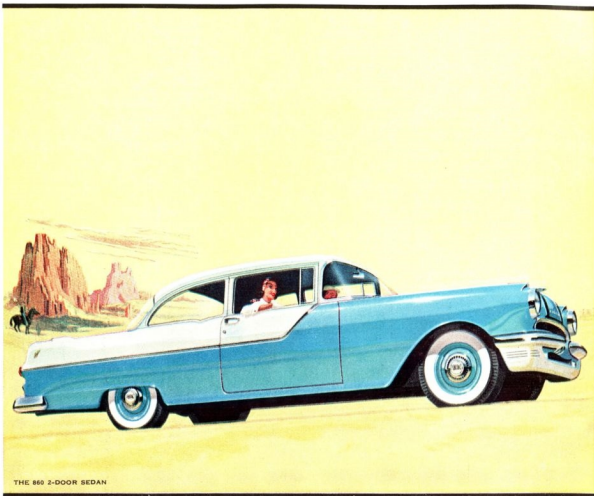


THE SENATORS FROM OREGON

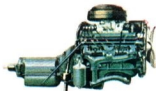
Two chips from the same timber.

Felix Chappell

# What a powerful difference a few dollars make!



THE 860 2-DOOR SEDAN



#### ALL-NEW STRATO-STREAK V-8

Here's why Pontiac is out-front in all-around performance, economy and dependability. All three lines have this same great engine which elevates each to top rank at its price for smoothness, quietness and spectacular "go".



#### ALL-NEW DRIVING EASE

New recirculating ball steering, vertical king pin front suspension, parallel rear springs and bigger brakes increase safety, make steering easy as pointing a finger, cushion road shock, assure even-keel cornering and a smooth, restful ride on any road.



It is most men's dream to take the wheel of a long, low powerhouse of a car and say, "I own it". It is most women's dream to drive a beautiful mode-of-tomorrow car and proudly state, "It's mine".

If such are your desires, there's not a thing to stop you—for these are the dreams that Pontiac fulfills for every new-car buyer with the glamorous 860 sedan depicted above. You step straight into an "all-time great" performer—as far ahead in response, control and roadability as in its future-fashioned lines. Yet this big, high-styled beauty with the Strato-Streak V-8 actually costs just pennies a day more to buy than the lowest-priced cars. Accept your Pontiac dealer's invitation—take a Strato-Streak ride today and learn how little it actually costs to make this great car yours.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

'55 **Pontiac**  
STRATO-STREAK V-8

SEE THE RED BUTTONS SHOW, FRIDAYS—NBC-TV



RESEARCH KEEPS

# B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER



## Fastest way to "raise" potatoes

*A typical example of B. F. Goodrich improvement in rubber*

GETTING 100-pound sacks of potatoes up to the second floor was causing plenty of trouble in this potato chip plant.

The climb is so steep the sacks would slip and slide down faster than the moving belt could carry them up. Breaking up jams at the bottom and holding the sacks on the belt kept a man busy every minute. It looked as though the only remedy was to lengthen the conveyor to reduce the steepness of the slope—a costly, inefficient way.

But before this happened, a B. F. Goodrich man heard of the trouble and told the plant engineer about Rib-

flex—an improved kind of package-handling belt. It's made with parallel ribs of rubber that are cross cut into thousands of flexible grip blocks. The tiny rubber blocks are tough enough to stand years of use, yet soft so they bend just enough to grip anything carried on the belt and move it easily, quickly.

Now, with the B. F. Goodrich belt, the potatoes march right up the incline with no slips, no slides, no help.

Product improvement like this is always going on at B. F. Goodrich. New ways are constantly being found to make conveyor belts, V belts and hose work better, last longer. No

product is ever regarded as "finished" or standardized.

*How this cuts your costs:* Because of these improvements and because B. F. Goodrich is one company that will never lower its quality standards, you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you specify B. F. Goodrich. To find out about the latest improvements in the rubber products your company uses, call your B. F. Goodrich distributor or write The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-361, Akron 18, Ohio.

**B.F. Goodrich**  
**INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS**  
**DIVISION**



*C & O sponsors this campaign in the belief that a strong and efficient transportation system is essential to the nation's growth and prosperity; and that sound transportation policy must be founded on public understanding.*



# **Let's stop patching the patches**

America's transportation system is operating under a code of regulations that was originally written in 1887. Since then the era of the electric lines has come and gone. Since then have come the automobile, the bus, the truck, the airplane. Still we try to regulate transportation according to 1887 ideas.

Today a new generation of Traffic Managers with scientific training and a professional approach are developing new techniques of transportation that are in step with our modern techniques of manufacture and merchandising. But in doing so they are constantly bumping their heads on these antiquated regulations.

Let's give them a chance to bring transportation up to date. Let's stop patching a garment that previous generations have worn out and outgrown. Let's ask Congress to scrap our 1887 breeches and give us a 1955 model.



## **Chesapeake and Ohio Railway**

TERMINAL TOWER, CLEVELAND 1, OHIO

# Imagine! All the Tchaikovsky symphonies in one low-cost album



**Packaged in sturdy, hinged box,  
only \$10.98**



CAMDEN presents this great music in one album... 6 Long Play Records, plus pamphlet with extensive program notes.



Music lovers gladly paid \$44.75 for this music on '78' records. Now CAMDEN's re-print policy gives you the same recordings on modern discs with improved sound for just \$10.98.



Each 12" VINYLITE RECORD brings you a great symphony orchestra and conductor... six different orchestras, five brilliant conductors. "Plus Fidelity" reproduction puts you right in the Concert Hall. You get the new "Grave/Gard"... permanent protection for record surfaces.



Ask your dealer for the complete CAMDEN listing... including low-priced 45 RPM "Extended Play" Records.

**New Camden 12" Long Play Records,  
just released at \$1.98**

**CAL 196—BERNSTEIN Conducts BERNSTEIN:** "Jeremiah" Symphony—On the Town (Ballad Music)—Facsimile (Choreographic Essay). **LEONARD BERNSTEIN, Conductor.**

**CAL 197—JOHN CHARLES TROMBEO Sings OPERATIC ARIAS and OPERETTA FAVORITES.** 14 Selections with Orchestra.

**CAL 198—TWO PIANO FAVORITES.** Pierre Luboshutz and Genia Nemanzoff, duo-pianists. Selections include: Rituel Fire Dance—Tambourin Chinois—Scaramouche—8 others.

**CAL 199—BIZET: SYMPHONY IN C—SCHUMANN: CARNAVAL SUITE.** Stratford Symphony Orch.

**4 of today's top hits... just 79¢**

CAMDEN gives you 4 of "Today's Hits" on one "45 EP" disc. That's less than 20¢ a tune... you get them in a colorful, protective jacket. This month, hear Stuart Foster sing:

- ★ I NEED YOU NOW
  - ★ COUNT YOUR BLESSINGS (instead of sheep)
  - ★ PAPA LOVES MAMBO
  - ★ TEACH ME TONIGHT
- Other popular 45 "EP's" by Sammy Kaye • Johnny Desmond • Don Cornell • Guy Lombardo • and Mandy Carson



## LETTERS

### Man of the Year

SIR:  
CONGRATULATIONS FOR YOUR SELECTION AND SPECTACULAR ARTICLE ON JOHN FOSTER DULLES, TIME'S MAN OF THE YEAR [JAN. 3]. NOW WE, THE U.S., ARE GOING SOMEWHERE. GOD BLESS DULLES...

ALBERT CONTI

HOLLYWOOD

SIR:  
MY GOD! HAIR ON THE CHEST, PRESBYTERIAN MEMBERSHIP, GOOD STANDING IN WALL STREET, AND AN ETHNOCENTRIC DIPLOMACY ARE NO CRITERIA FOR MAN OF THE YEAR.

L. E. SHAEFFER

COLUMBIA, MO.

Sir:  
... You had an excellent subject to portray, and you have done justice to all that Dulles stands for...

VERA A. LAWTON

Washington, D.C.

Sir:  
An excellent selection. If I may flatter myself, I'm glad Time concurs.

C. WALLACE BOURNE

Collingswood, N.J.

Sir:  
How dull can you get? Surely, Dulles takes the cake for the worst compounder of confusion of the year.

G. C. COVERLEY

New York City

### France & Mendès-France

Sir:  
I have appreciated your forthright reporting on the bumbblings and stumbblings of the milk-drinking Mendès-France [June 21 et seq.], but... why do we get so upset about every French crisis? What would we lose if the French did not ratify the Paris agreements? As I see it, we would lose one fickle and militarily useless country that could only hinder an alliance. Furthermore... we should keep in mind that in the event of a Communist attack on Western Europe, we and our allies would have to occupy France militarily, simply to protect our installations... Diplomats and diplomacy may attempt to maintain the fiction that France is a great power, but reality certainly points out the

potential loss of the lives of millions of people who have only the fiction of French divisions to assist in their defense. Why don't we face reality and write off the French as allies before we are lulled to believe they can help us defend Europe?...

C. EKKER

Baton Rouge, La.

### The Mouse that Walt Built

Sir:  
As much as Disney's imagination is to be admired, how dare you compare his ingenuity to that of Henry Ford, much less, of Edison [TIME, Dec. 27]? I sat twice through the beautiful, imaginative and relaxing *Fantasia*, but I am still more thankful for those very wonderful moments to the incomparable genius of the man who made possible the projection and recording of such a tremendous motion picture than to the clever businessman who put it all together...

RUDOLPH A. FACCINI

Bogotá, Colombia

Sir:  
It is unfortunate that TIME said Disney's *Fantasia* "is not culture." Stokowski, Taylor and Disney knew what they were doing when they created this masterpiece of culture... When the histories of art of the future are written, *Fantasia* will be recorded as Disney's motion-picture masterpiece and one of the greatest of all motion pictures...

WARNER WILLIAMS

Culver, Ind.

Sir:  
TIME's review of Walt Disney is one of the best bits of Americana that has ever graced your pages. After going along with Walt since the birth of Mickey Mouse, today I like him better than ever. But... I walked out of *Fantasia*. As a lover of Bach, and especially the Mitonic grandeur of the *D Minor Toccata and Fugue*, the paraphrasing of this musical earthquake with a series of silly moving-color patterns was too much—pure humbug... It deserved to be a flop...

MARGUERITE M. CROLLY

Jacksonville

Sir:  
... If I knew anything of publishing, I would make that delightful little piece "The Mouse that Walt Built—and that Built

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at 540 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

**Subscription Rates:** Continental U.S. 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.50; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$15.50. Plane-speeded editions: to Hawaii and Alaska, 1 yr., \$8.00; 2 yrs., \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Continental Europe, Guam and Japan, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00. For U.S. and Canadian active military personnel everywhere in the world, 1 yr., \$4.75.

**Subscription Service:** J. Edward King, Genl. Mgr. Mail subscription orders, correspondence and instructions for change of address to:

TIME SUBSCRIPTION SERVICE  
540 N. Michigan Avenue  
Chicago 11, Illinois

**Change of Address:** Send old address (exactly as printed on mailing label of your copy of TIME) and new address (with zone number, if any)—allow three weeks for change-over.

**Advertising Correspondence** should be addressed to: TIME for Time & Life Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

**Copyright:** TIME is copyrighted, 1955 by TIME Inc. under international Copyright Convention. All rights reserved under Pan American Copyright Convention.

*The Associated Press* is exclusively entitled to the use for republication of the local telegraphic and cable news published herein, originated by TIME. The Weekly News magazine or obtained from *The Associated Press*.

TIME Inc. also publishes LIFE, FORTUNE, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, ARCHITECTURAL FORUM and HOME & HOME. Chairman, Maurice T. Moore; President, Roy E. Larsen; Executive Vice-President or Publishing, Howard Black; Executive Vice-President and Treasurer, Charles L. Stillman; Vice-President and Secretary, D. W. Brumbaugh; Vice-Presidents, Bernard Barov, Allen Grover, Andrew Heiskell, C. D. Jackson, J. Edward King, James A. Linen, Ralph D. Paine, Jr., P. F. Prentice, Comptroller and Assistant Secretary, Arnold W. Carlson.

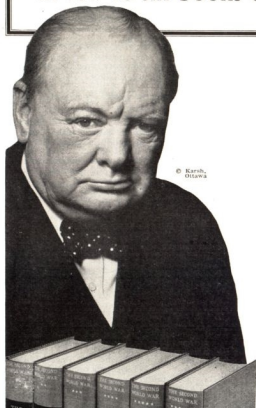
TIME  
January 17, 1955

Volume LXV  
Number 3

TIME, JANUARY 17, 1955

# TIME IS RUNNING OUT\*

if you wish to obtain—WITHOUT CHARGE—all six volumes of Churchill's *The Second World War* by joining the Book-of-the-Month Club now and buying as few as six books during the next twelve months



© Karsh, Ottawa

\*To date close to 100,000 men and women have enrolled in the Book-of-the-Month Club as a result of this unprecedented Trial Membership offer. If the demand continues, the remaining copies of the present edition will soon be exhausted. Another edition is unlikely—at least for some time—since it will take an extended period to print and bind such an expensive set.

The complete set is offered in this Trial Membership to demonstrate three things about the Club, important to every book-reading family.

**\* FIRST:** that as a member of the Club you are kept from missing the important books you want to read. For example, *all* six of these Churchill books were regular Club Selections.

**\* SECOND:** that you get such books from the Club at a considerable saving. For example, the regular retail price of each of these Churchill volumes is \$6.00; the price to Club members is only \$4.00. Last year, on the average, the price paid by Club members for Selections was around 18% less than the retail price.

**\* THIRD:** that, on top of this, you share in around \$10,000,000 worth of free books distributed during the year to members as Book-Dividends. These six Churchill volumes may be considered "advanced" Book-Dividends, earned by the purchase of the six books you engage to buy later.

## CONDITIONS OF THIS OFFER

**\* YOU AGREE TO BUY AS FEW AS SIX BOOKS** within your first year of membership from among the Club Selections and Alternates. During the year at least 100 good books will be made available to you, from which you may choose. You receive a careful advance description of each Selection and if you think it is a book you would *not* enjoy, you send back a form (always provided) specifying some other book you may want. Or you may say, "Send me nothing."

**\* YOU WILL RECEIVE ALL SIX VOLUMES OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR AT ONCE.** They will be sent with the first book you order from the Club. For a list of good books from which you can choose your first selection, please see coupon below.

**\* AFTER BUYING SIX BOOKS**—and as long as you remain a member—you will receive a Book-Dividend with every second book you buy—a beautiful or useful library volume. This can be afforded because a fixed percentage of what each member pays is set aside in a special fund, and then invested in enormous editions of other books, each of which is a Book-Dividend sent free to members.

**\* YOU MAY CANCEL YOUR MEMBERSHIP** any time after buying six books. Membership in the Club is for no fixed period, continuing until notice of cancellation is received from the member.

## BEGIN YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH ANY OF THE BOOKS LISTED HERE

- ☐ **MY BROTHER'S KEEPER** by Marcia Davenport \$3.95
- ☐ **THIRTY YEARS** by John P. Marquand  
Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **THE CORNERSTONE** by Zoe Oldenbourg  
Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **SWEET THURSDAY** by John Steinbeck \$3.50
- ☐ **THE FALL OF A TITAN** by Igor Gouzenko  
Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **MARY ANNE** by Daphne du Maurier \$3.50
- ☐ **GOOD MORNING, MISS DOVE** by Frances Gray Patton \$2.75
- ☐ **A STILLNESS AT APPOMATTOX** by Bruce Catton  
Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL** by Hermann Hagedorn  
Price (to members only) \$3.95
- ☐ **THE MIND ALIVE** by Harry & Bonaro Overstreet \$2.75

**BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc.** A21  
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club. I am to receive *THE SECOND WORLD WAR* by Winston Churchill, in six volumes, immediately, with the purchase of my first selection, indicated at left. I agree to purchase at least six monthly Selections—or Alternates—during the first year I am a member. After my sixth purchase, with every second book I buy—from among the Club Selections and Alternates—I am to receive the current Book-Dividend; then having distributed, I have the right to cancel my membership any time after buying six selections from the Club. After my first year as a member, I need buy only four such books in any twelve-month period to maintain membership. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

Name \_\_\_\_\_ (Please Print Plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ Postal Zone No. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ (if any)

Book prices are slightly higher in Canada, but the Club ships to Canadian members, without any extra charge. For details, through Book-of-the-Month Club (Canada), Ltd.

RETAIL PRICE OF THE SIX BOOKS  
IF BOUGHT SEPARATELY

**\$36**

Trade-Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. and in Canada



Soon you can enjoy this new speed  
... new restfulness of flight



## TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

introduces to North American travellers  
the incomparable



# VISCOUNT

Powered by Rolls-Royce propeller-turbine engines

Be one of the first to experience the hushed speed, the remarkable lack of vibration achieved by the Viscount with its Rolls-Royce propeller-turbine engines. On European air routes, where it has already logged more than 200 million passenger miles, this amazingly smooth four-engine airliner has won instant acclaim. The Viscount will soon be flying U.S.-Canada and Canadian inter-city routes.

You'll like the panoramic view from

its extra-large windows, the spacious comfort of its smartly appointed interior and two-abreast seating, the even air-conditioning of its pressurized cabin. On your very first trip you too will agree that "To fly Viscount is to prefer Viscount". No extra fare. Consult your travel agent or the nearest office of Trans-Canada Air Lines in New York, Chicago, Detroit (Windsor), Cleveland, Boston, Seattle - Tacoma, Tampa - St. Petersburg, Los Angeles.



## TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES

One of the world's great airlines

Walt" into a sort of Christmas card to be read to children and grownups . . . It is much more fascinating than Cinderella or Dickens' *Christmas Carol*. The latter should be read to stuffy old men in clubs . . .

GERTRUDE C. HANCOCK

San Francisco

### Solid Comfort

Sir:

As an ex-Methodist who now occasionally relaxes with an assist from moderate portions of "demon alcohol," I would like to suggest that the Methodist Board of Temperance and the W.C.T.U. take a little time off from their worries about ex-Southern Comfortman King and Vice President Nixon (Dec. 27) and read the writings of a good Christian, namely St. Thomas Aquinas. He made the point that not only do those sin who drink too much, but also those who drink too little.

EDWARD J. BRENNAN

South Bend, Ind.

Sir:

I read with great interest and national pride of Vice President Nixon's choice of Robert L. King as an administrative assistant. King is not only an able administrator (as are most FBI agents) but has a keen knowledge of the inner workings of the Communist Party, such as few in high Government positions have. I used to work for him when he had the Commie desk in the San Francisco FBI office . . . and I am sure the bureau hated to see him go, after the war, to administer the Southern Comfort Corp., but the bureau was a discouraging place in those days—you couldn't bring a Commie to trial if he could swing five votes for the Roosevelt Administration regardless of how flawless the case. I, for one, have more confidence now in Nixon and the present Administration for showing excellent judgment in picking an excellent man . . .

ALYS SELFRIDGE

Portsmouth, Va.

### Great Scots

Sir:

Re your article [Dec. 20] showing Scotland's industrial position today: you are well justified in showing the many disadvantages we have to contend with, and it cannot be too strongly emphasized that the greatest of these is undoubtedly the English government . . . Though our country is not often mentioned in your columns it is good to read a periodical which is not full of the pious hopes of those trying to hold together England's disintegrating empire.

JAMES H. GLENNING

Editor

The Scots Independent  
Stirling, Scotland

Sir:

In your excellent review of Scotland's contribution to Britain's prosperity, it might not have been out of place to record a truly remarkable fact concerning three men of outstanding achievement in 20th-century science: John Logie Baird in television, Sir Robert Watson-Watt in radar, and Sir Alexander Fleming, who discovered penicillin. All were born and bred north of the Tweed. This makes them British, but never English . . .

ROBERT B. MYLES

Aberdeen, Scotland

### Ivory Flophouse

Sir:

I was quite amused at Robert M. Hutchins' comment on America's institutions of higher learning: "U.S. colleges are no more than 'high-class flophouses' where parents send their children to keep them off the labor

# NOW! NEW YORK LIFE'S NEW FAMILY INCOME PLAN INCREASES THE PROTECTION OF YOUR LIFE INSURANCE MANY TIMES—YET THE EXTRA COST IS SMALL!

*Assures substantial monthly income protection for  
your family during their 20 most critical years*

*—then pays the basic policy's  
full face amount besides!*

**Now available with most New York Life Policies**  
—the most protection *when it's needed most!* That's the whole idea behind this outstanding life insurance plan now offered by New York Life.

It means that even in your younger—and leaner—years, you can provide your family enough monthly income protection to help see them through the critical period while your children are growing up—in case you aren't there to support them.

This Family Income feature can be attached to almost any New York Life policy of \$2,000 or more when issued—from ages 18 through 55. For every \$1,000 of the basic policy's face amount, you can select an income of either \$10 or \$20 a month payable to your family.

Then, should you die at any time during the 20-year Family Income period, the monthly payments would be made for the remainder of the 20 years! What's more, at the end of the 20th year, the basic policy's *full face amount* would also be paid to your family. If you live, you stop paying the small extra Family Income premium after 20 years—and still retain your basic life insurance protection.

Here's what it costs to include Family Income coverage of \$20 a month per \$1,000 in your basic policy—for 20 years:	Age at issue	Additional Annual Premium
	25	\$ 8.74
	30	11.18
	35	14.92
	40	20.68

If you're a family man with growing children, you can't afford to overlook this excellent New York Life insurance plan.

The Family Income feature is available with New York Life policies throughout the U. S., Alaska, Canada and Hawaii. New York Life is 110 years old and is one of the strongest life insurance companies in the world.

## Here's how the Family Income Plan Works with a \$10,000 Policy

**\$200 per month up to 20 years under Family Income Plan . . .  
\$10,000 cash payment at the end of 20 years on basic policy!**



Say you're age 30, married, with two children, ages 2 and 5. You buy a \$10,000 "Whole Life" policy with Family Income feature to pay \$20 a month per \$1,000 for 20 years. Your total annual premium for policy and Family Income is \$314.20—less than a dollar a day. And annual dividends could be used to reduce premium payments.

If you died the first year, your wife would receive \$200 a month for 20 years—until the children were 22 and 25 and probably self-supporting. Then, she would also receive the full \$10,000 face amount of the basic policy. So the total amount received for the balance of 20 years would come to over \$55,000! Or if you died at the end of the tenth year, the monthly income would be paid for 10 years—and the total received would be \$34,000.

**NEW YORK LIFE**  
INSURANCE COMPANY

A MUTUAL COMPANY  FOUNDED IN 1845

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

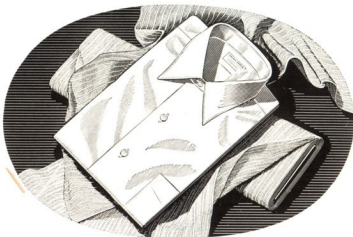
New York Life Insurance Company, Dept. T-9  
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

(In Canada: 320 Bay Street, Toronto, Ontario)

Please furnish me, without obligation, full information on your  
new Family Income Life Insurance Plan.

NAME \_\_\_\_\_ AGE \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

## America's most distinguished shirt



The Claridge, \$7.00, is one of many distinguished Golden Arrow styles available in fine domestic and imported fabrics. French or button cuffs. At better stores everywhere.

## GOLDEN ARROW

by Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc.

## The HI-FI-ET TABLE PHONOGRAPH \$119.95\*

with thrilling tone quality  
for which  
Stromberg-Carlson is famous



The HI-FI-ET brings your high fidelity recordings to life, with a combination of performance features not usually found in a compact table phonograph:

- Extended range amplifier giving up to 7.5 watts output
- Audio frequency response from 50 to 15,000 cycles per second
- 8-inch concert-type permanent magnet speaker
- Fully automatic 3-speed record changer
- Separate bass and treble tone controls

\*In mahogany veneers. In bleached mahogany veneers, \$124.95. (Prices slightly higher in South and West.)

The HI-FI-ET is also available as a portable phonograph in durable pigskin finish luggage-style case with contrasting trim... \$96.95

"there is nothing finer than a  
**STROMBERG-CARLSON**"

STROMBERG-CARLSON COMPANY, ROCHESTER 3, NEW YORK

market' [TIME, Dec. 26]. As former chancellor of one of the better "flophouses" in the country, I imagine that Mr. Hutchins must be quite proud of himself. After all, a man is no better than the house he keeps. And this man hopes to become one of the managers of our government?

JACK GRAHAM

Valley Stream, N.Y.

Sir:

The assertion by Robert Maynard Hutchins . . . is in remarkably poor taste. Fortunately for Mr. Hutchins, one need not possess a good sense of humor to become a U.S. Senator from California.

JOSEPH W. MOSSER

Seattle

Sir:

The phrase "high-class flophouses," which you attribute to me, has never crossed my lips. It comes from the colorful vocabulary of the charming young reporter on the Austin Statesman who interviewed me before my lecture at the University of Texas.

ROBERT M. HUTCHINS

Pasadena, Calif.

Reporter Bob Sherrill of the Austin *American-Statesman* remembers clearly that he had never heard the colorful phrase until it crossed Dr. Hutchins' lips.—Ed.

## The Wisdom of Solomon

Sir:

Re the blast by the gynecologist who was appalled by the effect of the Hollywood influence on the display of the female bust, or, as he termed it, sex appendage [TIME, Dec. 27]: I do not believe that it is as much the Hollywood influence as the trend or style established by our doctors, who, for the past 25 years or more, have failed to insist that their patients use that appendage for what nature intended it for—nursing their babies . . . Had this appendage been given as much publicity on what it is really intended for . . . we'd have less psychoses today in mothers and babies . . .

Jos. F. Tozzi

Seattle

Sir:

Re Dr. Goodrich C. Schauffer's strident disapproval of "the modern U.S. preoccupation with the female bust": it might be helpful to suggest—solely in the interests of science, of course—that the mid-century American is not the only one who has been mammary-directed—see *The Song of Solomon* 8: 3, 9, 10.5

GERALD P. ROSEN

North Hollywood, Calif.

## The Seat of Intelligence

Sir:

I read William Faulkner's letter on the recent Idlewild disaster [Judgments & Prophesies—TIME, Jan. 3] with mixed annoyance and surprise . . . Let Mr. Faulkner ask any qualified pilot whether he would prefer "the seat of his pants" or ILS for a landing with a 200-foot ceiling . . . It seems useless and senseless to blame a "gadget" for such a disaster, especially in view of the evidence, unless of course one is subject to an artistic antimetaphysical bias. Although it is possible

\* We have a little sister, and the sister no breasts: what shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for?

If she be a wall, we will build upon her a palace of silver; and if she be a door, we will inclose her with boards of cedar.

I am a wall, and my breasts like towers: then was I in his eyes as one that found favour.

Here's a  
good start for  
better business  
in 1955



Thank your customers today  
—by LONG DISTANCE—  
for 1954 business



Thanking your customers for the business they gave you in 1954 is a nice and thoughtful thing to do.

Best of all, it works two ways. Your customers will appreciate it. And you'll find it mighty helpful in continued good relations and even better business in 1955.

Right now, at the turn of the year, is a good time to do it. And a Long Distance telephone call is by all odds the quickest and most personal way. The cost is small. The results can be big. Very big!

#### LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Baltimore to Philadelphia . . . . .	55¢
Cleveland to Pittsburgh . . . . .	60¢
Dallas to St. Louis . . . . .	\$1.35
Atlanta to New York . . . . .	\$1.50
Los Angeles to Washington, D.C. . . . .	\$2.50

These are the daytime Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes. They do not include the federal excise tax.

CALL BY NUMBER. IT'S TWICE AS FAST.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





## ARITHMETIC HELPED HIM BEAT PARAPLEGIA

When we put truck-driver Harry L. on an airplane in Los Angeles—destination: Liberty Mutual Rehabilitation Center, Boston, Mass. — he was a discouraged human being. You'll soon see why.

He'd been in the hospital for about four months. A big truck in his employer's freight yard had crushed and partially paralyzed the lower part of his body. Fine surgical care had done wonders, but he had little muscular control. That was where physical restoration took over at the Rehabilitation Center.

But this story isn't about physical restoration. Liberty Mutual's rehabilitation techniques go far beyond that. The biggest problem was to find a new life and new courage for Harry. To go back to truck driving was out of the question.

Harry was given aptitude and intelligence tests, with remarkable results. His I.Q. was found to be very high. He had a strong mathematical aptitude — was obviously fitted for handling figures and detail work. His employer agreed to take him back and train him as a "freight rater," a job that

promised substantially higher pay than he'd ever earned before.

What happened? Harry's self-confidence improved immediately. He worked hard at the Rehabilitation Center and in four months was able to walk quite normally and return to California to start his new job.

Rehabilitation is only one phase of Humanics — the Liberty Mutual program that makes money for any employer. Humanics lowers insurance costs, reduces the uninsured cost of accidents — and actually increases profits. For information, call Liberty Mutual — or write to us at 175 Berkeley St., Boston 17, Massachusetts.



**LIBERTY MUTUAL**  
INSURANCE COMPANY  
BOSTON OFFICE BOSTON

*We work to keep you safe*

that the thesis of man's superstitious dependence on his more complicated tools might be worthy of some literary development, this instance should not have provided the stimulus . . .

DAVID B. HANCOCK

New York City

Sir:

Author Faulkner should stick to novels. Nobody connected with "gadgets" thinks that they are infallible. That's why we don't land completely blind . . . and one can only speculate on what went on in the pilot's mind.

I grieve for Author Faulkner's momentary invasion of the electronic field and hope he does not drive a car.

PETER ROSENBAUM

Flushing, N.Y.

The Color Line

Sir:

After reading Senator Walter Givhan's speech in *TIME*, Dec. 20, I am mystified as to how such a man can drop his guard so low and then invite the world to retaliate. Senator Givhan's statements against the Negroes can and should be taken as an insult to the virtue of the white women of the South . . . When are the gallant Southern gentlemen going to learn that the color of the skin is no criteria of the purity of the heart? Isn't it about time that this misguided section of the country quit dragging its feet and pay more than mere lip service to the ideals of our Constitution? . . .

JOE MCKINNON

Ada, Okla.

Sir:

Senator Givhan's bismouthed driveling is ridiculous. He seems to assume that no "white" man ever forced "open the bedroom door" of a Negro woman . . . The American Negro has come a long, long way in a very short time. Let us take that as a starting point, and go forward . . . to an era free of un-Christian, undemocratic prejudice . . .

ROBERT R. MACMURRAY

Indianapolis

Sir:

The fear of the ascendancy of a Negro to our presidency, as expressed by the benighted and misled Givhan, is reaching into the gutter for an excuse to justify Givhan's intolerance toward his fellow Americans . . .

F. R. COYLE

Zanesville, Ohio

Sir:

Why shouldn't a Negro be Vice President or even President of the United States, if he is capable of the job? . . . Aren't we supposed to be living in a country where men are equal and have the same opportunities? . . .

ELIZABETH ANNE NICODEMUS  
Millersville, Pa.

The Midget & the Dog

Sir:

Americans are classified as sentimental rather than emotional, and distressed more by a starving puppy than by a starving child. At the risk of being classified as a sentimentalist, I will say that the story of the German circus stranded at Manzanares, Spain [*TIME*, Dec. 20] is one of the most disturbing things I have ever read . . . The midget Grutzius deserves the praise of everyone who has ever cared for animals . . . One hopes that the owner and manager of the circus *Willy Hinz* will have the decency after this episode to earn their living in some other manner.

E. ANGELL, M.D.

New Haven, Conn.





**SCREEN STAR WILLIAM LUNDIGAN** is host on Chrysler Corporation's full-hour TV shows, "Shower of Stars" and "Climax!"—Thursdays on CBS-TV. Come with him backstage.

Backstage with

## THE FORWARD LOOK

already 1955's

big automobile style news!



**"THE BEST FUN IN SHOW BUSINESS** is being with a hit, a show everybody likes. Being a part of THE FORWARD LOOK is like that. The long, low lines of the 1955 Chrysler Corporation cars seem to appeal to everybody. The cars have just what America's motorists have been wanting—in style, performance and features you just can't get in other cars at any price!"



**"THE NEW HORIZON WINDSHIELD** of THE FORWARD LOOK is the smartest wrap-around windshield on the road . . . and it gives you the greatest eye-level visibility of all! It's the *only* windshield that's fully swept back top and bottom!"



**"EVERYBODY'S TALKING, TOO,** about the PowerFlite Range Selector on the instrument panel next to the ignition key! Flick it into position—and off you go with the *smoothest* automatic transmission. THE FORWARD LOOK is full of exclusives!"



**"JUST LOOK AT THEM!** The 1955 Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto, Chrysler and Imperial. See THE FORWARD LOOK at your dealer's now!"

PLYMOUTH • DODGE • DESOTO • CHRYSLER • IMPERIAL

CHRYSLER CORPORATION



THE FORWARD LOOK

Copyright 1955, Chrysler Corporation

See Chrysler Corporation's great new TV show—Thursdays, CBS-TV, 8:30 P.M. EST.

# How a Miracle Became a Kitchen Commonplace

Most of us can still remember when ice was a crop grown by nature in the familiar ice-pond. Today, man-made ice and automatically controlled low temperatures are taken for granted. Your modern refrigerator is a familiar example of the everyday miracles made possible by steel.

**I**n Grandma's day food preservation was a sometime thing. Salting, pickling, drying and smoking were effective after a fashion, but foods kept fresh and tasty in the hot summer would have been considered a miracle.

Of course, ice was fairly efficient for keeping foods longer. But ice was a product of nature. It was harvested by hand and stored in sawdust throughout the year. In the summer it was scarce and costly. Mechanical refrigeration was still a dream of the future.

## • The "Ice Man" Arrives

However, the growth of cities and our changing pattern of living made food preservation an ever more pressing problem. And persistent attempts were continually being made to find a cheap and dependable way to manufacture ice.

In 1834 Jacob Perkins had patented the first practical ice-making machine. Large and cumbersome as it was, it proved quite successful in breweries and meat packing plants. And by 1880 nearly three thousand patents in the United States alone had been granted for ideas on refrigeration systems.

In the closing years of the nineteenth century, ice-making plants became a familiar sight in cities and towns, and every modern home boasted an "ice-box." This was certainly progress.

But there were drawbacks.

The icebox could hold only a limited quantity of food—most of the space was taken up by the large block of ice. The ice melted. And that meant a drip pan. And that meant, more often than not, ice water all over the kitchen floor.

## Modern Methods Demand Modern Materials

The idea of a home refrigerator—a machine to make low temperatures—developed quite slowly. The first ones were crude and costly. They were really just small ice-making plants housed in the old-fashioned wooden icebox. A better material was needed. A material

that could be used in mass-production manufacturing. A strong, rugged material that costs little. That material, naturally, was steel.

So the steel home refrigerator came into being. And it has progressed tremendously in efficiency, convenience, economy and appearance. The refrigerator of the early 1920's, in the coin of the time, cost about six times the price of today's handsome models.

Why this better product today—at such low cost?

## It Takes Steel to Make Ice

There are many reasons, of course. But steel—America's great bargain metal—has played an important part.

And it has taken many kinds of steel. Wide, flat sheets with the ductility to shape the case's curves and corners. Strain-free sheets for doors. High-strength strip and sheets for structural members. Wear-resisting steel for moving parts. Special steels for hardware and trim. And, always, with steel's

rugged durability came the fine quality surface that is the base for the bright, clean finishes. Today, eight out of ten homes have refrigerators—a mass production miracle impossible without modern steels.

## National Steel a Leading Producer

Of course, National Steel does not make refrigerators, but since the beginning, National has been one of the leading producers of the types of steel used in the manufacture of refrigerators and many other home appliances. National research and production men have worked hand in hand with refrigerator manufacturers to provide the precise kinds of steel needed for continual progress. And this progress means not only miracles accepted as commonplace today, but also a steady flow of new and even better products in the future.

This is steel and this is National Steel—one of America's foremost producers of steel.

**NATIONAL STEEL**  
GRANT BUILDING



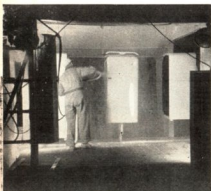
**CORPORATION**  
PITTSBURGH, PA.



It takes steel—and lots of it—to produce nearly 4,000,000 refrigerators each year. This cold-rolled sheet will be transformed into refrigerator doors.



Only steel will do for handsome, yet rugged, refrigerator doors. This giant press, with a pressure of 7500 pounds, forms the smooth, rounded surfaces.



The smart finishes on today's refrigerators are possible because of the fine quality surface provided by steel—America's great bargain metal.



Here, mass-production miracles are performed—over 2500 handsome refrigerators every day. Steel means more products, better products—at a lower cost.



SEVEN GREAT DIVISIONS  
WELDED INTO ONE COMPLETE  
STEEL-MAKING STRUCTURE

Great Lakes Steel Corporation • Weirton Steel Company • National Steel Products Co. • Hanna Iron Ore Co. • The Hanna Furnace Corporation • Stran-Steel Division • National Mines Corporation



## In Chicago, He Serves Your Steaks...

In Chicago's two most famous restaurants the unusual is the rule! In the College Inn Porterhouse, the most succulent steaks in America are served by the wrangler above. In the Pump Room (of flaming sword fame) your waiter is garbed in colorful traditional English hunting pinks!

Even more unusual, is the fact that these two great restaurants — Chicago's finest — are housed in Chicago's two finest hotels. The Pump Room is in the Ambassador Hotel, the College Inn Porterhouse is in the Hotel Sherman.

Next time you come to Chicago, let the fabulous cuisine of these restaurants serve as your guide in selecting a hotel. In the Ambassador and Sherman, you will find that the luxury of accommodations and perfection of service are as outstanding as the famous food. Suites and rooms provide television, radio and air-conditioning.

*In the Loop...*  
YOU CAN DRIVE RIGHT INTO  
THE NEW HOTEL  
**SHERMAN**  
HOME OF THE COLLEGE INN PORTERHOUSE  
RANDOLPH, CLARK AND LA SALLE STREETS  
TELEPHONE: FRANKLIN 2-2100  
TELETYPE: CG 1387

✱  
*On the Gold Coast...*  
THE HOTELS  
**Ambassador**  
HOME OF THE PUMP ROOM  
NORTH STATE PARKWAY AT GOETHE  
TELEPHONE: SUPERIOR 7-7300  
TELETYPE: CG 1955

## A letter from the publisher

**Dear Time-Reader:** One of the great means of mass communication in these times is the institution known as the convention. Every year some 10 million Americans go to conventions to exchange ideas, thresh out problems, see new products, hear of new discoveries.

TIME is represented at many of these conventions, particularly at the trade shows and industrial meetings. Our reason, too, is communication: we want to show the conventioners something of TIME's own operations, and how we function as an advertising medium.

On the average of once a month our Merchandising Director Briscoe ("Beezer") Ranson crates up his exhibits, alerts his truckers and carpenters, and sets out to tell TIME's story to some major gathering. Different conventions call for different types of exhibits. At one convention of retail clothiers, for example, our exhibit was labeled "Mr. TIME's Bedroom." It was simply a bedroom containing the precise number of hats (3), shoes (6 pairs), suits (7) and personal effects owned by the average male reader of TIME. The articles displayed were, of course, those of TIME advertisers. On top of the well-stocked bureau was a wallet. The wallet was the key to this exhibit. Visitors were supposed to guess the amount of cash the average TIME reader carries in his pocket at any given time. (Correct answer: \$30.70.)

One of our recent sales-convention eye catchers is a large electrically controlled panel that looks like a cross between an electronic calculator and a mammoth pinball machine. It is called "The TIME Visualizer." Its aim is to demonstrate how TIME reaches top executives and management in almost any company in practically any industry you can name—and it does so graphically, by means of flashing lights, bouncing colored marbles and glass tubes full of bubbling liquid.

Another exhibit is used to demonstrate TIME's broad readership. This is our Post Office Booth, where we have a file of the names and addresses of all U.S. TIME subscribers broken down by states. The people attending a convention are invited to look over the list of our subscribers in their own home towns. Usually they are challenged to name a post office anywhere in the U.S. which does not have at least one TIME subscriber. If by chance they can do so, they get a prize of a silver dollar.

Sometimes we have to pay off, but I am glad to say not very often.

Cordially yours,

*James A. Linen*



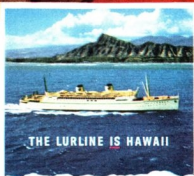


THE PERFECT TIME FOR MAKING FRIENDS

SAILING TO AND FROM

HAWAII ON THE

*Lurline*



JOHN FLOREN

Lifetime friendships bloom and ripen on the LURLINE. Although the people you meet may come from the four corners of the globe, the pleasant atmosphere of the ship makes them delightfully congenial. With them you enjoy the pleasures that only a great liner can provide: a cuisine to remember with joy, movies, dancing, swimming, table games and deck sports . . . a round of seagoing fun. Plan your Hawaiian adventure for this spring, when the Islands are at their loveliest and you have a wider choice of hotel accommodations. Be sure to book a return voyage . . . *it's twice the fun to sail the LURLINE both ways.*

For the finest travel, the LURLINE . . .  
for the finest freight service, the  
Matson Cargo Fleet . . . to and from Hawaii.

*Matson Lines*

See your Travel Agent or any Matson Lines Office: New York,  
Chicago, San Francisco, Seattle, Portland, Los Angeles,  
San Diego, Honolulu.

THE LURLINE SAILS ALTERNATELY

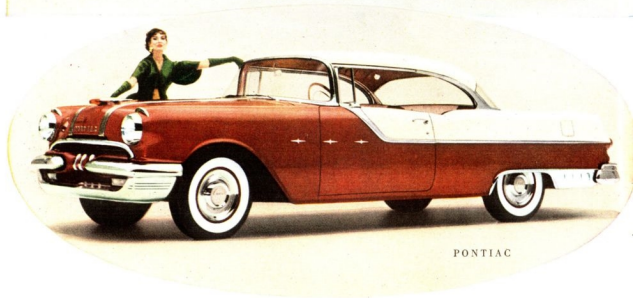
FROM SAN FRANCISCO AND LOS ANGELES

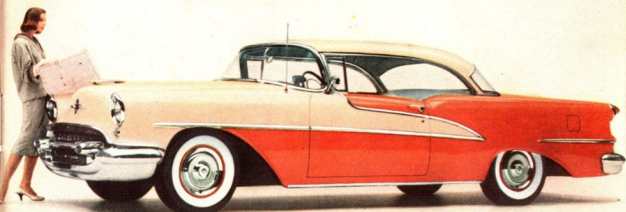


# GENERAL MOTORS

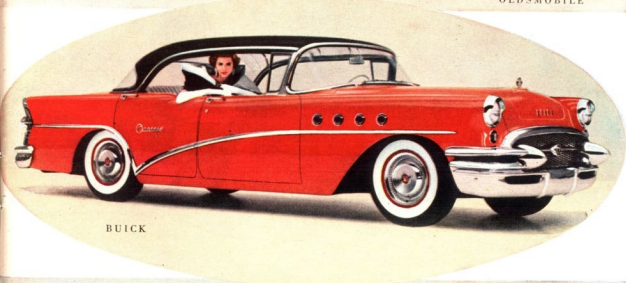
*leads the way*

*with the High Fashion Five for Fifty-Five*

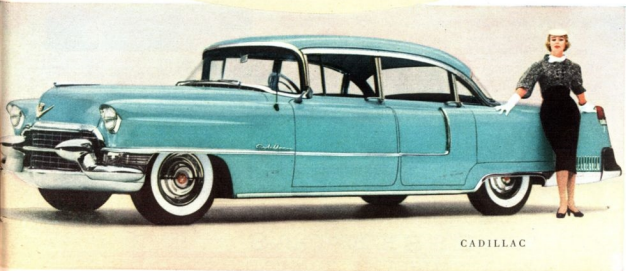




OLDSMOBILE



BUICK



CADILLAC



## Harnessing the horsepower of the ages...

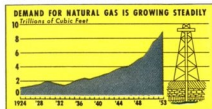
Nature made it millions of years ago. America uses it today. Natural gas! Hotter, cleaner, more efficient... the world's finest fuel for homes and industry.

The use of natural gas has doubled in ten years. Tennessee Gas, America's longest pipeline, plays a major part in meeting the rapidly increasing demand. Free from storms and traffic delays, this 2200-mile underground steel highway transports a billion and a half cubic feet of gas a day!

Brings a whole new world of heat, energy and power to people and industries that never knew it before.



Plentiful, low cost, easily controlled, natural gas today plays a larger role in more and more industries. Pictured above—its use in processing jet engine parts.



**TENNESSEE GAS**  
TRANSMISSION COMPANY



HOUSTON, TEXAS

AMERICA'S LEADING TRANSPORTER OF NATURAL GAS



# TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.....Henry R. Luce  
PRESIDENT.....Roy E. Larsen

## INDEX

Cover Story.....24	
Judgments & Prophecies.....29	
Art.....60	Milestones.....90
Books.....94	Miscellany.....100
Business.....80	Music.....68
Cinema.....74	National Affairs.....21
Education.....54	People.....42
Foreign News.....30	Press.....67
Hemisphere.....38	Radio & TV.....71
Letters.....43	Religion.....53
Medicine.....46	Science.....62
Sport.....48	

## MANAGING EDITOR

Roy A. Lumsden

## ASSISTANT MANAGING EDITOR

Otto Fuerbringer

## SENIOR EDITORS

Robert W. Boyd, Jr., Edward G. Curi, Thomas Griffiths, Henry Anatole Grunwald, Hillis Mills, John Osborne, Content Peckham, Joseph Partell, John Walker, Max Wynn

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Douglas Auchincloss, A. T. Baker, Louis Banks, Bruce Barton, Jr., Gilbert Carr, Edwin Cooper, Alexander Eliot, Osborn Elliott, Max Gessen, Roger S. Hewlett, James C. Kneib, Louis Kronenberger, Jonathan Norton Leonard, Robert Manning, Margaret Quimby, Carl Solberg, Walter Stockley

## CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

Harriet Bachman, Jesse L. Birkbaum, Godfrey Blunden, Richard W. Booth, William Brown, Peter Brownstrap, Rodney Campbell, James Cannon, Champ Clark, Alton L. Cline, Richard M. Clinman, George Daniels, Henry Bradford Darrach Jr., George de Cayrol, Nigel Dennis, William Forbis, Rebecca Franklin, Bernard Fitzell, Manton Gault, Eldon Griffiths, Alex Gruver, Alan Hall, Sam Halper, Carter Harman, Barker T. Harbison, Charles F. Jackson, Cranston Jones, Alvin M. Joseph, Jr., Theodore E. Kalen, Esau Lee, George Love, Henry Luce III, Peter Matthews, Robert McLaughlin, Charles Mohr, Martin O'Neill, Richard Oshlan, Jr., Robert Parker, Richard Seamon, Rafael Steinberg, Mark Vishniak

## ART DIRECTOR

Michael J. Phillips

## EDITORIAL RESEARCHERS

Virginia Adams, Mary Ann Ash, Berendine Beerleide, Harriet Bee Ezra, Helen Scott Bennett, Virginia Lindsey Bennett, Dorothea Bourne, Amelia Riddick Brent, Elsie Ann Brown, Barbara Brundage, Mariette Burns, Nancy McD. Chase, Lillian Davidson, Estelle Demick, Cecilia I. Dempster, Joan Dye, Lenora Ermer, Shirley Estabrook, Marcelle Farrington, Dorothy Ferenbaugh, Blanche Finn, Rosemary L. Frank, Mary Elizabeth Freund, Judith Friedberg, Marie Kathryn Gibbons, Joan E. Gibson, Ruth Gold, Jean Gutheim, Dorothy Sixtin Haystead, Harriet Heck, Lorraine Hill, Bonnie Claire Howells, Helen Newlin Kalen, Quineta Sarita King, Anne Dicks Kroll, Helen Kohl, Vera Kovarsky, E. Eleanor Larsen, Marcia Gauger Ledie, Mary Ellen Lukas, Jane Meyerhoff, Sylvia Crane Koyarsky, Joan Nisley, Amelia North, Anne G. Peyton, Mary Baylor Reinhardt, Danuta Reszke-Berk, Deirdre Mead Ryan, Marion Hollander Sanders, Ruth Silver, M. Ava Smith, Frances Stevenson, John Sulzberger, Yi Yung Sung, Eleanor Tatum, Mary Varman, Paula von Hammerberg, Marilyn Wellemeyer, John Wharton, Elsie Jean Wright

## U.S. AND CANADIAN NEWS SERVICE

Lawrence Laybourne (Chief of Correspondents), Ben Williamson, Grace Brynson, Arthur W. White, Bureau—WASHINGTON: James Shepley, James Atwater, John Beal, Walter Bennett, Martha Berger, Clay Blair Jr., George B. Bookman, Martha Bucknell, Edwin Darby Jr., Harry Johnston, Tom Lantieri, James L. McConaughy Jr., Alvie Moran, Philip Payne, John L. Steele, James Trust, Chicago: Sam Weism, T. George Harris, Donald S. Conners, Ruth McIntire, Austin C. Wehrwein, Los Angeles: Burton Beahar, Jerry Coleman, Ezra Gossett, James Murray, Edwin Rice, Detroit: Fred Collins, Mark Sullivan, ATLANTA: William Howland, Michael Demaree, Boston: William J. Brown, Dallas: Frank McCulloch, Houston: Willard C. Rappleye Jr., Denver: Ed Ope, Robert Armstrong, San Francisco: Alfred Wright, Robert Moore, SEATTLE: Robert Schulman, Robert Shapovsky, OTTAWA: John Hillman, Byron W. Hagan, MONTREAL: William W. White, TORONTO: Robert W. C. Brown

## FOREIGN NEWS SERVICE

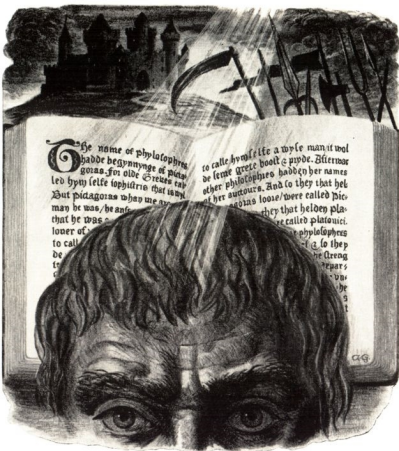
Manfred Gottfried (Chief of Correspondents), John Boyle, Frederick Grun, Clara Applegate, Bureau—LONDON: Andre Lasserre, Lester Bernstein, Honor Balfour, Joe David Brown, Joan Bruce, Robert Lubar, George Voigt, PARIS: Fernand de Vaux, William McHale, Fred Klein, George Abell, Rossi: James Bell, Remille McCoy, Rome: Robert Rossi, New York: C. Christopher, William Rouspoulos, MADRID: Thomas Douer, JORDAN: Edward H. Bennett, Keith Wheeler, NEW DELHI: James Burke, Alexander Campbell, Achal Rangaswami, SINGAPORE: Dwight Martin, John M. Meekins, TOKYO: Curtis Prendergast, James L. Greenfield, MEXICO CITY: David Richardson, Rafael Delgado Lozano, GUATEMALA CITY: Harvey Rosenhouse, RIO DE JANEIRO: Piero Saporiti, BUENOS AIRES: John Dowling

## PUBLISHER

James A. Linen

## ADVERTISING DIRECTOR

John McLatchie



## Paper—and the freedom of your mind

Great ideas about freedom began to emerge with Johann Gutenberg's invention of movable type (circa 1450).

But without paper, Gutenberg's wonderful type could not have become the mass instrument to free men's minds.

Today, Crown Zellerbach's fine quality papers assist the PRINTING and PUBLISHING INDUSTRIES in serving you, and in guarding those inalienable rights which owe so much to the art of printing.

Inquire about LITHOMAT, PUBLISHEN, LITHOSHEEN and CATALINA; for Annual Reports, brochures, office forms, publications—every purpose.



# CROWN ZELLERBACH



PAPER AND PAPER PRODUCTS SINCE 1870

San Francisco 19



CONVENIENT TOP CONTROLS—you see and tune without stooping. These handy controls are concealed by a cover.



## Magnavox presents **MAGNARAMA**

*the new big-screen television!*

*The new Magnarama 24—the set of tomorrow—is priced at only \$249.50. Revolutionary in performance, style, picture size and value!*

FROM the big-screen movies comes this Magnavox concept of Magnarama Television with 100 sq. in. more picture in a cabinet no larger than most 21-inch table models.

TWO SPEAKERS—Sound is projected to the front; gives vastly greater TV enjoyment... makes pictures really talk, just like the new movies.

THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL TV will be the 1955 pace-setter for style, picture size and performance. Top controls are concealed by a cover which projects sound forward

when open, automatically shuts off the set when closed.

BE THE FIRST TO ENJOY big-picture perfection with this revolutionary new MAGNARAMA 24! Priced at only \$249.50 complete with stand.

See it now at your Magnavox dealer—listed under "Television" in the classified phone book. And remember, Magnavox direct-to-dealer selling *saves* you money. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Ind.

*Prices include Federal tax, subject to change—slightly higher in the far west.*

**M** The magnificent  
**Magnavox**  
 high-fidelity • television • radio-phonographs



## NATIONAL AFFAIRS

### THE NATION

#### Symbol of Confidence

President Eisenhower's 1955 State of the Union speech had sweep and calm and balance; it contained no surprises, no glitter, few bones of contention. In tone and content, the message reflected the condition of the nation—watchfully peaceable, prosperous and united. Never has the consensus of American politics been broader. A group stretching across at least two-thirds of each party is in general agreement on the main points of domestic and foreign policy.

The President's paragraphs on the struggle with world Communism achieve a tone of firmness without a trace of bellicosity. Its domestic program is determinedly progressive without a trace of demagoguery. Only the far left and far right found it easy to fault the message. An unenthusiastic reporter said that the congressional reaction to the message could be summed up by "Uh-huh." This was meant to suggest that the message failed to excite or inspire, that it elaborated the obvious. Perhaps that was precisely what the nation needed. After years of insecurity, anxiety, drift and desperate expedients, Eisenhower in half a term has brought the U.S. to the confidence and agreement symbolized by that "Uh-huh."

### THE PRESIDENCY

#### Steady

At precisely 12:31 one day last week, William Moseley ("Fishbait") Miller, Doorkeeper of the U.S. House of Representatives, rose and raised a stenor's voice: "Mistuh Speakuh: the President of the United States." To the standing applause of a joint session of the U.S. Congress, a smiling Dwight Eisenhower (carefully shirted in television blue) strode to the rostrum. He was beginning two difficult years of business with a Congress organized by an opposition party that had one main aim: to get his job.

As his first public act in dealing with that Congress, the President made a per-

sonal gesture of bipartisanship. Said he: "The district where I was born has been represented in this Congress for more years than he cares to remember, I suppose, by our distinguished Speaker. Today is his birthday, and I want to join with the rest of you in felicitating him and wishing him many happy returns of the day." Then the President turned and grasped the hand of old (73) Sam Rayburn of Bonham, Texas (25 miles

in our time . . . In all areas basic to the strength of America there will be—to the extent I can insure them—cooperative, constructive relations between the executive and legislative branches of this Government. Let the general good be our yardstick on every great issue of our time."

Defining 1954's issues, great and small, the President made a score of specific recommendations and promised at least a dozen special messages later.

**Foreign Policy.** The President again showed that he has a clear view of the world's great struggle. "It is not a struggle merely of economic theories," he said, "or of forms of government, or of military power. The issue is the true nature of man."

"Either man is the creature whom the Psalmist described as 'a little lower than the angels,' crowned with glory and honor, holding 'dominion over the works' of his Creator—or man is a soulless, animated machine to be enslaved, used and consumed by the state for its own glorification. It is, therefore, a struggle which goes to the roots of the human spirit, and its shadow falls across the long sweep of man's destiny."

With considerable pride the President ran through the gains in the struggle during 1954, e.g., the Western European Union agreements, the Manila pact, the settlement on Trieste, the solution of the Iranian oil and Suez disputes, the inter-American declaration against Communism. But he said again that the free nations must 1) maintain and strengthen their al-

liances against the Communist threat if the "insecure peace" is to be preserved, 2) negotiate wherever negotiation will advance the cause of a sound peace, and 3) "maintain countervailing military power to persuade the Communists of the futility of seeking their ends through aggression."

**Military Policy.** Carefully pointing out that the U.S. is not placing "undue reliance on one weapon or preparation for only one kind of warfare," the President nevertheless made clear that the U.S. must adjust its military strength to fit the



THE PRESIDENT ON CAPITOL HILL  
"Let the general good be our yardstick."

United Press

from Eisenhower's birthplace at Denison). Speaker Rayburn beamed while cheers echoed through the House.

Before he had gone far in his State of the Union Message, the President returned to his bipartisan reference: "At this time the executive and legislative branches are under the management of different political parties. This fact places both parties on trial before the American people. In less perilous days of the past, division of governmental responsibility among our great parties has produced a paralyzing indecision. We must not let this happen

most powerful weapons available (TIME, Jan. 10). Said he: "The forthcoming military budget therefore emphasizes modern air power in the Air Force, Navy and Marine Corps and increases the emphasis on new weapons, especially those of rapid and destructive striking power." Obviously aware that his military program will be bombed and strafed, General of the Army Eisenhower laid his personal prestige on the line: "These emphases in our defense planning have been made at my personal direction after long and thoughtful, even prayerful, study. In my judgment, they will give our nation a defense accurately adjusted to the national need."

**World Economic Policy.** Once again, the President called for lower tariffs, and for a greater flow of U.S. capital and tech-

sources "primarily by private citizens under fair provisions of law," and should treat such development as "a partnership in which the participation of private citizens and state and local governments is as necessary as federal participation." He promised special messages later, e.g., on water resources and highway policies, recommended that a new Office of Coordination of Public Works be created.

**Agriculture.** The President stood firm behind Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson's farm program. Said he: "Farm production is gradually adjusting to markets, markets are being expanded and stocks are moving into use. We can now look forward to an easing of the influences depressing farm prices, to reduced government expenditures for purchase of sur-

**Labor.** After reporting that fewer working days were lost through strikes in 1954 than in any other year of the past ten, the President renewed his recommendation that the Taft-Hartley law be amended to improve further the relations between management and labor. Another recommendation: that the minimum wage be increased from 75¢ to 90¢.

**Post Office.** President Eisenhower again urged a higher pay scale for postal employees; to pay the bill, and to erase other red figures on the Post Office ledger, he renewed his recommendation for an increase in postal rates.

**Immigration.** Renewing a recommendation made in 1953, the President asked that the McCarran Act be amended to eliminate injustices and discrimination.

**Statehood.** The President promised that Alaska should expect to achieve statehood when its "complex problems" are solved, but reiterated his belief that "there is no justification for deferring the admission to statehood of Hawaii."

**The Congress.** The joint session interrupted Dwight Eisenhower 17 times with applause, but grew restless toward the end of his long address, reserved its loudest reaction (which awakened one U.S. Representative in the back row) for his recommendation that Congress "approve a long-overdue increase in the salaries of the members of Congress."

## THE CONGRESS

### Birth of the 84th

The Democratic 84th Congress sat down in Washington, polished off its major organizational problems, vowed unflagging good will toward one and all,\* and started elbowing for position in 1956.

Democrats and Republicans alike began the week with caucuses to select party leaders. Texas' Lyndon Johnson described the Democratic Senate meeting as all milk and honey, while Colorado's Eugene Millikin said of the G.O.P. session: "There was not a single unharmonious feature." But there was some dissonance outside the caucus rooms of both parties.

**After Xerxes: Alex.** There had been talk among President Eisenhower's most faithful Senate followers about putting up a slate to contest the control of the G.O.P. old-liners. In this scheme, Connecticut's Senator Prescott Bush would have been drafted to run for minority leader against Incumbent Leader William Knowland. New Jersey's Senator H. Alexander Smith wrote letters to his party colleagues suggesting that a mighty good choice for Republican policy chairman would be Senator H. Alexander Smith. Then he padded down the hall in search



REPUBLICANS BRIDGES, MILLIKIN, DIRKSEN & KNOWLAND  
Live scorpions in the hopper.

Associated Press

nical assistance, largely through private channels, to less-developed countries.

**The Economy.** During the presidential campaign of 1952, Democrats direly inveighed against the possibility of an economic depression if the people elected a Republican President. After two years in the White House, Republican Eisenhower was able to report that Government controls have been removed, taxes cut, federal expenditures reduced, and "Nineteen fifty-four was one of the most prosperous years in our history. Business activity surges with new strength. Production is rising. Employment is high. Toward the end of last year average weekly wages in manufacturing were higher than ever before. Personal income after taxes is at a record level . . . The economic outlook is good."

**Public Works.** Despite political cries of "giveaway" against his Administration, the President restated his firm belief that the U.S. should develop its natural re-

sources, and to less federal intrusion into the lives and plans of our farm people . . . I urgently recommend to the Congress that we continue resolutely on this road."

**Health & Welfare.** President Eisenhower reiterated one of his basic principles: "This Administration follows two simple rules: first, the Federal Government should perform an essential task only when it cannot otherwise be adequately performed; and second, in performing that task, our Government must not impair the self-respect, the freedom and incentive of the individual . . . Government can fully meet its obligation without creating a dependent population or a domineering bureaucracy." Turning to those "essential tasks," he again proposed that the Federal Government move to 1) provide additional public-housing units in each of the next two years, 2) strengthen health services, and 3) alleviate the shortage of schoolrooms.

\* The fleeting friendliness reminded New York Timesman Arthur Krock of *H. Seward* 20:9-10, describing the meeting of Joab and Amasa at the great stone of Gibeon: "And Joab said to Amasa, Art thou in health, my brother? And Joab took Amasa by the beard with the right hand to kiss him. But Amasa took no heed to the sword that was in Joab's hand: so he [Joab] smote him therewith in the fifth rib . . ."

of the blessing of New Hampshire's Senator Styles Bridges, whose influence matches his seniority in the Senate G.O.P. club. Bridges set Smith straight. Said he: "Of course you are entitled to run for the job. Anyone can." Then Bridges sadly shook his head and added: "But it's too bad—I'm going after it, too." Alex Smith beat the hastiest retreat since Xerxes fled to the Hellespont.

One of those toying with the idea of an insurgent slate was Massachusetts' timorous Senator Leverett Saltonstall, who, as Republican whip, is the only real Eisenhower supporter to hold a Senate party post. In one brief telephone call, Styles Bridges handled Saltonstall. Bridges said simply: "Lev, you better forget this funny stuff or you won't be whip much longer." As of that moment, Saltonstall was a noncombatant.

By this time, the Eisenhower followers had come to realize that they would only get bloodied up if they made a fight, and the insurrection folded. Then Bill Knowland passed the word that he 1) would faithfully support the Administration at this session, and 2) therefore wished that Ikeman Frank Carlson would place him in nomination for minority leader. Taking Knowland at his word, Carlson made the nomination. The G.O.P. conference selected Knowland as minority leader, Styles Bridges as policy committee chairman, Eugene Millikin as caucus chairman, and Lev Saltonstall as whip—all without opposition. Still to be chosen was a replacement for Illinois' Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, who is stepping down as Republican Senate campaign committee chairman.

**After Old Nick: Hubert.** The night before the Democrats held their official caucus, 19 New-Fair Deal Senators, most of them in a mood to stir up trouble, met with New York's Herbert Lehman. Agenda: discussion of an anti-filibuster change in the Senate rules. A fight on this point would have set Northern and Southern Democrats at each other's throats at the very outset of the 1955 session. The man who killed the plan was Minnesota's Senator Hubert Humphrey, once the noisiest and most reckless of the South-baiters. Humphrey urged his friends to "abandon the devil theory of politics," i.e., to recognize their Southern colleagues as reasonable, constructive men rather than as fiends from the pit. Humphrey prevailed, and after that it was easy going for the Democrats. Next day Georgia's Senator Walter George, quoting Alexander Hamilton (a factionalist if ever there was one) on the dangers of factionalism, nominated Lyndon Johnson for majority leader. There was no opposition. Kentucky's Earle Clements was named assistant leader, Walter George was chosen to become the Senate's president pro tempore, and Missouri's Thomas C. Hennings Jr. was selected conference secretary.

The Senate chaplain's prayer—"Keep before us ever the undimmed goal of a better world cleansed of its want, its fetters and its agony"—began the 1955 session. There was all the traditional open-

ing-day handshaking and backslapping, even among old political enemies (exception: Joe McCarthy and Arthur Watkins, at their adjacent desks, leaned away from each other almost to the point of toppling off their chairs). But missing, since the death last year of North Carolina's courtly Senator Clyde Hoey, were those traditional stylemarks of senatorial dignity, the cutaway coat and the wing collar. This year's fashions tended toward red neckties, as worn, in descending order of brilliance, by Walter George, Montana's Democratic Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney, Tennessee's Democratic Senator Estes Kefauver, and South Carolina's Democratic Senator Strom Thurmond.

**After a Grandmother: Finnigin.** Over on the House side, Republican Joe Mar-

thing like this: "Off agin, on agin, gone agin, Finnigin."<sup>17</sup>

But there is plenty of serious business ahead for the Congress. The Senate has coming up before it treaties on German rearmament, Southeast Asian defense, and mutual defense with the Chinese Nationalists. Farm, power, military, labor, housing and foreign-aid policies will all come up for review—and each promises a fight. In the first hours of the Senate session, 166 measures were introduced, ranging from John Bricker's treaty amendment to a bill by Arizona's Republican Senator Barry Goldwater which would permit live scorpions to be sent through the mail for medical research.

More than 1,000 bills went into the House hopper on opening day. New York's



DEMOCRATS CLEMENTS, GEORGE, JOHNSON & HENNINGS  
Milk and honey in the caucus.

tin was getting ready to hand the Speaker's gavel back to Democrat Sam Rayburn and then to step down to his familiar post as minority leader. From the opening-day scramble Rayburn took time out for an act of simple kindness. With his office full of Congressmen, job-seekers and admirers, Rayburn got an apologetic telephone call from Ohio's freshman Representative Thomas Ludlow Ashley. Ashley's 87-year-old grandmother was in Washington to see young (32) Lud sworn in. For more than 40 years Sam Rayburn had been one of her political heroes, and she wanted to meet him. Said Sam: "Delighted. Bring her down." He talked to the old lady for nearly half an hour. When the chat was over, Rayburn had won the unwavering loyalty of a new Congressman.

The Martin-Rayburn transfer of office had a familiar ring: they had changed places three times before. It reminded Martin of "an old ditty that went some-

Republican Representative Kenneth Keating alone introduced 45, of which he had tried to get 35 through the 83rd Congress. But the most significant thing that happened during the first week was that Speaker Rayburn designated as House Bill No. 1 a bill to carry out President Eisenhower's recommendations for a liberal foreign trade program. It is in this field that the 84th Congress has its best chance for a solid achievement.

✧ Martin took his text from the late Strickland Gillilan's *Finnigin to Flannigan*. It seems that Railroad Section Boss Finnigin was writing overlong accident reports to Superintendent Flannigan, who told him to cut them down. One day some cars left the tracks, but the train soon went on its way. Concluded the verse:

*An' the shonky ol' lamp waz burnin' bright  
In Finnigin's shanty all that night—  
Billin' down his report, wuz Flannigan:  
An' he writed this here: "Muster Flannigan:  
Off agin, on agin,  
Gone agin.—Finnigin."*

## Two for the Show

(See Cover)

In squads of eight, the Senators and Senators-elect marched solemnly down the center aisle into the well of the Senate—each newcomer escorted by an incumbent. Four at a time, the new Senators faced the rostrum and repeated the oath after Vice President Nixon. Then they signed the roster on the clerk's desk and went to their desks.

In the seventh group was a tall, solemn-faced freshman who bears a strong physical resemblance to James Roosevelt. He was chaperoned by the Senate's runner-up (after Joe McCarthy) for the title of most controversial member: Oregon's vociferously independent Wayne Morse. When Oregon's Richard Lewis Neuberger signed the roster, he was greeted with a friendly burst of applause. Then he for-

Unfortunately for his shrinking-violet role, Dick Neuberger accepted one speaking invitation. On the night Congress convened, he made a brash speech before the Women's National Press Club's Congressional Dinner and told some thuddingly tasteless anecdotes about his wife, Oregon State Representative Maurine Neuberger. He recalled that the Republicans had published a picture of Maurine in a bathing suit during the 1952 campaign, when she was running for the state legislature. Noting that she had gotten more votes than Dwight Eisenhower in her district, Neuberger added a quotation that he attributed to Mark Twain: "It just goes to prove that the voters would rather see Lillian Russell naked than General Grant in full dress uniform."

Then Neuberger quoted his old friend, Publisher Palmer Hoyt (*Denver Post*), on the fact that the Neuberger's had com-

lone), and Dick Neuberger, the man who wanted to be dignified, was the subject of catering headlines across the nation.

**First Capital Debate.** When the man who is now Neuberger's senior colleague, Wayne Morse, first visited Washington in 1925, his arrival was less publicized, but in a way, even noisier. One jungle-hot afternoon a weathered Model T lurched down the 1600 block of Pennsylvania Avenue with a rattle and a clatter that Calvin Coolidge, 50 yards away in the White House, might easily have heard. Its hood was propped open to keep the motor cool, its rear end listed to one side under an uneven burden of piled-up duffel in the back seat, and its muffler was all too obviously missing. A sweating cop whistled the flivver to a stop, and out popped Wayne Morse. Characteristically, Mrs. Morse stayed in the car and said nothing.

As the cop started to make out a ticket, Tourist Morse started to talk. He had lost the muffler in suburban Bethesda, he explained. If the cop would just have a heart, he could fix it himself at the Hains Point tourist camp and save a few dollars. Under the torrent of Morse's argument the policeman relented, tore up the ticket and wearily directed Morse to the camp. Last week Morse was still noisily disturbing the peace of Washington, still arguing endlessly and effectively.

Washington finds the two Senators from Oregon fascinating, but doesn't know quite what to make of them. Neither is likely to have much real effect on the 84th Congress, yet each is almost certain to make headlines. The two share a peculiar position in midcentury political history: if Morse had taken his own advice of a few years ago and remained loyal to his party, the Republicans would control the Senate; if 1,500 fewer Oregonians had voted for Neuberger, the G.O.P. could have organized the Senate in spite of Wayne Morse.

The significance of the team of Morse and Neuberger—if it remains a team—is threefold:

- 1) They add to the growing ranks of self-proclaimed liberals in the Senate, a bloc that has made significant gains in the last two Congresses.
  - 2) Neuberger's victory by a 2,462-vote eyelash over Republican Guy Cordon (with an able assist from Morse) marks a major political upset in the Northwest: the Republicans' ancient and iron grip on Oregon (once as overwhelming as the Democratic thralldom of the South) has been broken.
  - 3) Morse and Neuberger, in or out of tandem, give Oregon the most fascinating pair of Senators currently on Capitol Hill. For sheer showmanship, Oregon's delegation to the upper house will be a No. 1 attraction in the new Congress.
- A Lot in Common.** For the past 20 years the careers and personalities of Wayne Morse and Richard Neuberger have crossed and recrossed, separated and intertwined like grapevines in the wild-wood. The two men have befriended and



SENATOR NEUBERGER & VICE PRESIDENT NIXON  
Shrinking violet or night-blooming nettle?

International

mally took his seat in the rear row of the chamber. For the first time in 40 years (since Neuberger was two years old), the voters of Oregon had sent a Democrat to the Senate.<sup>9</sup>

**Caucus in Bed.** It was a dignified, simple ceremony, as the 84th Congress convened last week, and one that pleased Neuberger, who, unlike his senior colleague from Oregon, has resolved to be humbly uncontroversial for a while and to make a good impression on his fellow Senators. Since his election he had prudently declined nearly all of the 168 invitations to speak and appear on radio and television, in the tradition that Senate freshmen should be seen and not heard.

prised 15% of the tiny Democratic delegation in Republican Salem. "I've heard of politicians caucusing in a telephone booth," Hoyt had said. "but it's the first time I've known you could caucus in bed." Having run through his quips, the new Senator proceeded to batter those politicians who had resorted to "character assassination" in 1954—to the acute annoyance of Republicans in his audience. Washington's fleeting mood of bipartisan sweetness and light was jarred.

In the midst of Neuberger's speech, Mrs. George Malone, peppery wife of the Republican Senator from Nevada, rose from her chair, uttered a distinct boo, and flounced from the banquet hall. Afterward, she was scolded in the lobby by Perle Mesta, elder daughter of the Democratic regiment. Next day both ladies denied everything (she was only going to the ladies' room, explained Katie Ma-

<sup>9</sup> In 1938 Alfred E. Reames was appointed to a nine-month Senate term by Democratic Governor Charles H. Martin.



belabored each other alternately, since Neuberger was a callow student of law at the University of Oregon in 1934, and Wayne Morse his autocratic professor. The two have a great deal in common. Each has an active mind and a fluent tongue. Each is a dedicated and unswerving egotist. Neither man drinks or smokes (Neuberger will toy with an occasional ceremonial glass of champagne), and both have notable physical and moral courage. Each man admittedly relishes the role of martyr. Both are happiest when the battle is hottest, bored and irritable in time of peace, and although Neuberger is a chronic hypochondriac, both he and Morse have excellent health and prodigious reserves of energy. Both are chips from that almost formless, sprawling tree of native American nonradical, anticonservative discontent that goes by the name of liberalism. The political similarity of the two men is bracketed if not defined by three heroes they share: Woodrow Wilson, William Borah and George Norris.

There are also some strikingly dramatic differences.

Morse has no mental superior in the Senate; his mind is keen and penetrating; his mental standards are professorially rigid and thorough. Neuberger, on the other hand, is bright rather than brilliant, often hasty and superficial in his judgments. Morse, a good lawyer, calls himself a "constitutional liberal," distrusts the New Dealish tendency to disregard checks and balances. Neuberger, while no flaming left-winger, is less likely to be troubled by such constitutional scruples.

Neuberger has seldom deviated in his political convictions. Morse, on the other hand, has probably contradicted himself more often than any other Senator. Items: ¶ In 1951 Harry Truman asked him to be Attorney General and clean up the scandal-pocked Justice Department. Morse rejected the offer on the ground that the problem was the responsibility of the Democratic Party. Since then, he has changed his mind: "What do they mean, 'party responsibility'? Watch out for it. It's a cliché. It's an alibi for doing what a close-knit group of machine politicians think ought to be substituted for representative government."

¶ In 1948 and 1950 he campaigned for Douglas McKay when McKay ran for governor of Oregon. After 1952, Morse changed his mind about McKay.

¶ An avowed opponent of filibustering, as a matter of principle, Morse nevertheless holds the Senate record (22 hrs. 26 min.) for a filibuster in 1953 against the Holland tidelands bill.

Morse's most notable about-face, of course, was his disavowal of Dwight Eisenhower in the middle of the 1952 campaign, and his subsequent flight from the Republican Party to his own one-man "Independent Party." Although he was the first Senator to propose Eisenhower as a G.O.P. candidate, his cooling-off was rapid and complete, and he campaigned



Edward Clark—LYTLE  
REPUBLICAN MCKAY & FRIEND  
"What do they mean,"

lustily for Adlai Stevenson. He now calls the President "the most dangerous man ever to have been in the White House."

**Boy Orator.** Wayne Lyman Morse has always been a fierce independent. He was born on a 320-acre farm in Verona, Wis., eleven miles from Madison, where his father, Wilbur Morse, raised Devon cattle, Percheron horses and five young Morses. Wayne learned the facts of life early: when he was eight, his father gave him custody of four Shetland pony brood mares. At ten he got a stud pony, and by the time he was twelve he sold a two-year-old pony to some tourists from Columbus, Ohio, for \$60. Says Morse: "I was made."

Father Morse was a foot-dragging Wisconsin Progressive, but young Wayne exercised his independence early and became an extravagant admirer of the late, near-great "Fighting Bob" La Follette years before he was old enough to vote. Around county fairs, Wayne often competed with young Bob and Phil La Follette, who were pony breeders, too (Morse never lost in the stud-pony class, though the La Follette brothers generally beat him in other classes).

By the time he was in high school, Morse was actively politicking for La Follette and his Progressives with a troupe of classmates. (Wayne especially admired Fighting Bob's ability to talk interminably.) The troupe traveled from courthouse to courthouse through southern Wisconsin with a Model T and a big bass drum. And, as usual, Wayne did most of the talking.

The Morses were always poor and lived under the constant threat of a foreclosure. Wayne had to borrow money from his high-school biology teacher to get through high school and into the University of Wisconsin. One summer, between his sophomore and junior years at the university, Wayne grew a mustache to make himself look older, and hopped a freight train for the Dakotas, where he worked as



United Press  
DEMOCRAT STEVENSON & FRIEND  
'party responsibility?'

a harvester for his tuition. He can and does discourse on this rich experience ("When I worked alongside the Wobblies . . .") for hours on end.

In high school Morse cast an adolescent eye at pretty Mildred ("Midge") Downie, the daughter of a railroad conductor, and made one of the few unrevoked decisions of his life. Midge was a talented girl who played Snow White in the senior-class play and was valedictorian of the class of 1919 (Morse was president of the student forum). Together, Wayne and Midge went on to the university, where Wayne was a facile debater and an honor student. In 1924, after he had picked up his bachelor's degree (in philosophy) and his master's (in speech), Morse married Midge and left the same day for Minneapolis, where he took a teaching job at the University of Minnesota. His subject: argumentation.

**The Twelve-Cent Honeymoon.** They arrived in Minneapolis with exactly 12¢ between them, and wound up their honeymoon at a 5¢ moving-picture theater, each chewing a penny stick of gum. The living was slim, indeed, and the family crises frequent (once, when Morse invited his immediate superior on the faculty to dinner, he discovered that Midge had no food and only 27¢; the evening was saved when the grocer extended credit). One of Morse's pet students was a promising young man named Harold Stassen. Later, Morse changed his mind about Stassen.

In his spare time in Minneapolis, Morse got his law degree; then he went on to New York to work on his doctorate (in jurisprudence) at Columbia, under Professor Raymond Moley. His thesis, a study of the grand-jury system, is a definitive work on the subject. Moley was enormously attracted to his bright young student. Later Moley changed his mind about Morse—and, of course, vice versa.

After Columbia, Morse took up an offer from the University of Oregon. In two





HERO BORAH  
Also Wobblies . . .

Pictures Inc.

years he was the dean of the law school. One of his students was Dick Neuberger, and the professor had profound and lasting influence on the young man. It was Morse who saved Neuberger in the now-famous cribbing incident. Neuberger made lavish use of his unlimited cuts in a class in law bibliography, was absent when the instructor announced that the usual consultation among students would not be allowed at the next assignment. Unaware of the injunction, Neuberger consulted freely with a fellow student, was promptly found guilty of violating the university's honor system.

He appealed to a faculty committee and was found guilty again, by a vote of 4 to 1. The one exception was Dean Morse, who argued that no dishonorable intent was involved. On Neuberger's final appeal, the faculty discipline committee upheld Morse, cleared Neuberger. The case was forgotten until last fall, when Circuit Judge Carl Wimberly, Senator Cordon's former law partner, charged that Neuberger had been expelled for cheating. Republicans and Democrats alike denounced the story. Neuberger got a lot of publicity, and Republican State Chairman Ed Boehnke announced that "That fool judge has just cost Guy the election."

At the end of his first term, Neuberger failed his course in criminal law, which was taught by Dean Morse. Neuberger asked Morse to reread and re-evaluate his paper. Morse agreed. Together Morse and Neuberger read the examination paper again, and when they had finished Morse decided he had been much too kind, docked Neuberger an additional ten points. Then, in a long conference, Morse urged Neuberger to drop the law and take up journalism. When the young man hesitated, Morse telephoned his father. "This boy's a fine journalist," he said, "but he's no lawyer and I doubt whether he ever can be. At any rate I haven't got

time to try to make him one." Dick Neuberger switched to journalism.\*

The professor, meanwhile, was branching out into other fields too. In 1933 he led a faculty rebellion against the university's autocratic old chancellor, W. Jasper Kerr, ultimately forcing him to resign and splashing the name of Morse in every newspaper in Oregon. In 1936 Morse went to Washington as a special assistant to Attorney General Homer Cummings (on the recommendation of Raymond Moley) to direct a nationwide study of the administration of criminal law. In 1938 Frances Perkins appointed him West Coast maritime arbitrator, where he made a brilliant reputation as a fair and meticulous judge.

On to Washington. By 1941 Morse had caught the eye of Franklin Roosevelt, who appointed him chairman of the Railway Emergency Board, when 19 railway brotherhoods were threatening a nation-

grandstanding, Morse wrote him a notably short (for Morse) letter: "Dear Mr. Secretary: Your most recent communication serves only to strengthen and confirm my low opinion of you."

In Washington Morse clearly heard the call of big-time politics, and in 1944 he decided to try to unseat Oregon's crusty old isolationist Senator Rufus ("Black Rufe") Holman. A tenuous Republican, Morse first considered and then rejected a Democratic offer to run, because, he said, the Democrats were short of campaign money. In a violent primary, Morse won the nomination by 10,000 votes, went on to trounce his Democratic opponent, Edgar Smith, by 95,000 votes. In mid-campaign, President Roosevelt made a trip to Puget Sound, gave Smith a verbal message to relay to Morse: "The President noted you'd been giving him hell in the campaign. He said if you kept on doing it, you'd be elected." After the election, Roosevelt saw Morse in Washington, asked him if he had got the message. Morse assured him that he had. Said Roosevelt: "Well, it worked, didn't it?"

Wayne Morse's arrival in Washington as a Senator-elect was better publicized and less noisy than his first visit as a tourist. He had crossed the country with two riding horses in a trailer; their disembarkation made it certain that Morse would be a spectacular Senator. He quickly brushed off the tradition of freshman silence, became one of the loudest actors on the Senate stage. He was utterly ruthless in debate, utterly independent in his votes. Morse's voting record of conformity with the majority of G.O.P. Senators: 79th Congress 30%, 80th Congress 43%, 81st Congress 35%, 82nd Congress 33%.

By May 1952, Morse was in such ill



HERO WILSON  
. . . and caribou . . .

Wide World

wide strike. Morse met with both sides in a Washington hotel, brought in a settlement after 34 continuous hours of hearings. Six weeks later, Morse began a glittering career on the War Labor Board, highlighted by 100 crisp and clear decisions, a big hand in the concoction of the Little Steel formula, and one ferocious encounter with Harold L. Ickes. When Ickes, of all people, berated him for

\* In the 20th century, journalism is increasingly the path to politics, as the law was in the 19th. The century's most famous journalist-politicians are Clemenceau, Churchill, Lenin and Mussolini. Some others: Italy's Alcide de Gasperi, Texas' Oreta Culp Hobby, Ohio's Warren Harding, Brazil's President Café Filho, Britain's Richard Crossman, Illinois' Frank Knox, Michigan's Arthur Vandenberg and Blair Moody, Washington state's Warren Magnuson, South Dakota's Francis Case, Oklahoma's Mike Monroney, Idaho's Henry Dworshak, Louisiana's Edward Hébert, and Tennessee's Brazillia Carroll Reece.



HERO NORRIS  
. . . and martyrdom.

Wide World

repute among Republicans that Oregon's Republican Convention delegates voted 13 to 5 against making him a member of the platform committee at the Republican Convention. Morse was embittered by the insult, and the beginning of his final break with the party stems from that date. In Chicago, he fought hard to get Eisenhower the nomination, but a week before the election he announced in a recorded statement that he had left the Republican Party. A reporter who accompanied him to the recording studio described the scene: "His mustache quivered, and his hands shook, but when the recording was done, Morse turned around and said, 'Golly, I feel like I've just taken a bath. It may be the beginning of the end of my political career!'"

On the other hand, it may have been the beginning of a new career. Wayne Morse today is liked and admired in Oregon, where he will face the voters next year. His brilliance has not ripened into political wisdom; the spirit of compromise which responsibility brings has not brushed him. He plays to the gallery, in which he is his most appreciative spectator. But he plays without chicanery—and there are few Senators who can match him in drive and analytical power.

"I'm Lonesome," Morse, who follows no leader, attracts no senatorial followers. Will the new Junior Senator from Oregon sit as apprentice at the knee of the master? It is not likely. Dick Neuberger is not the apprentice type.

Unlike Morse, Neuberger comes from a prosperous family. His mother, Ruth Neuberger, always dominated the family circle, ran three family-owned Portland restaurants (at 61, she still does). As a kid Dick was resolutely dressed in Lord Fauntleroy suits, packed off to dancing schools and summer camps, and sheltered like an only child (he was 8½ years old when his only sister, Jane, was born).

By the time he was in high school, Dick already had a healthy interest in writing. He got a summer job as a copy boy on the Portland *Oregonian*, progressed quickly to cub reporter. He was an able writer, says Arden S. Pangborn, a former associate (now editor of the *Oregon Journal*), but he "made a lot of enemies. He always appeared to be after the next man's job." He was always anxious to promote Dick Neuberger; once the *Oregonian* received a news release from Neuberger, written from a resort hotel in Gearhart and reporting, quite seriously, that Richard Neuberger had been runner-up in a ping-pong tournament.

At the University of Oregon, Dick quickly became a big man on campus. As a cocksure sophomore he became editor of the *Emerald*—a post traditionally reserved for upperclassmen—and made it into a whirling gallery of controversy. His fiery editorials against fraternities, restrictions on smoking and compulsory fees nettled Neuberger's schoolmates. Before long, little coin boxes designed to receive contributions for "sending Dickie home" appeared on campus telephone

poles and tree trunks. Neuberger was unabashed.

In 1933, when Dick was a junior, his Uncle Julius Neuberger, a Navy doctor, took him to Europe for a Grand Tour. Not much interested in girls or frivolous entertainment, Dick stayed close to Uncle Julius, spent his time interviewing diplomats, citizens and local officials. At one point Uncle Julius persuaded Dick to go to London on his own, for a good time, but 48 hours later Dick telephoned him in Paris. "Uncle Julius," he said, "I'm lonesome."

**Niagara of Nonfiction.** When he returned to the U.S., Neuberger wrote his first article for a national magazine, "The New Germany," in the *Nation*, a chilling report on the early Nazi regime. The article was a sensation, and Neuberger decided to become a full-time, free-lance writer. He set up shop in his mother's



Mel Jungbluth—Oregon Journal  
THE NEUBERGERS & MUFFET  
Half a Manx for half a family.

house, where, between reveries over phonograph records (his favorites: marches and *Gaité Parisienne*), he turned out a Niagara of nonfiction. By last week, after 20 years and some 750 articles and six books (including two highly successful children's books), Dick Neuberger was earning around \$30,000 a year from his typewriter.

His beat was the Northwest, a region he loves with a sincere passion. He covered 2,200,000 sq. mi. from the Aleutians to upper California and west to Montana and Wyoming. A frugal craftsman, he was disinclined to write one story on one subject for one magazine; instead he broke up each piece of research into three or four fragments, built them into separate stories, and squeezed the maximum possible return out of his reporting.

In 1940 when he was 27, Neuberger decided to get into active politics; he ran successfully for the state legislature as a

Democrat. About the same time he met Maurine Brown, a schoolteacher and fellow Democrat. Gradually the romance flowered and after the war (which Neuberger spent as a captain in the Yukon and the Pentagon) Dick and Maurine were married in Missoula, Mont. Dick developed a bad cold, then flu, and the honeymoon had to be postponed for months.

The Neubergeres settled in a spacious, eleven-room old house in Portland with a half-Manx, hermaphrodite cat named Muffet, and lived pleasantly in a world of welterweight music, gardens, politics, and a tidal wave of Neuberger articles. In 1950 after Dick had graduated to the state senate, Maurine filed for a seat in the lower house. Both, of course, ran as Democrats. Dick has said that people wonder why they insist on sticking to a party label that was such a liability in Oregon. He explains: "Evidently martyrdom suits our personalities. Maurine and I enjoy being caribou in timber-wolf terrain. It gives us a sense of high adventure and derring-do." During legislative sessions in Salem, the Neubergeres lived in a motel and built up a commendable liberal record (and a basic research for magazine articles) as an aggressive, incorruptible legislative team.

By 1954 the Neubergeres were the best-known Democrats in Oregon and Dick, impressed with his voter-strength and inflamed against the Administration's public-private power policy (*TIME*, Nov. 15, 1954), decided to run against Guy Cordon in the political arena of a state which had been almost continuously Republican since 1878.

**One-Man Show.** Neuberger's shrewd and professional campaign was almost entirely a one-man (and a woman) show: Neuberger made all the decisions, wrote most of the press releases, planned all the attacks. In the first phase of his campaign he told Oregonians, in shocked, evangelistic tones and in endless reiteration, that Cordon was a sinister reactionary who took tidelands oil away from their children's mouths, gave away dams and power lines to private utilities, tried to wreck Eisenhower's foreign policy and opposed everything from cancer research to free school lunches. The voters were impressed.

Neuberger spent his campaign funds wisely. Instead of using up a lot of money on a few half-hour TV shows, as Cordon did, Neuberger bought hundreds of one-minute radio spots, which poured from the Oregon airwaves. Journalist Neuberger knew just how to deal with the press. Although all but three of Oregon's 21 dailies were committed to Cordon, Dick managed to get a remarkable amount of space. Every night his nimble fingers typed out releases on his twelve-year-old Royal portable for delivery just in time for deadlines to city rooms around the state.

Having established Cordon as a villain, Neuberger moved into the second phase, in mid-September. With his own campaign promises. With Maurine driving a rented blue Ford, the Neubergeres traveled to every nook and corner of the state, to

Philomath, Gold Beach, Madras, Lookingglass, Yachats, Yoncalla, Bonanza, Cornucopia, Garibaldi, Grande Ronde, Depot Bay, and even to Sisters and Fossil. Wherever possible they stayed with local citizens, and Dick invariably managed to establish a personal identification with his audiences ("As my close friend Amos Buck of the Butchers' Union knows..."). With his sloppy green corduroy jacket and his pleasantly casual manner, Dick Neuberger wowed the homefolks. Maurine took care of the women's clubs and the radio chats. And Wayne Morse, who contributed \$500 and 61 incendiary speeches to the Neuberger campaign, was a fire-breathing advance man. Neuberger, who in 1950 had written that Morse "has reduced to an exact science the technique of leading a double life in politics," was surprised and gratified by Morse's support, promised to stump for him in return in 1956.

Cordon, a behind-the-scenes politician who hates to make speeches and loathes publicity, was a feeble amateur by comparison. He spent just one 1954 day in Oregon before September, and never succeeded in getting his campaign off the ground.

As Richard L. Neuberger went off to Washington last week with a brand-new tuxedo and Muffet (to keep him company until Maurine resigns from the legislature in May), he had the grudging admiration and good wishes of Oregon's Republicans. Said former National Committeeman Ralph Cake: "While I believe he's a fellow who doesn't want to go too deeply into things at times, I think it's a certainty he will try to do everything he can for the state and the region."

The Morse-Neuberger combination is an odd product of staid, cautious, conservative Oregon, the Vermont of the West. Morse and Neuberger may not be men to match Oregon's mountains but, like mountains, they fill the eye.

## POLITICAL NOTES

### Setting the Dates

In the summer of 1864, Confederate General Jubal A. ("Old Jubilee") Early sprayed tobacco juice on the ground within six miles of Washington and threw the North into such a tizzy that the Democrats decided to wait until things quieted down before holding their convention. They finally met on Aug. 29 and nominated General George B. McClellan, who set about failing in politics as he had in war. Since that unhappy lesson, the Democrats have held their conventions earlier. Last week, however, new National Chairman Paul Butler announced that the 1956 convention will start Monday, Aug. 27, so as to pack the sharpest television punch into a two-month campaign.

Even before the Butler announcement, Republicans had quietly planned for a September convention. The G.O.P. figures it does not need a long campaign. It hopes to have a candidate—Dwight Eisenhower—who will need no introduction to the voters.

## SEQUELS

### Death in the Family

Until last July 4, life was good to Ethel Niles Sheppard. A schoolteacher from Paris, Ill., she married an osteopath in 1915, worked hard to help him start a hospital near Cleveland, even washed the hospital linen herself. Her three sons also became osteopaths, and her family flourished until the wife of her youngest son Sam was murdered last July 4. In August Sam Sheppard was arrested at his mother's home after dinner (she had served his



Associated Press  
ETHEL SHEPPARD & HUSBAND  
From inspiration to desperation.

favorite dessert, cherry pie), and she never saw him again.

Ethel Sheppard stayed away from her son's trial for murder and read no news accounts. Instead, she heard daily reports from members of her family. She could not help seeing, sometimes, disturbing headlines. During the trial she suffered a slight stroke, was hospitalized twice. She believed in Sam's innocence, wrote him many notes, sometimes talked with him over the prison phone. She sent him inspirational reading, including a booklet called *How to Achieve Poise*.

Last month her husband, Dr. Richard Sheppard, ailing with pleurisy, went to the hospital. Just before Christmas, Sam was convicted of murder. One day last week Ethel Niles Sheppard, white-haired and handsome at 64, locked herself in her bedroom and fired a bullet from a .38 caliber revolver into her brain. She left a note to her son Stephen, with whom she was staying: "I can't manage without Dad. Thanks for everything.—Mother." By court order Sam Sheppard was granted the privilege—unusual for a convict—of attending his mother's funeral.

## THE ADMINISTRATION

### Back to Work

President Eisenhower felt embarrassed and angry when the Agriculture Department rejected Wolf Ladejinsky as Tokyo attaché (TIME, Jan. 3 *et seq.*). Last week with White House approval, Ladejinsky got security clearance and another job (at his previous salary: \$11,800) with Harold Stassen's Foreign Operations Administration in South Viet Nam. Ladejinsky, who planned the U.S.-sponsored land reforms in Japan that gave 3,000,000 peasant families their own farms, will blueprint similar reforms to win South Viet Nam's peasants away from Communism before next year's elections.

## FOREIGN RELATIONS

### Spite Fence

During the Christmas holiday season several years ago, Soviet Russia held up the entry visas for diplomatic couriers bringing mail pouches to the U.S. embassy in Moscow. As a result, the Christmas mail came in weeks late. The next time Soviet couriers were to be dispatched, the U.S. was equally slow about their visas. Thereafter there was no more trouble about American couriers entering Moscow.

Last summer the U.S. decided to try the same treatment on the travel restrictions long imposed upon Americans in Moscow (currently: 125 embassy people, five newsmen, one Roman Catholic priest). State, Justice and Defense Department officials worked up the reprisal that, with White House approval, was put into effect last week—a sort of spite fence around some 400 Soviet citizens in the U.S.

In a note to the Soviet embassy, Secretary Dulles barred Soviet travelers from 27% of the U.S., including a 15-mile band along most of the Mexican border and the shores of the Great Lakes. It was no coincidence that Americans are barred from about 30% of the Soviet Union—including a 15-mile band along much of the Soviet border and the shores of the Caspian Sea.

The closed 27% of the U.S. covers a lot of ground: four states, 865 counties, and such unlikely places as North Dakota's Billings County (at last count 380 farms, one general store, one gas station, no military installations and no industry—defense or otherwise). All of New York City was left open except Brooklyn, which was closed. "Brooklyn," said a man at the Turf Club bar on Flatbush Avenue, "is a very strategic place."

Within 24 hours, more than 100 messages reached the State Department from local officials and newspapers contending that their areas were strategic enough to be closed, too. Radio and TV commentators had a field day in the antic hay, pointing out inconsistencies.

Actually, it hardly mattered; the ban was intended less to tighten U.S. internal security than to loosen Soviet restrictions. The U.S. note promised: "This Government would in turn be disposed to reconsider in the same spirit."

# JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

## CONSERVATISM NEEDED TO SAVE SOCIETY

RUSSELL KIRK, author of *The Conservative Mind, in the liberal Roman Catholic weekly Commonweal*:

UNTIL this century, nearly every American statesman desired to be thought a conservative: Calhoun did, and so did Lincoln. [In this century] the American, vaguely discontented with the shape of society, took for his model liberalism: he imagined that it was some sort of the-middle-way policy, happily splitting the difference between individualism and collectivism. Thus amorphous in its beginning, twentieth-century American liberalism has become almost impossible to describe, embracing a curious congeries of people. The word "liberal," in such circumstances, has lost any real meaning. The liberal's distorted myth of private self-sufficiency in all things has been exploded; his complacent expectation of unchecked progress has been overwhelmed by social disorder and private discontent; his confidence in Rationality has been shattered beyond repair. To what, then, does he cling nowadays? To the feeble hope, ordinarily, of some sort of brummagem utopia of creature-comforts, characterized by equality of condition, uniformity of life and thought, pervasive state regulation and the obliteration of traditional morality.

The twentieth-century liberal has come to care less and less about variety, individuality, moral improvement. Whatever remains of nineteenth-century liberalism is rapidly sinking into an uninspired collectivism, which at best could bring to society only a dreary monotony. And I do not think that even this poor best could be realized. Although we might find it possible to extirpate heroism, we could scarcely succeed in extirpating villainy. The liberal imagination has run out; and what is best in our society will have to be saved by the advocates of some older and more stalwart system of thought.

It is not a new political party that I am recommending, or any neat program of positive legislation. The bulk of both our national political parties is conservative, and this is all to the good. One of the principles of conservatism is the protection of private property and honest industry. I hope that we Americans will conserve "free enterprise" and "economic stability." But we will conserve these things only if we set our sights higher and conserve something larger, a society of variety and tradition and veneration. The liberals cannot do that work for us. I do not know whether the conservatives can; but it is time they began to try.

## DEMOCRATS ARE SURE IKE WILL RUN AGAIN

*Fair-Dealing Columnist* DORIS FLEESON:

UNTIL the polls close Nov. 6, 1956. Democratic strategy will be directed toward separating in the public mind President Eisenhower, the popular military leader, from President Eisenhower, the civil and political leader. The former they will let alone. They hope, through remorseless analysis as issues and occasions arise, to show that the limitations of the latter disqualify him for a second term. Their strategy implies that they expect him to run again. Sincere Democrats believe that the President is the major and almost indeed the only political asset of the Republican Party.

They have no illusions about their task. They think Eisenhower has had a very long honeymoon, with his good qualities magnified and advertised, his shortcomings widely excused. Their argument is that the Presidency is not a popularity contest. If it were, they think Eisenhower well might win it no matter what the opposition proved. They insist that the people can and will accept what they call a calm, honest and realistic presentation of the Eisenhower philosophy and character. "And if the people won't," said one veteran politician, "we've already lost in 1956."

## DISARMAMENT PRODUCES WAR INSTEAD OF PEACE

X. A. VOIGT, *British political analyst and onetime editor, in a letter to the London DAILY TELEGRAPH*:

DISARMAMENT and the abolition of atomic weapons can be so popular and plausible a cause that no Government could afford to miss it. Its underlying fallacies may be summarised as follows: Armaments are relative, not absolute. If Powers A and B reduce their armaments by, say, 10 per cent, their relative strengths, other things being equal, would remain the same. There would be no gain in terms of security. No limitation of armaments, whether at existing level or at an agreed lower level, is practicable, because the ratios between the Powers are inconstant. If A and B agree to limit their armaments, the real ratio will be changed if, for example, A invents new weapons or if B concludes an alliance. There is still a lingering belief in total disarmament, as distinct from a reduction of armaments. Total disarmament would exclude the United States from intervention in Europe and Asia. The free countries of the Old World would be overwhelmed by the Sino-Russian millions.

The abolition of atomic and hydrogen bombs might precipitate a third world war and give the Communist Coalition an advantage in manpower which is otherwise largely cancelled, or at least rendered exceedingly doubtful, by their existence. Precedents would seem to show that the reduction of armaments is conducive to war rather than to peace. The only disarmament conference that ever achieved substantial results was the Washington Conference in 1921. The naval armaments of the Powers taking part were limited according to certain ratios and a large area of the Pacific Ocean was "demilitarised." The result was to place China at the mercy of Japan.

It is probable that, except for the temporary limitation of her naval armaments, Japan would have been unable to wage her war of conquest in China during the early 'thirties and would not have been able to ally herself with Germany. It is even conceivable that China would not have fallen under Communist domination if Britain and the United States had not chosen in Washington to abandon their strategic ascendancy in the Pacific.

## FREE PRESS NEEDED FOR SPANISH FREEDOM

*Madrid's official Roman Catholic weekly ECCLESIA, the only publication in Spain that escapes government censorship, attacking the new restrictive press law proposed by Franco's Chief Censor GABRIEL ARIAS SALGADO*:

PUBLIC opinion is an attribute of every normal society. Its enforcement from above would violate human rights and the dignity of the newspaper man. If it did not exist among the people, its lack would be an even graver defect, as the Pope himself said.

If authentic public opinion must enjoy freedom in order to express itself, the press, which is the medium that reflects it, must share the identical rights. Interpretation and explanation of government activities, imposed or manufactured, through official agencies are not public opinion but fiction. Public opinion serves the common good not only when it approves but also when it criticizes government activities. Those who rule are neither infallible nor without fault. And the same may be said for public opinion.

Free discussion does not undermine authority. It both aids the ruling class when it praises its deeds and prevents injustice and error. Censorship as an exceptional measure is one of the prerogatives of the state, provided it is not arbitrary. But the so-called "directives" by which newspapers are obliged to present as their own the opinions of the ruling class violate the rights of man.



# FOREIGN NEWS

## UNITED NATIONS

### Mission to Peking

In Peking last week, a slim, well-tailored Swede, representing the collective conscience of the United Nations, wrestled with the masters of China for the liberties of eleven U.S. airmen, jailed by the Communists as "spies." To some, U.N. Secretary General Dag Hammarskjöld's mission was a humiliation: traveling halfway around the world to beg justice for innocent men. But in eleven U.S. cities, from Redding, Calif. (the home of 22-year-old Air Gunner Daniel Schmidt) to Lewisburg, Pa. (the home of Pilot William H. Baumer), the families of the airmen thought only of the chance that, perhaps, he might succeed.

Hammarskjöld's instructions, laid down by a U.N. majority of 47 to 5, were to make "continuing and unremitting efforts" to liberate the airmen and "all other captured personnel of the U.N. command, still detained" in violation of the Korean armistice. "Our prayers go with you," said U.N. Delegate Henry Cabot Lodge as the Secretary General's plane took off. In England, where he picked up Professor Humphrey Waldo, Oxford's ranking expert on international law, Dag Hammarskjöld was advised by Sir Anthony Eden to stick closely to the P.W. issue and fend off all Chinese efforts to bargain for U.N. recognition. "To release these men would simply undo the latest of a series of acts of bad faith," wrote the *Daily Telegraph* summarizing Eden's position. "It would not accomplish the moral rehabilitation of Communist China."

Hammarskjöld's next stop was Paris, where French Premier Pierre Mendès-France went out to Orly Field to meet him.\* The two men chatted for an hour and Mendès-France commended this "mission of peace."

**Advice from Nehru.** Then came India, where Jawaharlal Nehru was conspicuously not at the airport when Hammarskjöld's R.A.F. Argonaut touched down. Nehru, who claims to have arranged Peking's "acceptance" of the U.N. mission, was piqued by the inclusion of a Pakistani instead of an Indian adviser in Hammarskjöld's entourage. Next day Hammarskjöld had an interview with Nehru, who told him that by passing its "unfortunate resolution" the U.N. "had again crossed the 38th parallel." Unless Hammarskjöld showed "humility" and was prepared to widen his discussions to embrace "a wider settlement," counseled Nehru, he was probably wasting his time.

Next it was China's turn to welcome the world's No. 1 international bureaucrat. On the way to Peking by plane, Hammarskjöld paused at Hankow to

meet, of all people, his nephew Peder Hammarskjöld, chargé d'affaires at the Swedish embassy to Red China.\* He arrived in the Chinese capital in sub-zero weather.

**Chow with Chou.** Chou En-lai gave a cocktail party which Peking radio described as "proceeding in a friendly atmosphere." Later that night, he and tired Dag Hammarskjöld dined in private. Talks began next morning in the ornate Hsi Hwa (West Splendor) hall of Peking's Forbidden City. Hammarskjöld and Chou, flanked by their advisers, sat on a damask sofa, interspersing their legal arguments

\* Sweden recognized Red China in January 1950; Dag Hammarskjöld became Deputy Foreign Minister nearly a year later.

with sips of jasmine-scented tea, served in eggshell porcelain cups.

For three days the talks continued. All this time, Radio Peking rigidly excluded mention of the objective of Hammarskjöld's visit, emphasizing instead that Premier Chou En-lai had graciously consented to talk to the "head of the U.N." about "problems relating to peace." Even this vague reference came late in the Peking newscasts long after such significant items as the weekly statistics of pig-iron output, the news of trade-union clubs, and the results of semester examinations in Peking's high schools—Red China's way of showing its contempt for the promptings of justice that had led 47 nations to send the Secretary General on a 12,000-mile mission.

## INDONESIA: NATION IN JEOPARDY

OF the 15 countries propelled to independence since the beginning of World War II, none set out with more confident fervor than Indonesia. After 350 years as a colony of the Dutch, one sudden, exuberant transformation made the islands the world's sixth most populous nation (80 million), rich in natural resources, and in national ambition. This month, the young Indonesian Republic begins its sixth year of independence, and the confident fervor is gone. The economy is sick with inflation. Unrest is growing among the 90% Moslem population because of 1) the weakness of the central government, and 2) the way the Communists are infiltrating Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo's government with the open encouragement of the Premier and the men around him.

Against the debits of disappointment and disillusionment stand few credits. Rice production, for the first time, now equals the country's needs; illiteracy has been forced down from 95% to about 75%. Confessed President Achmad Soekarno recently: "Our accomplishments have been few."

Djakarta, the capital and seat of most of Indonesia's troubles, has grown from a city of 500,000 before the war to a seething 4,000,000. From there, *TIME* Correspondent Dwight Martin cabled last week:

Downtown Djakarta sprawls rank and sullen in the fetid subequatorial heat. Wilhelmina Park, once the pride of the city's stolid Dutch proconsuls, now lies half given back to the jungle, its cracked statuary staring vacantly above a graveyard of wrecked jeeps, trucks and armored vehicles. Swill and offal clog the canal that cuts through the main shopping center, and along its banks people

gather in family clusters to bathe, brush their teeth, defecate or wash clothes. Hideously deformed beggars swarm the approaches to even the humblest cafés.

By day, the streets are choked with gaudily painted, bell-tlingling pedicabs, with tiny, pony-drawn gharries, with stray livestock and rickety prewar Fords and Chevrolets, all covered by the horn-blasting Packards, Cadillacs and Mercedes of government officials, black marketeers, Chinese and European traders. The near chaos of Djakarta's streets is symptomatic of the near chaos—economic, political and social—of the whole republic.

**Departing Business.** Indonesia's economy is being slowly strangled by inept government policies. While badly needing and openly crying for foreign investment, the government is slowly forcing out firms already in business. Most planters (tea, rubber) say they are not even bothering to replant. General Motors closed its assembly plant at Tandjong Priok a few weeks ago after 27 years of operation. Philco Radio and Britain's vast Imperial Chemical Industries are expected to follow quite soon. At Tandjong Priok, the capital's seaport, costly prefabricated school buildings are rusting on wharves because someone has forgotten them; at Bandung, in West Java, a \$45 million munitions factory sits unassembled because the officials who imported it forgot also to import technicians to put it into operation.

Foreigners here tend to believe that the problems are all traceable to incompetence and shortsightedness within the Sastroamidjojo government. It is true that there is better political and administrative talent outside, most of it belonging to the Socialists. But even if

\* Mendès had his reasons for soliciting Hammarskjöld's visit. "It showed that respectable people will still talk to us," said a French Foreign Office spokesman.



## JAPAN

### The Old Look

Beneath the twin rows of cypresses that lead up to Tokyo's Meiji Shrine, an old Japanese farmer paused last week to explain his year-end pilgrimage. "The people's feelings are settling down," the farmer said. "From now on it will be best for us to be what we really are—Japanese." In Tokyo a Japanese editorial writer echoed the sentiment more formally: "The whole nation is searching for its lost pride."

Last week the search was in full swing. All Japan pulled wooden shutters over store fronts and quit offices to celebrate *Osho Gatsu*, the Japanese New Year. For five days virtually all work stopped while millions of Japanese slipped back into kimonos, and women spent painful hours at their beauty shops getting their hair pulled and greased in the old-fashioned

style, now worn mostly by geisha girls. Although Japanese have celebrated *Osho Gatsu* for centuries, never since the war have so many poured out to the ancient Shinto shrines.

More than 2,700,000 Japanese visited the shrine of the Emperor Meiji (Hirohito's grandfather). Five hundred thousand padded to the Yasukuni Shrine, above which the souls of Japan's war dead are said to hover, and clapped hands respectfully to get the souls' attention. Amid the wooded hills of Ise, southwest of Tokyo, 360,000 worshipped at the Grand Shrines of Shintoism.

Among the worshippers at Ise, in striped trousers and cutaway, was Japan's new Premier Ichiro Hatoyama, full of the knowledge that his nationalist pronouncements had done much to stimulate Japan's search for its old look. Hatoyama is the first Prime Minister to make the pilgrimage since the Japanese surrender;

he did so in defiance of Article 20 of the MacArthur constitution, which lays down that "the state and its organs shall refrain from . . . religious activity." And although Hatoyama himself is a Christian, fond of caroling hymns like *The Old Rugged Cross*, he solemnly reported his appointment to Amaterasu O-mikami, the sun goddess who, Shintoists believe, passed the divine right of succession to the present imperial family.

The partially crippled Hatoyama hobbled painfully up to a white pine altar at the entrance to the shrine, closed his eyes, bowed his head and paid silent attention to the sun goddess—and, in doing so, paid heed also to the votes of Japanese nationalists in the forthcoming general elections. As Hatoyama clambered back into his black Cadillac, a reporter asked him why he had come to Ise. Answered Hatoyama without hesitation: "As a renovation of popular sentiment."

the Socialists have better brains, they seem no less infected with the same blinding anti-Western bias. Anti-Westernism runs, too, through the Masjumi (Moslem) Party, the country's largest, though both Moslems and Socialists are at least anti-Communist. Last week the Indonesian Minister of Information gave a small party for press attachés and foreign newsmen. The feature of the evening was movies—a short on a glass factory in Leningrad, another on modern apartments in Moscow, and a full-length Russian historical film in color.

**Spreading Revolt.** What is not so visible in Djakarta by day can be clearly seen at night: the government's failure to establish that essential of true independence—law and order. From sunset to sunrise, the banking center, all the great commercial godowns and the storehouses are cordoned off by troops to prevent looting in the heart of the nation's capital. "Small wonder the army can't suppress the terrorists in the country-

side," said an Indian businessman acidly. "The bandits in the capital itself don't give them any free time."

**Spreading Marxism.** It is an unsettling truth that few, if any, military or civil officials in Djakarta know just how many insurrections the government has on its hands at any given time. One morning last week, an aide burst into his boss's office in one foreign embassy and said: "My God, the government radio has just broadcast a declaration of war, but we can't find out against whom." Several hours later, the embassy was able to learn the facts: Premier Ali Sastroamidjojo's Cabinet had proclaimed a state of siege and war—that is, martial law—in three islands dominated by the secessionist rebels who have set up what they call the Republic of the South Moluccas. Other revolts are already in progress in parts of northern Sumatra, Celebes, southern Borneo, and western and central Java. Some government officials admit in private that even with effective and stable

central government, revolt and insurrection will take years to overcome.

The army itself, some 200,000 strong, is crosscut with internal plots and counter-plots. Soldiers in the same unit often do not have the same type weapons. The chief of staff, handsome, greying General Bambang Sugeng, has had no military training. Many of the army's seven territorial commanders operate, in fact, as private warlords, some in almost outright rebellion. The worst of the army's difficulties, however, can be traced directly to Defense Minister Iwa Kusumasumantri, a bull-necked Marxist of 55, who professes not to be a Communist, though as a young man he went to meetings in Moscow, and in 1946 was jailed for his role in the Communist Tan Malaka uprising. Iwa has been weeding out anti-Communist officers, and he carefully limits supplies and ammunition to units and commanders not accounted faithful to him. His next ambition: to establish a separate territorial command which will give him military control over Djakarta.



BURMA'S U NU, PAKISTAN'S ALI, INDONESIA'S SASTROAMIDJOJO, CEYLON'S KOTELAWALA, INDIA'S NEHRU

## Young Love

In Japan, the sovereign remedy for despair is suicide. Last week a young Japanese lover named Satoru Takayanagi, ill with tuberculosis, journeyed with his true love, Waitress Setsumi Endo, 59 miles south of Tokyo to the island of O Shima, site of famed "Suicide Point." As they climbed to the edge of the volcanic crater of Mount Mihara, they were met by a suspicious detective, who asked what was on their minds. "If you want to pry into our private lives," answered young Takayanagi, "get a warrant." When the detective had gone, the young lovers joined hands and leaped into the sulphurous cauldron where so many before them had met death.

Hours later a teahouse-keeper on the mountaintop heard cries for help and called the detective. With only damp towels as protection against the sulphur fumes, Detective Tomosaburo Suzuki and seven police volunteers began the rescue. Roped together, choking and almost blinded by the fumes, they let themselves down some 600 feet to an outcropping of rock on the very edge of the crater. The rock had broken the young couple's fall. There, covered with blood and bruises, her ankle smashed, but still unromantically alive, lay the little waitress Setsumi. Beside her, uninjured, was her impulsive lover.

## GREAT BRITAIN

### Just Daisy

Being a baroness was never enough to satisfy ambitious Daisy von Freyberg. At the age of 18 she took on a stage name, Daisy D'Ora, and became one of the more curvaceous ornaments of Germany's silver screen. The international film *Almanac* of 1931 listed her as a "young lover" type, and that same year blonde Baroness Daisy



Keystone

GERMANY'S SCHLITTER & WIFE  
Regrettable impulse.

earned still another title: Miss Germany. Sought after by the great and powerful in the twin worlds of Art and Fashion, Daisy in 1932 gave up her own career to marry a wealthy and successful young diplomat named Oskar Schlitter.

Schlitter was one of the ablest of Germany's young career foreign officers; his wife Daisy had all the charm, intelligence and breeding necessary to grace an embassy table. There was only one trouble: she talked too much. Daisy's outspoken comments and uninhibited ways often got her husband into trouble. After the war, Schlitter was serving at the German embassy in Madrid when the ex-Kaiser's grandson, Prince Louis Ferdinand, dropped in for a call. The visit was supposed to be heavy with old-fashioned protocol, with everybody bowing low. Carefree Daisy, lined up with the rest of the staffers' wives, took one look at her old friend the prince, and with a whoop and a holler greeted him with a lusty "Hi there, Lulu!" Shortly thereafter, Oskar Schlitter was transferred to London.

There, a month ago, Schlitter, as acting ambassador in the absence of his boss, gave a Christmas party for the staff and some friends, mostly German. Before the party was properly under way, Oskar, a busy man, had to leave for a reception at the British Foreign Office, so it fell to Daisy to make the welcoming speech to their guests. In her usual freewheeling style, she spoke of home and the necessity for Germans overseas to hang together in "enemy foreign territory." Somebody told a reporter, and the remark was bannerlined in London newspapers. In Bonn Konrad Adenauer learned of it, and Daisy and Oskar were whisked back to Germany to face an outraged Chancellor.

Last week, as her husband cooled his heels in Bonn awaiting official action, Daisy took to a sanatorium to rest herself. Germany's Foreign Office issued an official apology for the "extremely regrettable" incident, putting it down to Daisy's "nervousness and inexperience." For the most part, Britons, after thinking it over, were inclined to forgive Daisy. "Nobody who has met Frau Schlitter," wrote the *Manchester Guardian*, "doubts her enjoyment of the London scene and her affection for the English. It would be a pity if a slip of the tongue were to disturb—it could surely not damage—the career of her husband, who has created a wholly favorable impression here."

### Willing the Means

The British are foolish-fond of their railroads, as they are of any public inconvenience that has been around for more than 100 years. Sprouting from the main lines, branch tracks lace the map like a web spun by a Stakhanovite spider. One- and two-car trains jog across the countryside as leisurely and erratically as the village gossip on her daily rounds. Except on the crack trains, cars are dirty, creaky, ramshackle and old, though also comfortable in a musty, antimacassar way. Cartoonist Rowland Emmett has epitomized



Combine

RAILWAYMEN'S CAMPBELL  
Exhaustible patience.

both Britain's love and loathing in *Punch's* "Far Twittering and Oysterperch Railway."

But these rachitic sinews manfully bore the baggage of war. When the railroads were nationalized by the Socialists in 1948, the equipment was overaged, the labor force (at the unions' insistence) oversized. (The government could never firmly decide whether to subsidize hundreds of half-idle porters and uneconomic Far Twitterings or to streamline the railways and run them as a self-sustaining enterprise. Besides, austerity Britain had no money for modernization.)

**The Losing End.** Since under the nationalization act the railway system was supposed to pay for itself, the British Transport Commission could not raise wages without raising fares and freight rates—which would antagonize other voters and raise the price of Britain's exports. Other workers got raises. But the railwaymen were made to feel that any demand for higher wages was an unpatriotic act. Four years ago "Big Jim" Campbell, amiable, earnest chief of the 400,000-man National Union of Railwaymen, said: "The men are sick, sore and sorry. They feel they are at the losing end of nationalization." A year ago Big Jim warned: "The loyalty of the railwaymen should not be taken as weakness or complacency. Their patience is not inexhaustible." Three weeks ago, refused a modest \$1.12 to \$1.32-a-week raise for workers making between \$17 and \$24, Big Jim reluctantly gave the order to strike. The Transport Commission could only stick to the old argument: the commission did not have the money.

Last week, as the strike deadline neared, there was an air of wartime emergency. Sir Winston Churchill himself ordered the country deployed as he had for the General Strike of 1926. Government department heads designated key workers who would have to sleep on the job, and beds were installed in old wartime air-raid shelters. Department chiefs were to be housed in a massive concrete annex to the Admiralty built to be the government's

last stronghold in case of a Nazi invasion. Car pools were organized (the London Underground would also stop).

**The New Report.** At midweek a hastily convened Court of Inquiry rescued the railwaymen with a report that Britain may live to regret. Its findings were a triumph of the modern "ought-to-have" school of economics over the classic "where-will-you-get-the-money" school. Railwaymen, said the court, ought to get wages that would put them "in no worse case" than workers in "comparable" industries. Said the court: "The nation has provided by statute that there shall be a nationalized system of railway transport, which must therefore be regarded as a public utility of the first importance. Having willed the end, the nation must will the means."

With the Churchill government's acceptance of the report, the union happily collected raises ranging from 70¢ to \$1.12 a week for 60,000 workers in the lowest brackets, and a promise of other raises later. The boost will cost the Transport Commission an extra \$22 million a year which it has not got—since 1948 the railways have already run up a \$76 million deficit. Gone was the notion that the railways must pay for themselves. "How the money can be found is not my business," gloomed Transport Commission Chairman General Sir Brian Robertson.

The obvious answer was that the money would come—somehow—from the British taxpayer, for whom the "standard rate" of taxation is 45¢ on every \$1 he makes. "This principle," huffed the *Economist*, "may be the opening of a new stage in British industrial and political history. On the court's ruling, a nationalized industry now means an industry which has an inalienable right to draw a subsidy from the public, and no responsibility to return efficient service to it."

## FRANCE

### Man on Vacation

Like antagonists retiring from the battlefield to regroup, France's National Assembly and Premier Mendès-France went off last week on short vacations. For Mendès the vacation was, typically, an opportunity to get work done. Chronically unable to leave his job behind him, Mendès booked reservations for himself and his pretty wife Lily at the Italian resort town of Positano, but then loaded up the schedule with an imposing list of appointments—an audience with Pope Pius XII, a meeting with Italy's Premier Mario Scelba and, on the way home, a conference with Chancellor Konrad Adenauer at Baden-Baden.

Before taking off (in President Coty's official plane), the Premier blandly made one parting gesture calculated to provoke a full-scale battle royal. Summoning his Cabinet, he persuaded them to endorse a new electoral law and then, without any advance warning, sprang it on the scattering Deputies. It calls for abandoning proportional representation, which has

helped to perpetuate the splintering of France's parliament into a multitude of bickering factions. Mendès would return to direct vote of Deputies by districts, as it was under the Third Republic.

Once more the dynamic little Premier had confronted Assembly politicians with an uncomfortable decision. The Communists can be expected to fight with bared teeth against a direct-voting law, which makes it possible for the anti-Communists to band together and beat a Communist in runoff elections. The other big parties like Catholic M.R.P. and the Socialists, which depend more on doctrine than on local appeal, are not confident enough of the strength of their individual candidates to cheer for the change. For Mendès-France and his followers, however, the change seems a way to upset party strangleholds and prepare the way to the new "grouping of the left" which Mendèsites

laborers, peddlers and small-time traders. Since 1947, when the Republic extended French nationality to all Algerians, they have been coming to the French mainland. Of the 300,000 Algerians now in metropolitan France, 90% of them are from the Kabyle country.

**Pockets in Paris.** By buying a fourth-class (\$3) ticket to Marseille, the Algerian is free to find work as a farm laborer, grape picker, or to join France's pick-and-shovel road-building gangs. But mostly he drifts towards Paris, where a third of all the Algerians in France form 2% of the city's population. Few Algerians can afford to bring their families with them: in all France there are only 5,500 Algerian women and 15,000 Algerian children. But the men keep up village and family ties, crowd together in dense pockets—one such community in the Gare du Nord district numbers 10,000—and



SHELTERLESS ALGERIANS IN PARIS METRO STATION  
\$100 million was sent home.

United Press

prescribe for a healthier, more dependable France (TIME, Jan. 10). But French governments that propose electoral reforms have a way of disappearing before the reform puts in an appearance.

### Liberty, Equality . . .

Among the toughest and most loyal of France's hard-boiled professional soldiers are the Kabyle tribesmen, the original Zouaves, whose homeland is an arid region in Algeria's remote Djurdjura Mountains. The Kabyles were conquered by the Arabs in the 7th century, and although they became Sunnite Moslems, they have preserved many characteristics of their Berber origin: they are stockier than the Arabs, often have fair skin, ruddy complexion, blue eyes, and they are not afraid of work.

The poverty of their mountain country has driven them to seek employment far afield, not only as soldiers, but as farm

gather in a thousand tiny *Cafés Maures*, which are purely Moslem (serving only minted tea, coffee, soft drinks). There, 850 miles from home, the Algerians hold their *Djemmas*, or council meetings. Only one in eight is a skilled worker; their average earnings are probably less than 20,000 francs (\$57) a month, but in 1953 they managed to send home an amazing 35 billion francs (\$100 million).

The latest and poorest of France's migratory populations, the Algerians get the worst of France's bad housing (TIME, Jan. 10). Some 50,000 have barely livable quarters, while another 50,000 live in hovels when they sleep indoors at all. In cold weather they are exploited by slum landlords who may sleep 30 men a night, ten at a time in a heated rotary system, in an airless cellar. Misery breeds crime, and Algerians today dominate Paris' narcotic and prostitution rackets. A recent outbreak of bag-snatching, knifing and

mob assaults by Algerians moved the right-wing *L'Aurore* to complain last week: "Certain quarters of Paris have ceased to be safe. It is imprudent to venture out even in broad daylight, and that is intolerable . . . We don't have the right to say that there's nothing we can do about it."

**Abandoned Hovels.** What offends Parisians as much as the crime are the Algerian shanty towns which disfigure certain quarters of the City of Light. Last week, with Paris undergoing a spell of freezing weather, police descended on a Left Bank shanty town built in the concrete-lined ditches of old air-raid shelters in the rue de Vaugirard near the Gare Montparnasse, carried off in their "salad wagons" more than a hundred inhabitants. After a brief TB test the Algerians were bedded down in the disused Rennes Metro station.

Mattresses were laid in rows on the concrete floors; big tarpaulins were hung at the foot of stairwells at each end of the room, cutting off draft from train platforms; naked light bulbs glared pitilessly from white tiled walls. This crude dormitory was only a temporary haven, but it was reasonably dry and fairly warm, and a step up in the world for most of the Algerians. By week's end bulldozers churned the wooden huts and abandoned hovels of the Montparnasse eyesore into the ground.

## INDIA

### Baby Days Are Black

India is a country where, by the reckoning of nutritional experts, half the population fails to get even a single square meal a day. Five years ago Jawaharlal Nehru's government discovered with alarm that India's population, increasing at the rate of 5,000,000 a year, was outdistancing food production. Nehru launched a five-year plan to 1) increase food, and 2) decrease births by government instruction in birth control.

The birth-control program became the province of Health Minister Rajkumari Amrit Kaur, a spinster, a Christian, and a devoted disciple of Gandhi, who taught that the only proper method of birth control is continence. "Harnessing science to ward off nature," said Miss Kaur, "is fraught with tremendous risk for the moral fiber of the nation." Therefore, by Minister Kaur's order Health Ministry workers taught only the rhythm method. Women were given beads to keep track of "safe" days (green) and "baby" days (black). But some women refused to use the beads on the ground that in India only cows wear that kind of bead; others were embarrassed by what neighbors might think; still others got the idea that merely moving the beads along each day was itself a guarantee against conception.

Last week in Lucknow, delegates gathered for the second all-India Congress of Family Planning, and gave birth to some anguished complaints. Dhavanthi Rama Rau, president of India's Family Plan-

ning Association, accused the Health Minister of spending only \$500,000 of the \$1,300,000 allotted for "family planning," and that chiefly on "research studies" on the anthropological aspects of birth control. "The Health Ministry refuses to allow government money to be spent on contraceptives [so that] advice on the use of contraceptives given to people attending maternity hospitals and child welfare clinics is completely wasted." Lady Rama Rau's solution: 1) "Every clinic should have a stock of contraceptives to sell to those who can afford to buy them



**FAMILY PLANNER RAU**  
Rhythm is not enough.

and to give away free to those who cannot"; 2) "the government should establish a factory for mass production of contraceptives."

In the shocked silence that followed her speech, one authoritative voice was raised in her defense. "The entire five-year plan will be nullified," said Lucknow University's Dr. Radhakamal Mukerjee, "unless each married Indian couple assumes responsibility of bearing not more than three children."

### Aggressive Mapmaking

Jawaharlal Nehru last week accepted new tokens of concord from Red China: two spotted deer, a couple of long-necked cranes, and 100 fat goldfish swimming in bowls. Nehru thanked Red China's beaming donor, Chargé d'Affaires Shen Chien, but took Shen aside later on to ask about another recent consignment from Peking. How does it happen, asked Nehru, that Indian Communists are now selling Peking-printed maps that show 57,000 square miles of India's Assam, neighboring Burma, and Nehru's own ancestral Kashmir as districts of "People's China"? So sorry, replied Shen, with the alibi that Red China has used before: just old maps. The date on the maps: 1954.

## IRAQ

### Break with Moscow

Accompanied by his Foreign Minister and a formidable 27-man delegation, Turkey's Premier Adnan Menderes journeyed last week to neighboring Iraq, on the first visit of a Turkish head of state to Baghdad since Iraq freed itself of the Ottomans in 1918. He got a royal welcome. Menderes' mission: to persuade Iraq to join its fellow Moslems in the U.S.-blessed Turkish-Pakistan defense pact, designed to protect the Middle East's "northern tier" from Russia (*TIME*, March 1). Iraq already has long standing commercial and diplomatic ties with Britain, and two large R.A.F. bases.

Whether Baghdad joins formally or not, its sympathies were made abundantly clear last week. For "economy reasons" little Iraq closed its Moscow embassy and discontinued diplomatic relations with Russia. "An unfriendly act," cried Moscow, withdrawing its own mission from Baghdad.

## ITALY

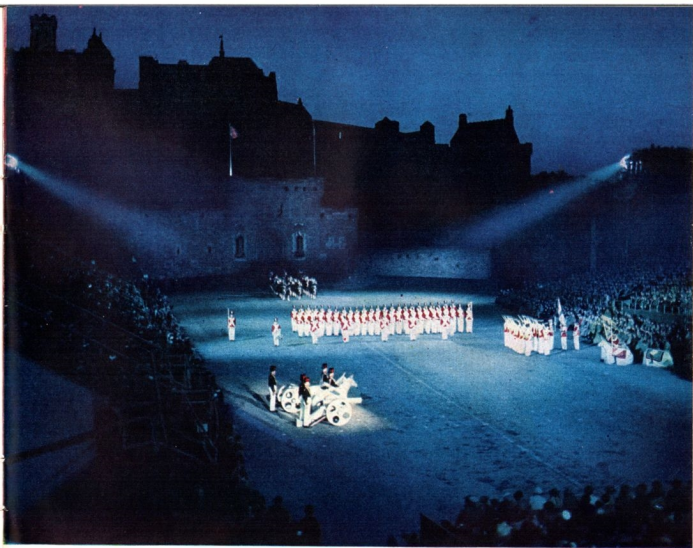
### Road from the Past

Like many a latter-day political bigwig, Julius Caesar prepared for greater things to come by serving as a highway commissioner. His job was to take care of the Appian Way, the great road that stretched from Rome to Brindisi on Italy's southern coast. Laid out in 312 B.C. and already famed in Caesar's day, the Via Appia became known, in the centuries that followed, as the Queen of Roads. Many a victorious Roman legion marched homeward in triumph along its stone paving and over its skillfully engineered bridges. Wealthy Romans built their most sumptuous villas and tombs along its right of way. Along the same road the Apostle Paul trudged to his martyrdom.

With the Empire's fall, the great days of the Via Appia came to an end. Social chaos, armed barbarians and the passage of centuries left their marks along the roadside in the skeletal ruins of once great monuments. New generations raised new edifices, only to have them in turn become crumbling antiquities like their predecessors.

**Axle Grease & Antiquities.** But a visitor to Rome can still drive into the Eternal City along the serviceable roadbed of the old Appian Way, now called "Appia Antica" to distinguish it from a more up-to-date Appian Way running in the same direction. The 20th century, like those that preceded it, has left its mark on the ancient road. Rome's busy Ciampino airport lies only 200-odd yards away. Near a group of ancient Roman tombs, Actress Silvana Mangano has built herself a spanking new Hollywood-type villa, complete with swimming pool. Across the way from the Church of *Domine Quo Vadis?*, where tradition holds that Jesus appeared to the wavering Apostle Peter, an Ezzo station peddles axle grease and antiquities. Many a roadside vista of the old Roman cam-





This Searchlight Tattoo, with precision drill and massed pipers, highlights the Edinburgh Festival.

## GUIDE TO BRITISH FESTIVALS

Whatever your special interest—music, drama, ballet, sport, folk traditions, flowers—Britain offers you Festivals and festive days that no other country can surpass.

**I**F YOU ARE planning a vacation in Europe, you cannot do better than start with a week at one of the great Festivals which have made Britain the cultural and sporting mecca of the modern world.

Probably the most famous is the Edinburgh International Festival of Music and Drama in August and September. Here, in Scotland's romantic capital, you will see and hear the world's finest performers. Your days will be a heady round of concerts, plays, opera, ballet and sight-seeing. At night, the Military Tattoo on the Castle Esplanade will thrill you from start to finish.

Then there is the Shakespeare Season on the banks of the Avon at Stratford. Performances every weekday from April to November: tickets from 35c! In September, musical Europe flocks to the Three Choirs Festival, held in rotation at the Cathedrals of Gloucester, Worcester and Hereford

(the last named in 1955). A marvelous program of Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mendelssohn, plus important new music by contemporary composers.

The list of Festivals is almost endless. Folk dancing in London's Albert Hall in January. The Bath Assembly in May. Glyndebourne Opera, opening in June, and the Canterbury Festival, starting in July. The Welsh Royal National Eisteddfod in August.

Great shows and sports events stud Britain's calendar. Horse racing at Aintree, Epsom, Ascot, Newmarket, Goodwood. Sailing at Cowes. Rowing at Henley. Tennis at Wimbledon. And always Flower Shows, *everywhere*.

One word of advice. Don't leave your reservations until the last minute. Get in touch with your Travel Agent, now. And write for free illustrated literature to **British Travel Association, Box 152, 336 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.**



# Already people are saying it's the **smartest of the smart cars**

It's hard to remember when a new car has caused so much comment. But it's easy to see why. Barely five feet high, here's the longest, lowest, widest, most glamorous De Soto ever built. In any one of 55 color combinations it has an eye-catching verve and beauty as modern as tomorrow. All the power you can use and every automatic feature you could want—Powerlite Transmission, Full-Time Power Steering, Feather-Touch Power Brakes, Four-Way-Power Front Seat and Air Conditioning.\*

See your De Soto dealer and take a turn at the wheel of "the smartest of the smart cars." De Soto Division, Chrysler Corporation.

\*Optional equipment.



**TWO MIGHTY V-8's.** The famous Firedome increased to 185 hp. at a new low price. Shown here is the fabulous Firelite, a brand-new 200 hp. series.

## the **NEW DE SOTO** with the Forward Look

DE SOTO-PLYMOUTH dealers present GROUCHO MARX in "YOU BET YOUR LIFE" on NBC Radio and TV

pagna is now cluttered with factories, lumber yards and cheap houses.

Bristling over these desecrations, Antonio Cederna, a young art critic, last year sounded off in the respected *Il Mondo*, decrying alike the government, the public and the "gangsters of the Appia"—all those, in short, who permitted or perpetrated the outrages along the ancient highway. Cederna's plan for restoring Appia Antica to its pristine beauty was simple and forthright: tear down every vestige of hideous modernity.

**Atmosphere Burden.** Other ardent esthetes joined in peppering Italy's press with antiquarian indignation. But instead of inciting their fellow countrymen to mass revolt, Cederna and his followers succeeded only in setting most Italians to wondering just how far a nation could go in preserving a dead heritage. "The tribute we Romans pay to the past is rapidly becoming an almost unbearable burden," wrote one Italian professor. "Our narrow old streets keep traffic down to a snail's pace, but any thought of widening them is quashed by the magical words, 'historical atmosphere.'" A suggestion for turning the whole Appia area into a great park met the prompt disapproval of a former police chief who knew the difficulties of keeping down crime in Rome's parks. "What wouldn't go on," he asked, "in a new park of many thousand acres on the city's outskirts?"

Last week, winding up a three-month-long forum on what to do about the Appia, Rome's *Giornale d'Italia* decided that public opinion is so diverse "as to embarrass anyone who wants to draw active and positive conclusions." Whizzing along the highroad of a new 20th century Renaissance in their motor scooters and Alfa Romeos, the great mass of Italians seemed quite content to let the old Via Appia find its own way into the future as it had out of the past. "We too are making history," said one Roman, "and who knows—maybe our descendants will find the ruins of our buildings quite as beautiful and suggestive as we find those which have gone before."

## FORMOSA

### The General's Lady

Lieut. General Pao Chi-huang, tall, good-looking and vigorous, was a bright rising star in the Ministry of National Defense. As chief judge of the ministry's security section, he did a brilliant job, won promotion over the heads of others to become judge advocate general of the Defense Ministry. There he was in charge of the prosecution of security and espionage suspects. In beleaguered Formosa, no man holds such a job unless he has the full confidence of both the Generalissimo and his mistrustful elder son, Lieut. General Chiang Ching-kuo, who has overall charge of security matters.

Pao's rapid promotion went to his head. Though he had a wife of his own, he fell in love with the wife of a civil official. Conveniently, her husband happened to be in jail, sentenced to life imprisonment for

corruption in rice transactions. The husband was ill, and customarily, such ailing prisoners are released after a few years. But General Pao blocked his release, and the husband died in prison. Some of the husband's friends, who came from the same part of northeast China as he, demanded an inquiry in the legislative Yuan. They were sure that he had been kept in prison so that 44-year-old General Pao could enjoy his wife's favors without inconvenience. Pao was arrested. Further inquiry showed that the high-living General Pao had extorted money from other men accused of crimes.

Last week a secret military tribunal pronounced Pao guilty, and recommended to Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek that Pao be executed by a firing squad. Chiang,

student who had unexpectedly won a popularity contest. He shook hands with Buddhist monks, Catholic priests and Moslem sorcerers, passed out twelve hard-to-get National Orders to goateed dignitaries living under terrorist threats in villages, and 50 *Croix de Vaillance*. He sat happily while half-naked tribesmen beat gongs in his honor, while a white-haired patriarch dressed as a Thai ballet girl performed a dance of the fans.

In one straw-hut village, Diem chatted with the lepers. In another, he led a torchlight parade of barefoot children. Everywhere, Diem ignored the danger from Communist infiltrators and let himself be jostled in the crowds. "*Hoa Kỳ thủ tướng Ngô Đình Diệm!*" (Cheers for Premier Diem), they cried, and the



Pierre Schoendoerffer

VIET NAM'S PREMIER DIEM GREETES LOCAL ELDER  
In straw-hut villages, a firm foundation.

bitterly aware of what corruption had done to his mainland regime, is grimly determined that it will not happen again. Pao was the first official of high rank caught and convicted while in office. Hundreds of minor officials have been shot for less corruption. In Formosa's teahouses, Lieut. General Pao was considered as good as dead.

## VIET NAM

### Ovation for Diem

Only once since he took office in the dark days after Dienbienphu had Premier Ngo Dinh Diem stirred from the demoralized capital of Saigon. Last week, through dust and monsoon rain, he toured the war-battered villages of his home country in Central Viet Nam, and the result was an unexpected triumph. In light khaki suit, he jeaped 70 miles through villages and was cheered by 300,000 rice growers, coolies and fishermen.

Premier Diem, stiff and cautious at the tour's beginning, was soon beaming like a

spontaneity of the welcome startled foreign correspondents who had been lowering Diem's popular appeal.

But some of the cheerers remembered Diem when he had been a well-liked provincial governor 25 years before. Another reason for the enthusiasm: the troops, officers, speeches, civil servants, roaring planes and flags of his tour were all Vietnamese—there was hardly a French colonial in sight. One Vietnamese soldier asked his officer whether he should applaud the accompanying foreigners. "Of course," the Vietnamese lieutenant replied, "They are foreign correspondents—not foreign mandarins."

## RUSSIA

### Partnership with Heresy

Deciding that two brands of Communism can profitably coexist, Malenkov's Russia and Tito's Yugoslavia last week in Moscow signed a \$20 million trade agreement, their first since Tito went off the reservation in 1948.

# THE HEMISPHERE

## COSTA RICA

### Help!

Out of troubled, revolution-jittery Central America (see below) came a sudden shout for help this week from Costa Rica's President José Figueres. His representative to the Organization of American States in Washington charged that an attack on Costa Rica by exiles and irregulars was staged and ready to go from bases in Nicaragua. He called for an emergency meeting of the hemisphere's foreign ministers to check "a grave situation." The O.A.S. Council planned to meet at once to act on Figueres' request.

## PANAMA

### Murder of a Strongman

"I had to do away with anarchy," said José Antonio ("Chichi") Remón, explaining why he ran for President of Panama in 1952. As the country's strongman police chief he had watched five men try to govern Panama during the span of one normal presidential term, had reluctantly turned a couple of the failures out of office at gunpoint. President Remón brought order out of disorder, and Panama found the sensation so pleasant that it marked him down as almost indispensable. But last week Remón lay dead, and something like a relapse into anarchy plainly threatened.

At the Races. Jolly President Remón was his tiny (pop. 800,000) country's No. 1 horse lover; only a state crisis could keep him from his Sunday afternoon in the presidential box at the finish line of

Panama City's suburban Juan Franco race track. If the Remón stables had a winner, Chichi usually called for a mild celebration (his favorite drink: champagne on the rocks). So when his Valley Star copped the tenth race last week, the President and his guests stayed on in the emptying clubhouse.

Chichi joshed and chatted. The President's bodyguards, knowing that he hated to have them too conspicuously at hand, fell to playing dominoes. The sudden equatorial nightfall left the group pinpointed alone under brilliant fluorescent lights. At the table, ice tinkled in glasses; outside the stands, a black Dodge sedan crunched to a stop.

Two men in dark suits slipped out, 9-mm. German-made Schmeisser burgundy cradled in their arms, and crawled behind a hedge that ran only 20 feet from where the President sat. At 7:20 a string of firecrackers exploded somewhere in the neighborhood. "They are celebrating a birthday over there," a member of the Remón party remarked. Two minutes later bursts of machine-gun fire sprayed the box. Two men died instantly; Remón's heavy frame slumped to the floor, blood darkening his pleated white sport shirt. "That was no firecracker," he gasped.

From safety in outer darkness, the gunmen kept Remón's bodyguards pinned down for several minutes, then made their getaway in the Dodge. At Santo Tomás hospital doctors gave the President five transfusions—but it was likely that the bullet which pierced his aorta killed Remón even before he reached the oper-



PRESIDENT REMÓN

The bodyguards played dominoes.

ating table. Next day a throng of 40,000 followed his bier, borne on a firetruck to Panama City's old downtown cemetery.

At Work. In office, Chichi Remón had paid up the government's bills, enforced income-tax collections, outlawed the Communist Party, negotiated a favorable overhaul of treaty relations with the U.S. over the great canal that bisects Panama. Who wanted to assassinate him? If the Communists had engineered it, the job must have been carefully organized from outside; Panama's local Reds were not up to such a slick, professional gang-style killing.

Secret Police detectives immediately arrested ex-President Arnulfo Arias, a spell-binding surgeon with a sizable personal following. He and Remón were old political enemies. In 1949 Police Chief Remón put Arnulfo into the presidency in the hope that his popularity would bring stability—and threw him out when Arnulfo tried to extend the term illegally. But there was no public evidence to tie either Arnulfo or the Reds to the killing, and there was no move to seize power.

At Wit's End. The cops also nabbed a touring New Yorker, Martin Irving Lipstein, 34, who had arrived before the killing and aroused suspicion by his eagerness to leave the next day. Lipstein produced an alibi, swearing that he had been rubbernecking at ships in the canal at the hour of gunplay, and his release was expected early this week. Dozens of others were run in. By week's end, implicitly confessing bafflement, the police were importing detectives from New York, Cuba, Costa Rica and Venezuela.

Vice President José Guizado, 55, who moved up to the presidency, is a millionaire contractor, educated at Nashville's Vanderbilt University, and another good



STATE FUNERAL IN PANAMA CITY  
The ambitious figured their chances.

El Halcon—Life

A NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL AGENT *answers some questions about*

# what to look for when you buy life insurance

**THE BEST LIFE INSURANCE AGENT** becomes a friend. A man who understands you and your family — is interested in your future and competent to advise you. A man like Frank Scarborough, here — outstanding New England Mutual agent from Wilmington, Delaware. He's a family man, a man with broad interests, a man active in community affairs. The kind of man that represents New England Mutual all over the country.



The NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL AGENT is "Your friend for LIFE"

## What makes some life insurance policies better than others?

"The number of 'rights' you get in your policy — and the freedom that those rights give you — are the most important things to look for. More important than any price consideration. Make sure your agent tells you exactly what rights his policy gives you."

## Rights to do what?

"Let's start with the simplest example. An emergency comes up and you need some money in a hurry. You should have a contract that provides early loan values. Or suppose the day comes when you'd like to change to another type of policy. You should have a contract which *guarantees* the most flexible and inexpensive terms for such a change.

"Consider another possibility. Your need for family protection might end. Be sure your contract allows you to take a life income on a generous basis. You should also be sure that when your policy matures, or is payable to your beneficiary, it offers a wide choice as to how the benefits are paid."

## Isn't a policy like this expensive?

"Not necessarily. The New England Mutual's contract excels in the four important features I've just mentioned, yet its cost is competitively low. It's well to note that so many of the rights that make our policy outstanding are living benefits. Any New England Mutual agent can show you a lot more reasons why you don't have to die to win."

The **NEW ENGLAND**  **MUTUAL**  
Life Insurance Company of Boston  
THE COMPANY THAT FOUNDED MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE IN AMERICA—1825

Can you answer these? What are the first 5 things a family man should buy life insurance for? What advantages does retirement income insurance have over an endowment policy to provide income for your old age? Read answers in FREE BOOKLET — "Your Life Insurance Guide" — full of helpful information. MAIL COUPON TODAY.

NEW ENGLAND MUTUAL, P. O. Box 333-1T, Boston 17, Mass.

Please send me, by mail and without obligation, the booklet, "Your Life Insurance Guide".

Name .....

Street .....

City & State .....





friend of the U.S. But he is in poor health and lacks Chichi's tough-minded energy. Remón's death thus created a vacuum in politics as well as at the head of the National Guard. Arnulfo Arias, if he is freed, may seize the chance to whip up his followers for a new try at the presidency. Guard officers will have to recalculate their loyalties. Between political demagoguery and military ambition, the gloomy prospect for Panama is a return to the turmoil that, in the country's 51-year history, has let only five out of 28 Presidents finish their terms.

## CANADA

### National Neuroses

When he resigned as U.S. vice-consul in Toronto last fall, Frank Tinker bade Canada an old-fashioned farewell. "I'm leaving Canada and I'm glad," Tinker wrote in a blunt article in *Maclean's* magazine. "It's going to be a great relief."

Tinker explained that he was fed up with the spiteful, unfair criticisms that he had encountered during his two-year hitch in Canada. Canadians were forever complaining to Vice-Consul Tinker about U.S. immigration laws, completely overlooking Canada's equally strict screening of aliens. Canadian newspapers railed about the 7% U.S. tariff on Canadian lead, but never mentioned the 25% Canadian duty on U.S. cars. Tinker once heard a Canadian M.P. solemnly talk to a dinner audience about "trigger-happy" U.S. diplomats.

The critical barrage went on in private as well as in public. At cocktail parties Tinker was needed mercilessly by Canadians who seemed to feel that they were entitled to hold him personally responsible for McCarthyism, U.S. foreign policy, and "every bit of claptrap put out by Hollywood, U.S. Steel or the C.I.O."

Tinker's article drew more mail than anything *Maclean's* has published in years. Surprisingly, half the letters agreed with Tinker in deploring the growth of such carping anti-Americanism. More support for Tinker came last week in a guest editorial written for *Maclean's* by Author Hugh (The Precipice) MacLennan. "Mr. Tinker has hit nearly all of us where it hurts," MacLennan wrote. "We're chagrined and a little ashamed of ourselves."

MacLennan's urbane explanation for Canadians' behavior toward Tinker and for the American's wounded reaction is that both Canada and the U.S. are suffering from neuroses: the Canadian neurosis is a compulsive desire to be noticed and the American neurosis is a compulsive desire to be liked. Thus, self-conscious Canadians belittle and criticize the U.S. in order to build up their own national ego. And Americans, expecting friendship, are hypersensitive to the needling. Only mutual understanding, MacLennan believes, will resolve the problem: "The Canadian and American national neuroses will continue to howl at one another like a pair of coyotes in the dark until we turn a spotlight on them, examine them, and let them fade into forgotten nightmares."

## COLOMBIA

### The Cocacolos

In the early decades of the century, a Colombian suitor, somberly dressed in black, wooed and won his *señorita* in classical style, even though it sometimes took years of hot-eyed glances through barred colonial windows, and reams of brief, impassioned verses, inscribed on linen paper of powder blue and slipped under a door. ("Love! Bitter love! Pursue me no more!") But the chaperons, the sedate hot-chocolate parties and all the genteel elegance of yesteryear are being put to rout. "Ay, *chica*," cries 1955's blue-jeaned swain as *Night and Day* booms out of the record-player, "you're sweeter than an ice-cream cone and a blue sky!" The



More Henriques-Semana

### SEMANA'S TEEN-AGERS

"Horror, horror, three times horror!"

girl's fashionable pony-tail bobs happily in acknowledgment.

**Anti-"Government" Parties.** Around convertibles, mambos and soda fountains, reports Bogotá's weekly *Semana*, Colombian teen-agers are building "a fresh, good-natured society"—the "cocacolos." For inspiration, youth draws more and more on the U.S. Typical day, according to *Semana*:

"Like businessmen, Bogotá's teen-agers resolve most of their problems by telephone, so a girl first sets up operational headquarters in a chair next to the phone table, with the radio close by, magazines spread all over the floor and an interminable Coke dangling from her free hand. 'The government' [her parents] does not understand at all, but getting up a teenage party requires agonizing preparation. Henry, a Tyrone Power type with a notably gay mambo style, won't come if Gladys is invited, because she just put him in a state of siege (see below). María Cristina can't come without her brother and he is an *incunable*\* of 24, all serious and gummy. When everything is arranged, parents must be convinced that a woman of 14 can wear this dress and this hairdo and lipstick, too. Generally, she does."

\* In bibliographical terminology, a book printed before 1500.

**Atomic Pineapples.** What makes a *cocacolo*? They must be students, says *Semana*, and from the well-to-do suburbs. They wear blue jeans, sweaters and moccasins (though mostly at home), they must dance well, and "cultivate at least five of the following tastes: comics, space-shuttle adventure books, U.S. jazz, iced soft drinks, the movies, the radio, sports, chewing gum or hot-rods." Most notably, they must know the vocabulary. Samples: "phantasmagoric," "atomic" or "pyramidal" (for great), "pineapple" and "mango" (for a kiss), "curse of the green turkey buzzard" and "horror, horror, three times horror!" (as all-purpose exclamations of surprise or distaste).

But if *cocacolisimo* has borrowed freely from the U.S., it has also put new life into an old Latin American custom, the *piropo*, or street-corner compliment. "My compliments to your mother," the boys say. "If you want to kill me, I'll die." For a girl in a green dress, the proper *piropo* is "If you're like this green, what you'll be when you're ripe!" As for the phantasmagoric girl who is already ripe, the boys draw on their memories of Italian movies, and say: "What a Pampinini!"

### President's Decision

Military Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, who has promised to hold free elections in 1958, made it clear last week that he will keep the lid on normal politics until then. In a state-of-the-nation radio speech, the President declared that "electoral noise-making" now would only reopen the "locks of hatred," i.e., the four-year civil war between Conservatives and Liberals that he ended in 1953. His notably un-noisy conclusion: the state of siege that has suspended constitutional liberties for the past five years "will not be abolished while I am in power."

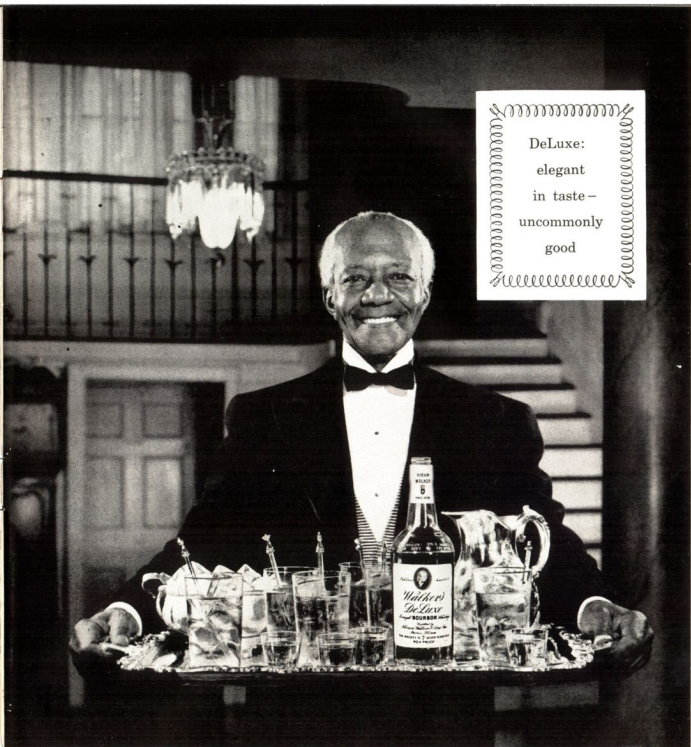
## GUATEMALA

### Swiss Family Arbenz

Guatemala's deposed President Jacobo Arbenz arrived last week with his family at Zermatt, five miles from Switzerland's Matterhorn, and announced that he was negotiating for recognition of his Swiss citizenship. His father operated a drugstore in the village of Andelfingen until he left for Guatemala in 1890, and was indisputably Swiss. Under the laws of the little democracy, no descendant of a Swiss loses his right to citizenship unless he specifically renounces it—not even foreign Presidents.\* Once he gets his Swiss passport, Arbenz will be able to bounce freely around the world, something that was impossible earlier, when he was under wraps in Mexican exile. Freedom to travel would be indispensable if he were planning a comeback—and, as he told reporters in Paris: "In politics, only the dead don't come back."

\* As a reinstated citizen, ex-Colonel Arbenz will be technically due for compulsory service in the Swiss army. But he is 41, and would probably not be called up unless a new European war broke out.





DeLuxe:  
elegant  
in taste—  
uncommonly  
good

*Like a highball? It's 7-year-old Walker's DeLuxe!*

In the matter of highballs, the expertness of the host lies in carefully selecting a fine bourbon. And a finer bourbon than Walker's DeLuxe is not to be had, for this is Hiram Walker's very best—now aged a full 7 years in charred oak, 90.4 proof. May we suggest you order some soon?

## PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

In East Germany, doddering Premier **Wilhelm Pieck** was roused early one morning by the reedy wailing of shawms (an obsolete sort of oboe) serenading him with a waltz beneath his bedroom window. The occasion: Puppet Pieck's 79th birthday, later marked by much handshaking with his fellow Communists, plus (to show his love for the proletariat and also for traditional good luck) a sooty clasp from a chimney sweep. Two days later, in Germany's free Western zone, **Chancellor Konrad Adenauer** also turned 79. After a public reception at the Bonn Chancellery, Widower Adenauer went to his modest home to whoop it up mildly at a private party with his four sons and three daughters. His day was distinguished by a bit of merriment unheard at the somber rites for Wilhelm Pieck. Ordinarily a somber man himself, the Chancellor laughed appreciatively at a gift from Agricultural Minister Heinrich Lübke (whose face turned red last year when Wine Lover Adenauer could not tell France's lactophilous Premier Pierre Mendès-France how much milk cost in Germany). Lübke's present: a bottle of milk, a token unlikely to wean the Chancellor from the grape.

Aboard the French liner *Ile de France* at a Manhattan pier, France's retiring Ambassador to the U.S. **Henri Bonnet**, 66, whose charm and Gallic wit have entranced Washington for the past nine years, and Mme. Bonnet, a fixture on lists of the world's best-dressed women, were seen off for home amidst the popping of champagne corks. Just before sailing time, Diplomat Bonnet got a sisterly farewell kiss from a longtime family friend, glam-



EX-AMBASSADOR BONNET & FRIEND  
Soil fellow, well sped.



ELEANOR ROOSEVELT & FRIEND  
Hail fellow, well met.

International

orous Grandma **Marlene Dietrich**. Said he feelingly to his well-wishers: "I thank you for the happiest years in our lives."

The scion of an old Virginia fox-hunting family, Marine Corps Commandant **Lemuel Cornick Shepherd Jr.**, 58, took a day off from his official duties, rode off across the Virginia hills with a Warrenton hunt. The chase went merrily until General Shepherd's horse stepped in a hole and took a header. Although he rolled clear of his mount, much-wounded (four Purple Hearts) Marine Shepherd got up with a broken collarbone, was mending nicely at week's end.

A little while ago, an elderly (90) Ohio lady named Mrs. Martha Goodman, who lives in the village of Union City (pop. 1,500), dropped a note to ailing **Pope Pius XII** telling him two old-fashioned home cures for hiccups. Mrs. Goodman's first remedy: breathing into a sealed paper bag through a hole cut to fit the hiccupper's mouth—a prescription she once got from a doctor. She also mentioned her own time-tested therapy, "even better than that of the doctor": repeatedly emptying the lungs by exhaling in long drawn-out breaths. Last week, good Presbyterian Goodman got a letter from the Vatican's Secretariat of State. The note from Rome expressed the Pontiff's "appreciation and gratitude for your thoughtful message" and added that "His Holiness gladly invoked upon the sender abundant Heavenly favors and blessings."

Sinking into a clubby leather chair in her suite at Kansas City's Muehlbach Hotel, **Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt** had just begun telling newsmen her views on human rights in Asia and Africa. Suddenly a door opened and in strolled two of her old Democratic comrades-in-arms, former President **Harry Truman** and his

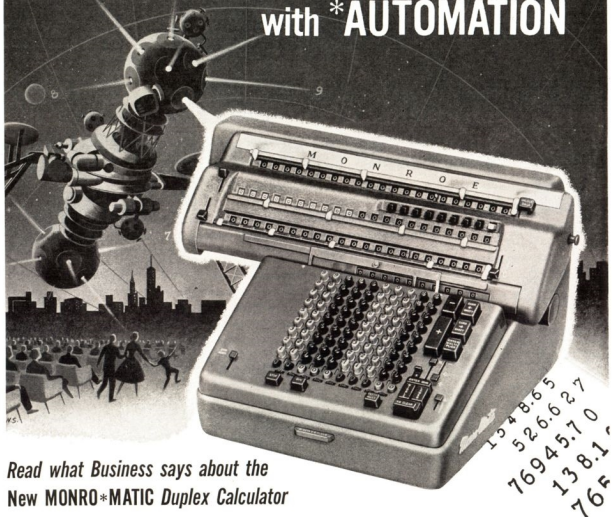
beaming wife **Bess**. After shaking hands with Truman and kissing Bess on the cheek, Mrs. Roosevelt buttonholed Harry, led him toward the reporters. "Join us," said she. "I was just being asked questions no human being in the world could answer." Replied Truman with a grin: "Well, I can't help you then."

In London, onetime child-prodigy Violinist **Yehudi Menuhin**, 38, who recently caught chicken pox from his son Gerard Yehudi Anthony Gould ("Smithy") Menuhin, 6, emerged blotchy from a two-week quarantine and sadly eyed his unstrung concert schedule. "I guess I was belatedly making up for an unfulfilled childhood," said he. "But what else can the public expect of an artist who has never been to school?"

Vacationing in Havana, prose-gushing Scripps-Howard Columnist **Robert Ruark** skillfully leaked word that he had sold his African know-how, plus movie rights to *Something of Value*, his new novel featuring the Mau Mau unpleasantness in Kenya, to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer for a whopping \$450,000.

Over meatballs and tomato sauce in a Neapolitan café, onetime New York Vice Car **Charles ("Lucky") Luciano**, 57, announced to a newsmen that he was all done with the rackets, would now go straight as a haberdasher. Luciano, confined to the Naples neighborhood by a strict police order (TIME, Nov. 29) chortled over his new prospect: "Just picture me selling neckties!" It seemed, however, that a gouging landlord was delaying the opening of Honest Businessman Luciano's new shop. Growled Lucky: "They are trying to clip me on the rent." Asked whether he or shapely salesgirls would peddle his goods, Luciano contemplated a meatball, then said: "I think I'll run the joint per-

Now, faster, more economical figuring  
with **\*AUTOMATION**



## Read what Business says about the New **MONROE\*MATIC Duplex Calculator**

Two months in action in leading industries, and in the users' own words, the Monro\*Matic Duplex is years ahead!

From an electric utility: "Just what we needed for years...saves hours."

"Great for payroll...impressed by its simplicity," says oil company.

"Nothing like it for our type of figure work," from foundry.

"Invaluable for accumulating results," says box manufacturer.

The list is endless in praise of the new Monro\*Matic Duplex. Companies large and small find it gives them *total*

*automatic figuring!* The Monro\*Matic Duplex begins where other calculators leave off. It adds as it multiplies. Adds as it divides. And, all important, it stores those answers for your later use. No need to re-do the whole problem later, step by step.

Yes, the Monro\*Matic Duplex puts the modern miracle of automation to work for you, cuts through the toughest figuring work faster, more accurately, with fewer steps.

Ask your Man from Monroe for the whole story. Have him show you, on your own work, how the Monro\*Matic Duplex reduces all figuring to feeding figures, pushing buttons. Monroe Calculating Machine Company, Inc., Orange, New Jersey. Branches Everywhere.

OPERATORS WHO KNOW... PREFER

# MONROE

CALCULATING, ADDING, ACCOUNTING MACHINES

**BOSTON**  
*Parker House*



**NEW YORK**  
*The Commodore*



**BALTIMORE**  
*Lord Baltimore*



**ATLANTIC CITY**  
*Chalfonte-Haddon Hall*



**PITTSBURGH**  
*Carlton House*



**CINCINNATI**  
*Netherland Plaza  
& Terrace Plaza*



**CHICAGO**  
*The Drake*



**ST. LOUIS**  
*Chase & Park Plaza*



## **OLD FASHIONED INNKEEPING**

*is still in keeping*

Yes, we old fashioned innkeepers have joined together to serve the fastidious traveler who agrees with us that "hospitality cannot be mass produced."

We believe that the *individual* who travels a lot prefers *individuality* in his accommodations—and personal, interested attention to his comfort and welfare. Only in this is our thinking old fashioned. Our hotels are as up-to-date as 1955!

## *Distinguished Hotels*

An Associated Network of Independently  
Owned and Operated Hotels

WARNER  REPRESENTED

Reservation and Convention Offices Coast to Coast  
**ROBERT F. WARNER, INC.**, 588 Fifth Avenue, New York  
also Chicago, Washington, Boston and Toronto  
**GLEN W. FAWCETT**—Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle and Portland

Send for Brochure—Old Fashioned Innkeeping is Still in Keeping

—FREE RESERVATION SERVICE—

by teletype through nearest hotel or service office

NOT A CHAIN

**DALLAS**  
*The Adolphus*



**LOS ANGELES**  
*The Biltmore*



**SAN FRANCISCO**  
*The Mark Hopkins*



**MEXICO CITY**  
*Hotel Del Prado*



SEATTLE • *The Olympic* . . . SALT LAKE CITY • *Hotel Utah*

sonally. Luciano ought to be an even better draw behind the counter than good-looking dames."

In Albany, New York's state senate convened and pondered the first weighty bill of its new session: a measure proposing that Republican Citizen **Thomas E. Dewey** be permitted to buy his old desk as a memento of his twelve years in the governor's mansion. If the bill fails to pass, the desk will remain state property and will probably replace the substitute being used by New York's new Democratic Governor **W. Averell Harriman**.

In his flossy mansion in California's San Fernando Valley, angel-faced Schmalz Pianist **Liberace**, 34, surrounded by some 40,000 get-well messages, announced that



**LIBERACE**  
No strain.

Associated Press

he had taken off 17 lbs. and recovered from the heart strain that laid him up last month.

With his eye fixed on Cinemactress **Zsa Zsa Gabor**, whom he has gallantly promised to marry, Dominican Playboy **Porfirio Rubirosa** dispatched two lawyers to the Mexican divorce mill at Cuernavaca. Their legal mission: to find out if Rubirosa's estranged fourth wife, Five-and-Dime Heiress **Barbara Hutton**, was entitled, during a recent fling in Cuernavaca, to call herself Princess Troubetzkoy. Rubirosa's likely ploy: if Babs is still billing herself as a princess, then maybe her 1951 Cuernavacan divorce from her fourth husband, Lithuanian Prince Igor Troubetzkoy, was no good—and Rubirosa's marriage to Babs would thus be legally null. In that happy event, Rubirosa could immediately head for the altar with his great and good friend Zsa Zsa.



**Kodak**

## At last a fine stereo at a moderate price New Kodak Stereo Camera only **\$84.50**

You'll make excellent 3-dimensional shots with your very first roll. Simplified controls make stereo pictures as easy to take as ordinary snapshots. Brilliant  $f/3.5$  lenses, shutter speeds to 1/200, many automatic features—all for a modest \$84.50, inc. Fed. Tax.

Prices subject to change without notice... most Kodak dealers offer convenient terms.

Kodak also presents two new viewers. Both have handy focusing control and adjustable eyepieces. KodalSlide Stereo Viewer I, battery-operated, \$12.75. KodalSlide Stereo Viewer II plugs into house circuits, has exclusive brightness control—\$23.75.

**Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester 4, N. Y.**

*You should know*

**in INDUSTRIAL COLORADO**  
known oil reserves are equal to more than three times total U.S. production to date!

**SITE FACTS:**  
Write for Free Detailed Analysis, "Industrial Colorado"

Colorado Department of Development  
4 State Capital  
Denver 2, Colo.

**COLORADO CLIMATE...THE MAGIC INGREDIENT**

*Chase & Sanborn Coffees are served by more fine hotels and restaurants throughout America than any other brand.*

Available at all leading grocers

**Chase & Sanborn COFFEE**



## MEDICINE

### Yellow Fever

"Yellow fever," says Dr. Fred L. Soper, director of the Pan American Sanitary Bureau, "is not a dead duck. It has not been conquered, and it has not been eliminated as a permanent threat to the U.S." U.S. public-health officers, who thought they had closed the book on yellow fever long ago, are being warned not to take recent U.S. immunity for granted. Town-dwelling mosquitoes, *Aedes aegypti*, which carry the virus, are found in a continuous belt reaching from El Salvador through Mexico and into much of the U.S. Most of the U.S. South (all the territory below a line drawn from Yuma, Ariz. to the northeast corner of New Mexico and across the continent to where Virginia and North Carolina meet the Atlantic) is infested with these mosquitoes. In this area—one-third of the country—the disease could flare up at any time.

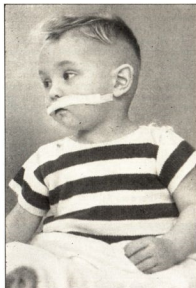
Most recent outbreaks of yellow fever in the Americas have been spread by native, jungle-dwelling mosquitoes that cannot be wiped out with DDT. The fever has hit mostly jungle-dwelling people, who cannot all be vaccinated (because the vaccine cannot stand heat, and refrigeration is impossible in the wilds of Central America). But last year's outbreak in Trinidad showed how easily the disease can leap from jungle to town. Army medics point out that the southern U.S., swarming with *Aedes aegypti* and unvaccinated people, would be a prime target for bacteriological warfare with yellow-fever virus. But so far the U.S. is the only country in the Americas that is doing nothing to get rid of its *aegypti*.

### Surgeon's Day

Mrs. Harley Stansberry of Sterling, Colo., did some heavy washing in her basement two months ago, and she was extra careful to empty her tub of lye water well away from little Mike, who was playing on the floor near by. But Mike, 28 months, found the drain hose, and some of the lye solution was still in it. Mike swallowed and screamed. His mother rushed him to a doctor, who gave him mineral oil and kept him on soothing milk and ice cream for three weeks. But one morning Mike could no longer swallow: scar tissue had closed his esophagus (gullet). He was driven 124 miles through a snowstorm to Denver's Colorado General Hospital. There, Mike was fed intravenously and through a tiny plastic tube forced through his esophagus, to build him up for surgery.

At 8:30 one morning last week, Chief Surgeon Henry Swan II began a daring and radical operation. Its aim: to give Mike an artificial esophagus, made from a part of the intestine.

**To the Hiatus.** With the small patient under ether, Dr. Swan made a huge incision to open chest and abdomen. He pulled out a loop of the jejunum (uppermost part of the small intestine) and cut it off near the duodenum. Carefully he worked the long, free end upward to the diaphragm. For a time Dr. Swan had to turn his attention back to the dangling duodenum (see chart): he made a T-junction by stitching its attached bit of jejunum into the intestinal tract a couple of feet below the original cut (making a natural outlet for digestive juices).



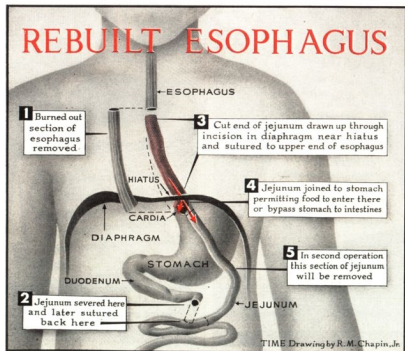
Carl Iwasaki

MIKE STANSBERRY  
For a lye defector, a new gullet.

Next, Dr. Swan spread Mike's ribs and began probing for the esophagus. He found that its lower end, where it joins the stomach, was unburned. He kept going until he found the upper end; it was also unburned. But in between was a 4-in. length of scarred, closed pipe. He cut that out.

Now it was time to use the replacement tube, i.e., the severed jejunum. Dr. Swan cut a slit in the diaphragm beside the hiatus (where the esophagus normally passes through the diaphragm). Then, through the slit he pulled up the jejunum with its trailing tentacles of arteries and veins. Four and a half hours after operation's start, he was able to begin the fine sewing necessary to join the jejunum to the upper end of the esophagus. This gave Mike a short-circuited digestive tract: throat to gullet to jejunum, with the stomach and duodenum as spectators. Dr. Swan now had a choice. He could close Mike up, as originally planned, and finish the operation after jejunum and esophagus had grown together. Or he might go right ahead and make the necessary connection with the stomach. "How's your patient?" Dr. Swan asked the anesthesiologist for the dozenth time. "Doing fine," came the answer. Dr. Swan decided that Mike was strong enough to let him go ahead at once.

**Two-Way Digestion.** At the hiatus, Dr. Swan pulled the jejunum over, made an opening in its side, and stitched it to the mouth of the stomach. What distinguished his technique from similar operations for this purpose was that he was careful to hook up with the cardia, part of the valve which keeps acid stomach juices from percolating back up toward the mouth. (Without a cardia, he is convinced, the patient would later have ulcers or other upsets.) This stitching done, Mike had two digestive tracts, beginning with the inverted "Y" at the hiatus.



TIME Drawing by R.M. Chapin, Jr.

At 3:30, Dr. Swan at last began sewing up membranes and muscles to "close the wound." When Mike came to, he had a plastic tube running through his mouth and his new substitute esophagus into his stomach. He would be fed that way for several days, to allow the tissue to heal undisturbed.

Dr. Swan plans to operate again in a few weeks, after the new esophagus and its unions have grown firmly together and their blood supply is assured. This time, the knifework will be relatively easy: simply to cut away the bypass stretch of jejunum—then no longer needed—from the top of the stomach to the bottom of the duodenum. Then Mike's food will have no choice but to travel the conventional course it always took, before he got inquisitive about the black hose on the wash tub.

## Backyard or Garage?

The notion of prepaid medical care by physicians practicing in groups has no stronger advocate than Shipbuilder Henry Kaiser. He has built the Kaiser Foundation Health Plan into a 475,000-member concern with 507 doctors and twelve hospitals (TIME, June 29, 1953). And for a long time the Kaiser plan had no more high-pressure booster than Author Paul (*Microbe Hunters*) de Kruif, the nation's best-known writer on medical subjects. Twelve years ago, no superlative was too sweeping for De Kruif's praise of scientific and efficient group practice as against individual care by the old-fashioned family doctor. The old way, said De Kruif (a Ph.D. in bacteriology, but no M.D.), was like tinkering with an automobile with a pair of pliers in the backyard instead of taking it to a well-equipped garage.

Last week Writer de Kruif recanted. In *GP*, published by the American Academy of General Practice, he violently attacked group practice in general, and the Kaiser plan in particular. Wrote De Kruif: "[I was] sold a bill of goods, that the ancient, close, personal relation between doctors and their patients—that's the pride and the unique distinction of family physicians—was no longer necessary . . . The good old family doctor? He'd soon be a relic, replaced by integrated groups of specialists, all streamlined under an ultramodern hospital roof . . . It dazzled me to watch the plan's huge profits build and actually pay off beautiful hospitals. I fell for the plan's economics offering what seemed complete surgical and medical care for a few dollars a month.

"But now . . . I know that . . . its

physicians are not servants of their patients—but, primarily, of the bookkeeping of the plan. It isn't the condition of his patient that dictates the time and care the doctor devotes to the sufferer; it's the red and black of the plan's economics . . . [That] isn't the kind of medicine I'd pick for my family."

At least one member of De Kruif's family disagrees. His son David, 35, has been a Kaiser doctor since his residency six years ago in Oakland's Permanente Foundation Hospital. A heart specialist, he is now one of a doctor group which runs a clinic under Kaiser contract in San Leandro.

## Capsules

¶ A "middle way" plan for compulsory national health insurance went into effect in Sweden, replacing voluntary plans which (with state aid) had covered 65% of the population. To extend coverage to all citizens, the state will now triple its payments, to \$150 million a year, and will raise the money by an unpopular hike in liquor taxes. Unlike the British system, which foots the entire doctor's bill, Sweden's plan will pay only 75% and calls for direct contributions by individuals (a man earning \$2,000 will pay \$36 to insure his family). Costly drugs will be free and many prescriptions will go at

half price, but there will be no free wigs or spectacles. Queen Louise signed up as Subject No. 231103—her husband, King Gustaf, is the only one of 7,150,000 Swedes not entitled to the plan's benefits.

¶ Toothpaste manufacturers often claim that complex chemicals called anti-enzymes cut down acid formation in the mouth and therefore tooth decay. Three Rochester (N.Y.) researchers ran careful tests and reported: the anti-enzymes reduce acidity all right—but not in the important crevices between the teeth where decay usually occurs.

¶ It is never bad to pick up a crying baby unless he has already been spoiled by being picked up too often at the slightest whimper. Sheffield's Professor Ronald S. Illingworth wrote in the *British Medical Journal*. The only time it is right to let a child "cry it out" is when he is being broken of a crying habit for which parents are to blame.

¶ Encouraged by improvement in about two-thirds of 2,100 mental patients treated with tranquilizing drugs—chlorpromazine and reserpine (TIME, June 14, Nov. 8)—New York state authorities decided to make them available for all suitable cases among the 112,000 in its state hospitals. Not cures for any mental illness, the drugs make patients more responsive to other forms of treatment.



**T**HIS SMILING CHILD never had a chance to walk on her own two feet: two years ago, when Boston-born Constance De Stasi was only eight months old, she had a near-fatal illness that caused gangrene in her limbs. To save her life, surgeons amputated Connie's left leg, right foot and right hand. When she was 19 months old, the rehabilitation center of the Liberty Mutual Insurance Co. fitted Connie with artificial limbs made of plastic and Fiberglas. She learned quickly to walk, although she had never taken a step before. Last week, back at the center to have the prostheses adjusted to her growth, Connie clutched a toy in her good hand, hurried to her waiting father to show him how well she could now get around.

\* A similar operation was developed in Russia, where an open jar of concentrated sulphuric acid is often set between the inner and outer panes of storm windows to keep the glass from frosting. Children sometimes get at the jar. Thanks to such accidents, Russian surgeons have had a lot of practice in building artificial cullers. But their technique was to lead the tube under the skin from the neck to the stomach, so that it bulged like a hose under a carpet, and could easily be injured.

## SPORT

### Renaissance in Raleigh

After piling up a comfortable first-half lead (52-34) against Duke's Blue Devils, the visiting basketball team from North Carolina State slowed down and started to take it easy—a tactic designed to drive any coach to distraction. It was enough to turn State's Everett Case, 53, into a red-necked jumping jack, who bounced and yapped along the sidelines until his boys got back on the ball. Just in time, North Carolina State, led by a pair of gang-shanks named Cliff Dwyer (6 ft. 10 in.) and Ronnie Shavlik (6 ft. 8 in.) found the range again, and State ran out the game 96-91.

All season North Carolina State has played spectacular basketball. Beaten only

with him. Half a dozen of his school-boy stars, seasoned by service basketball, started winning games for Coach Case.

Case kept right on recruiting the gawky giants who make up winning basketball teams. And when State ran off with six straight conference titles, basketball became so popular in Raleigh that home-game crowds added up to as many as 265,000 a season. Shrimpers from Southport on the coast and lumbermen from west Carolina's Blue Ridge Mountains turned up in Raleigh to root for the Wolfpack.

**Stepped-Up Recruiting.** So successful was Case that other members of North Carolina's Big Four (Duke, the University of North Carolina, Wake Forest) were forced to step up their own recruiting. Case still outdid them. His agents roamed

### Trouble at the Track

Italy's race tracks were deserted and shut down. Horses stood idle in their stalls, horseplayers were desolate and bookmakers were no busier than drugstore cowboys. Cause of the crisis: a misplaced decimal point.

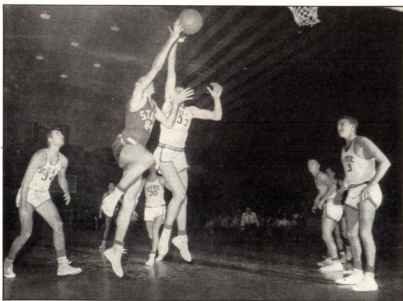
Last fall the Italian government looked around for new funds to plug a deficit in its *Soccorso Invernale* (Winter Help for the Needy). Already taxed were theaters, movies, authors' copyrights, railroad tickets, streetcar fares, ski lifts and admission tickets to gambling casinos and race tracks. The next step, the government decided, was to tax track bets as well. Last year Italian horseplayers bet 30 billion lire (\$48,000,000), and 1% of that sum would have been ample to help the Winter Help. But a clerk in the Ministry of Interior tripped over his decimals in drafting the law. He made the tax 10% instead of 1%. Interior Under Secretary Guido Bisori sent the bill to Parliament without checking the figures.

In the Lower Chamber, Christian Democrat Deputy Antonio Folchi, a man who knows his way around the tracks, objected, but his complaints found few supporters: hardly a deputy wanted to go on record as opposed to worthy Winter Help. No sooner was the 10% tax enacted when Italians began deserting the races. Many started betting among themselves. Without revenues from track betting and gate receipts, the government-controlled agency that puts up prize money announced that it could no longer guarantee purses. Some owners were offering horses to slaughterhouses at knockdown prices. The tracks were forced to shut down and more than 50,000 trainers, jockeys, grooms and stableboys were thrown out of work, might soon become eligible for Winter Help.

Last week desperate Agriculture Minister Giuseppe Medici conferred with Premier Mario Scelba, ordered a new bill drafted, promised that the decimal point would be put in its proper place.

### Four-Minute Philosopher

Can a man learn anything about life from sport? One notable answer comes from famed Miller Roger Bannister, first to run a faster-than-four-minute mile (3:59.4) and now house physician at London's St. Mary's Hospital. Writes Dr. Bannister, 25, in the BBC magazine, *The Listener*: "My running may have given me a limited pedestrian philosophy, but it has taught me one thing: the need to make decisions. Sooner or later in sport we run up against situations which are too big for us to manage. In real life we can dodge them. We can play hide-and-seek with reality . . . In sport we cannot. It shakes our roots with its confusing pattern of success and failure . . . Quick decisions are needed. As a result, sport leads to the most remarkable self-discovery of our limitations as well as our abilities. It was sport that . . . made it easier for me to think about the parallel stress that faces us in real life."



Burnie Botchelor

NORTH CAROLINA STATE'S SHAVLIK (No. 84) SCORING AGAINST DUKE  
On the sideline, a hopping Hoosier.

once—by Villanova, when State's Dwyer was out of action with an infected elbow—the Raleigh boys stood third in the nation after Kentucky and Duquesne.\* The North Carolina State Wolfpack, regarded a few years ago as just a bunch of puppies, is one of basketball's big success stories.

**Hopped-up Hoosier.** When Coach Case went to Raleigh (in 1946), North Carolina State was the Little Man of Southern Conference basketball and little more than a mouthful for Duke or the University of North Carolina. After a few years in Raleigh the hopped-up little Hoosier coach worked a remarkable transformation. Case, who had put in a long apprenticeship coaching high-school basketball in Indiana, wisely brought an experienced squad along

far afield. Cliff Dwyer, for example, star center of this year's team, was once the property of Kentucky's peerless proselytizer, "Baron" Adolph Rupp. But when Dwyer dropped out of Kentucky for a year to polish up his studies at Chipola Junior College in Marianna, Fla., Case latched onto him and turned him into a champion. Pivotman Shavlik from Denver, won by Case in a recruiting tug-of-war, now is the Wolfpack's bread and butter player.

Now State would like nothing better than to prove its strength against front-running Kentucky, but for one reason or another, Rupp never finds the Wolfpack on his schedule. And there is no chance that the two teams will meet in a post-season tournament game. State's enthusiastic recruiting led to a suspension from this year's NCAA playoffs. With the best of a long line of good teams on his hands, Coach Case will have to settle for one more conference championship.

\* But last week Kentucky lost its first home game in twelve years; it was knocked off by Georgia Tech, 59-58, while Duquesne was upset by unranked St. Francis College of Loretto, Pa., 82-72.

# YOU OWE IT TO YOUR BUSINESS

*to LOOK AT the MARCHANT **FIGUREMATIC***



- EASY TO USE
- EASY TO OWN
- EASY ON YOUR TIME

*Any way you figure—IT'S MARCHANT!*

Your business, your office—whatever its size—can turn time into money with this new MARCHANT.

- The *Figurematic* is so simple to run that anyone in your office can use it swiftly and efficiently. Costly hours spent figuring by old-fashioned methods will change to extra hours of profitable, productive effort.
- Now, through our "pay-as-it-saves" plan you can *own* this moderate-priced MARCHANT *Figurematic* for less than the regular rental rate.
- Call the local MARCHANT MAN for a test run on your own work. You'll find that a *Figurematic* saves so much time that you can't afford to do without one.



**MARCHANT** AMERICA'S FIRST  
*Calculators*

*Mail this coupon*

Find out how a MARCHANT calculator will help cut your figure-work costs and lighten your figuring burden. Mail this coupon with your business letterhead for free...

Index to Modern Figuring by Marchant Methods . . . . ☐

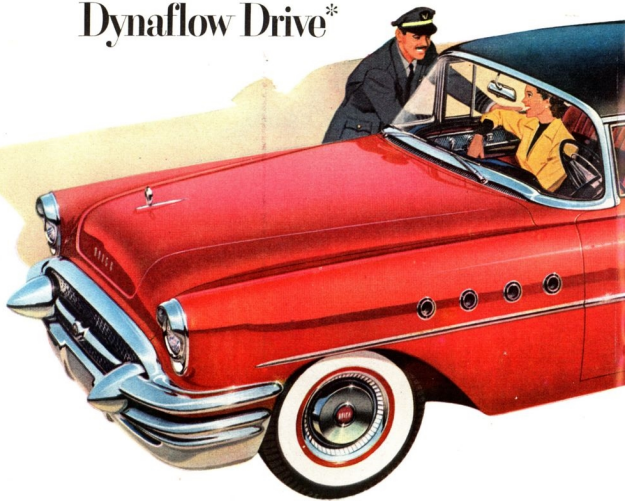
Descriptive Literature on Marchant Calculators . . . . ☐

T-1

MARCHANT CALCULATORS, INC., OAKLAND 8, CALIFORNIA



True, it won't fly- but it does  
variable pitch propellers in its  
Dynaflow Drive\*



**Fresh New Styling**

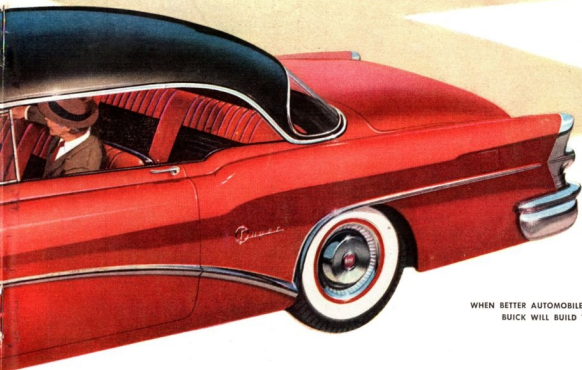
*In every 1955 Buick you find the styling of the year—highlighted by a bold-patterned front end, a rakish sweep of rear end lines, the pace-setting panoramic windshield.*

**More Miles Per Gallon**

*Thanks to constant improvement in Dynaflow Drive and in engine design, the 1955 Buicks give far better gas mileage. Even the new ROADMASTER averages 4.3 more miles per gallon than Buicks of six years ago, yet delivers 57% more power.*



have



WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT  
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

**W**E'RE sure that you'll thrill at the style of these 1955 Buicks.

And—if you're like most other folks—you'll get a thrill out of bossing 236 horsepower in this eager beauty.

But that's not the whole reason why the word has been going around that "thrill of the year is Buick."

**We tapped a whole new field of acceleration**

Let's put it this way.

Modern air liners have an amazing take-off, because they can change

the pitch of their propellers for faster getaway and climb.

They use one pitch for these purposes—another for cruising—which gives them the most efficient use of their horsepower and fuel under all flying conditions.

Now, as we've said, Buicks don't fly. But they do have propeller-like blades in their Dynaflo Drive.

And what that means to you as a driver is very much like what it means on a plane.

You save gas when these blades are

set for cruising. And—when you change the pitch of these propeller blades, whirling in oil—you get a safety-surge, when you need it out on the highway, such as you've never had in any earth-bound vehicle.

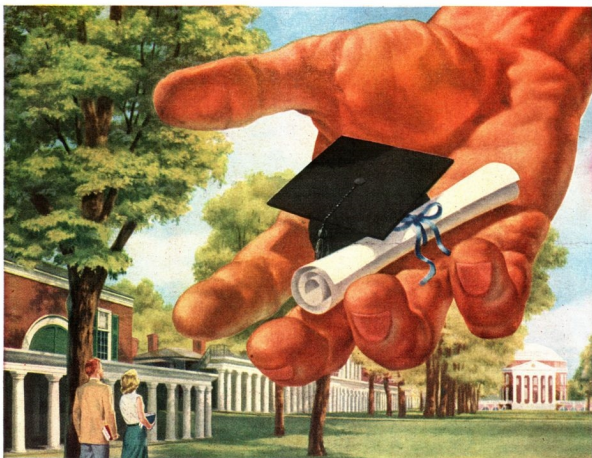
**Come try a new experience**

This year, there's only one way to know what's really new in automobiles—and that is to *drive a Buick*.

So give your Buick dealer a call—or go see him—and try out "the thrill of the year."

BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

*Thrill of the year is Buick*



University of Virginia; Thomas Jefferson, Architect.

## Leaders... for tomorrow

"What greater or better gift can we offer the republic than to teach and instruct our youth?"\*

**"SHOULD I GO TO COLLEGE?"** That all-important question is in the minds of many high school students. That they find the right answer is equally important to every one of us . . . and to the future of America.

**GREAT GAINS TO YOUTH** have been accomplished through education. Still, four out of five of our young people do not go to college. Some of these may have a spark of genius, or leadership talent, that will be wasted through lack of educational opportunity.

**400 UNION CARBIDE SCHOLARSHIPS** have been provided for through The Union Carbide Educational Fund to encourage able and deserving students toward successful careers in business. Scholarships are now open without special restrictions—through 34 selected liberal arts colleges and technological institutes—to all

students of high schools and preparatory schools.

**THE PEOPLE OF UNION CARBIDE** hope you, too—as you think of the future for your children and other deserving American youth—will do everything you can to encourage their ambitions for adequate education. Also, that you will join in giving co-operation and encouragement to those who guide and teach them.

*TO LEARN MORE about the Union Carbide scholarships, their purposes, and the colleges, institutes, and universities in which they have been established, write for booklet Q.*

\*Cicero

**UNION CARBIDE**  
AND CARBON CORPORATION

30 EAST 42ND STREET **UCC** NEW YORK 17, N.Y.  
In Canada: UNION CARBIDE CANADA LIMITED

### UCC's Trade-marked Products include

LINDE Oxygen  
PYROFAX Gas  
PREST-O-LITE Acetylene

EVEREADY Flashlights and Batteries  
SYNTHETIC ORGANIC CHEMICALS  
ELECTROMET Alloys and Metals

NATIONAL Carbons  
PRESTONE Anti-Freeze  
HAYNES STELLITE Alloys

ACHESON Electrodes  
UNION Carbide  
BAKELITE, VINYLITE, and KRENE Plastics

LINDE Silicones  
Dynel Textile Fibers

# RELIGION

## Words & Works

¶ The Methodists launched a "chain of prayer" that will last until 1956. More than 1,000 Methodist churches throughout the country have agreed to apportion an assigned 24-hour period among members so that at least two people will be praying at any given time. Two or more churches have been assigned to each day. Between 50,000 and 100,000 church members will have participated by year's end. Main subject for prayer: peace.

¶ Dr. N. Burnett Magruder, radio and TV coordinator for the Louisville Council of Churches, told the Louisville Ministerial Association that they are too casual about broadcasting and telecasting. "The Protestant clergy is in danger of taking a colorless, common-denominator approach. Ministers do not evaluate [broadcast] time as highly as they should. The modern minister is skillful in the art of almost saying something."

¶ The Episcopal Church Annual for 1955 reported a batch of record totals for 1954. Church members increased 4.17%, to 2,907,321, and the clergy increased by 134, to a total of 7,367. Baptisms rose 7.98% over 1953, to 121,463, and confirmations gained 9.95%, to 104,014. Contributions rose a whopping 21.39%, to the alltime high of \$125,532,521.

## B. I. Retires

The flint-hard mind and steely pen of Bernard Idings Bell, canon of the Episcopal Church, educator and high churchman, have struck many a light for Christians. Last week, Dr. Bell, 68, retired in the dark.

Blindness (from acute glaucoma) has stopped Canon Bell's work as "Episcopal Representative" on the campus of the University of Chicago. The assignment was always broad—part of his church's policy of freeing one of its most distinguished writer-preachers from specific duties. Bell made his job a kind of unofficial chaplaincy to the university's brightest brains, answering questions, enlivening bull sessions and putting the things of the spirit in terms intellectuals were willing to listen to. His influence spread far beyond the campus through his tireless writing (*Crisis in Education, Crowd Culture*). His cant-hating, spade-calling honesty brought thousands of clergymen to his lectures—often to hear themselves taken apart.

Since he went blind a year ago, Dr. Bell has written little. He sits in his study, smoking like a smudge pot and talking to his many friends by telephone. His wife dials the number and he begins as he always has: "This is B. I." He will stay on at Chicago as Consultant on Christian Education—"an honorific title," he says, "to give me status in the church, but with no functions at all."

One function even a muffled Bell could be counted on to keep up: his sharp talk. Last week he wagged his bulldog jaw at



DR. BERNARD IDINGS BELL

The line is still busy.

a visitor who mentioned the "current religious revival." B. I. snorted. "Religion has become a fad," he said. "There's an awful lot of people joining the church, but what it means I don't know. I'm not sure it means anything . . . It's too easy to be in the church."

## Exit Lines

Men talk their way through life, but the best remembered words they utter are often their last. The mystery of death seems to touch the most commonplace sayings with power and portent. Edifying compilations of last words were highly



ETHAN ALLEN AT TICONDEROGA  
"Well, God damn 'em, let 'em wait."

valued in the days when people spoke of "making a good death." The latest such anthology throws edification to the winds. In his *Dictionary of Last Words* (Philosophical Library; \$5), Editor Edward S. Le Conte includes the irrelevances of delirium as well as the measured phrases of "holy dying." He has culled such sources as Baedeker's *The United States*, newspapers and Time, as well as the standard biographies, for his 1,664 quotations. The result is not as random as it first seems. There are patterns in the way men meet their private end-of-the-world.

Some ride grandly through the dark door with banners flying and speeches set. Saints often talk as though they were going home. "Lord, now is the time to arise and go!" said St. Teresa of Avila. "The good time which I welcome, which is Thy will; the hour when I must leave my exile, and my soul shall enjoy the fulfillment of all her desire!" St. John the Evangelist was also eager to leave: "Thou hast invited me to Thy table, Lord; and behold I come, thanking Thee for having invited me, for Thou knowest that I have desired it with all my heart." "Welcome, Sister Death," said St. Francis of Assisi.

Some are dragged through the door asking for just a little more time. Mussolini (to his executioner): "But . . . but . . . Mr. Colonel." Pope Alexander VI: "I come. It is right. Wait a moment." When a parson told Ethan Allen (a religious man who took Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress") that the angels were waiting for him, Allen exploded: "Waiting, are they? Waiting, are they? Well, God damn 'em, let 'em wait."

Some are resigned or bewildered. Brethoven had asked for wine; when it finally came he said: "Too bad! Too bad! It's too late!" As the plane in which he was riding was about to crash, George C. Atcheson Jr., diplomatic aide to General MacArthur, said: "Well, it can't be helped." Tolstoy: "I do not understand what I have to do." Thomas Arnold, headmaster of Rugby: "Ah, very well."

Some manage jokes. Said Grammarian Dominique Bouhours: "I am about to—or I am going to—die; either expression is used." Asked how high he could lift his arm, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher said: "Well, high enough to hit you, doctor."

Some think of others. Said Queen Marie Antoinette, after she stepped by accident on her executioner's foot: "Monsieur, I beg your pardon." "Let not poor Nelly starve," said Charles II of his mistress, Nell Gwyn. And George M. Cohan's last words were of his wife: "Look after Agnes." But few have left behind them last words as filled with dignity and grace as those of an Indian chief named Crowfoot, leader of the Blackfoot Confederacy: "A little while and I will be gone from among you, whither I cannot tell. From nowhere we come, into nowhere we go. What is life? It is a flash of a firefly in the night. It is a breath of a buffalo in the winter time. It is as the little shadow that runs across the grass and loses itself in the sunset."



## Knows Secret



### Knows How to Get FAST Relief from Acid Indigestion!

Like millions of people, he has discovered that tiny Tums can bring top-speed relief from acid indigestion and gassy heartburn whenever they occur. For Tums neutralize excess acid almost before it starts—can't cause acid rebound. No water, no mixing. You can take Tums anywhere. Get a handy roll of Tums today.

So economical—only 10¢ a roll  
3-roll pkg. 25¢



## WHELAND ROTARY DRILLING EQUIPMENT

USED IN  
EVERY MAJOR  
OIL FIELD  
IN THE WORLD

SWIVELS • ROTARIES  
DRAW WORKS • SLUSH PUMPS  
CROWN BLOCKS  
TRAVELING BLOCKS

ESTABLISHED 1866  
**THE WHELAND  
COMPANY**  
CHATTANOOGA 2, TENN.

## EDUCATION

### Money Talks

U.S. big business, foundations and the colleges continued to report a cheering ground swell of private aid to education:

¶ The Methodist Board of Education announced that more than \$28 million was donated to Methodist colleges during 1954, \$11 million from foundations (e.g., Ford, Rockefeller), the rest from business concerns, church groups and individuals.

¶ Du Pont will spend \$800,000 on education in 1955-56: \$75,000 will finance graduate study by high-school teachers of science and mathematics; the balance will go for advanced scientific training and research in more than 100 universities and colleges.

¶ To promote study of international legal problems, the Ford Foundation gave \$4,650,000 to four top U.S. law schools: Columbia, Harvard, Michigan, Stanford.

¶ Bethlehem Steel announced that \$321,000 has been granted in the past two years to 30 privately endowed institutions under a special alumni plan: each young man, after four months in the company's college-graduate training program, automatically qualifies his alma mater (if privately endowed) for an unrestricted \$3,000 gift from Bethlehem. Said Bethlehem Board Chairman Eugene G. Grace: "[Thus] Bethlehem gives recognition to the fact that four years of education cost a college more than it receives from the students in tuition . . . and that his education makes the college graduate a valuable asset in the conduct of Bethlehem's business."

### The Challenge

When the San Francisco Board of Education arbitrarily decreed that no teacher might work for or against any candidate for any local office (TIME, Jan. 3), it might have expected trouble. But it could hardly have anticipated the sort of embarrassment it suffered last week. Its challenger: conscientious Mary K. Ryan, president of the Teachers' Association of San Francisco and for 30 years one of the most respected teachers in the city.

Guided by Lawyer Joseph Alioto, Mary Ryan and five other prominent teachers wrote to Mayor Elmer Robinson urging him to reappoint Chairman Charles Foehn of the Board of Education, the only member to vote against the political gag. Then, just to make sure that their insubordination would be noticed, they wrote letters in favor of various candidates to the city health system and the city retirement system boards. Thus defied, the Board of Education faced a dilemma. Should it risk firing six of the city's top teachers? Or should it simply try to overlook the whole affair?

Last week 250 citizens jammed into the board's regular meeting to see what it would do. At first the members—Chairman Foehn presiding—hemmed and hawed. Finally, one member moved that the political gag be reconsidered. The



Bob Lockenbach

SAN FRANCISCO'S RYAN

For insubordination, a pat on the back.

move was defeated 4 to 3, but with Foehn's vote, this was a gain of two "ayes" for the teachers. Then the board tried to squeeze out of its predicament by considering an amendment excluding the health and retirement systems from its rule. It never mentioned the six insubordinate teachers, left the pertinent documents in the case sitting quietly in the board attorney's files. "And I guess that's where they're going to stay," said Attorney Irving Breyer. "I've received no instructions to do anything about the matter."

Far from disapproving Teacher Ryan's tactics, Mayor Robinson wrote to thank her and her fellow teachers for their "civic-minded interest." But Mary Ryan herself is not through yet. At the risk of job and pension, she intends to continue the fight until the political gag on her colleagues is removed entirely. Said her attorney: "The board is obviously not going to meet our challenge. But we're going to keep peppering them with this thing. We may even make a legitimate endorsement of a candidate for mayor when the time comes and the various candidates are known."

### The Toads of Clayesmore

By Eton and Harrow standards, strange things happen on the playing fields of Clayesmore. A small (290 pupils), progressive school in Dorset, Clayesmore believes in strenuous academic fare as well as in teaching its boys to fell trees, lay bricks, mix concrete, build walls, weave baskets. It also likes them to study nature in field and forest. Last week British scientific circles were buzzing over just how far Clayesmore will go. The school had suddenly emerged as a full-fledged authority on the toad.

If there is one thing that Clayesmore

## Another reason why *Hammermill Bond* prints better, types better, looks better

ANY TIME you reorder white or one of the 12 Hammermill Bond colors, you get a match for the shade you first selected, maybe many months ago.

A sample of each new Hammermill color is put into a scientific instrument, the spectrophotometer. A beam of light, broken into a spectrum, sorts out the separate hues that combine to create the new color. Then both the wavelength and amount of each hue are recorded in black and white on a graph to provide a permanent record.

Fresh samples are graphed periodically on the spectrophotometer, each new graph checked against the original. Most mills must rely on paper samples, which fade in time. Hammermill records colors *permanently*.

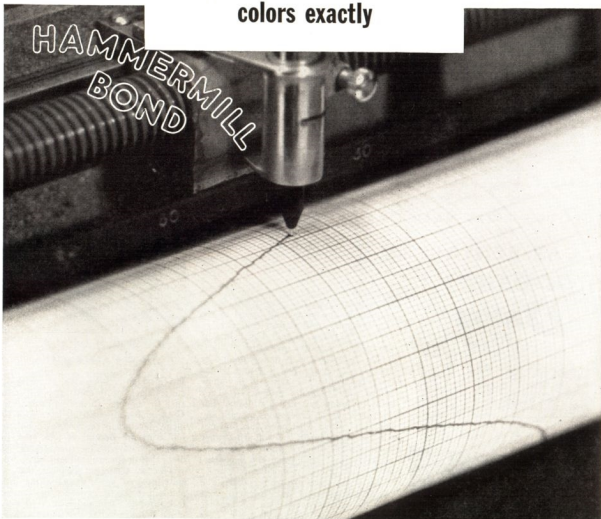
We pioneered the use of this costly

technique because it's the only way to be sure you get the shade of paper you expect, order after order. It's just one of the hundreds of quality controls that make Hammermill Bond (1) *print* better, (2) *type* better, (3) *look* better. You'll find office work goes more smoothly when you choose Hammermill Bond for your business printing.

You can obtain business printing on Hammermill papers wherever you see the Guild shield on a printer's window. Hammermill Paper Company, East Lake Road, Erie 6, Pa.



### Rainbow in black and white helps Hammermill match colors exactly



...yet

# HAMMERMILL BOND costs no more

—and actually less than many other watermarked papers



## RUST-OLEUM STOPS RUST!

Stop Rust this easy way—just scrape and wire-brush to remove rust scale and loose rust, then apply RUST-OLEUM 769 Damp-Proof, Red Primer directly over sound rusted surface. Resists salt air, heat, fumes, general weathering! Many colors, aluminum and white. See *Sweets* for catalog and name of nearest RUST-OLEUM distributor, or write on your letterhead for complete literature.

**RUST-OLEUM CORPORATION**  
2481 Oakton Street • Evanston, Illinois

**EUROPE'S FIRST NAME  
IN**

**CAR RENTAL**

**GODFREY  
DAVIS**

**LONDON PARIS**

For information write **W. A. LOGAN**,  
Suite 1515, 30 Rockefeller Plaza,  
New York 20, New York, U.S.A.  
LONDON 7 Euston Street, SW1,  
Cables Quickmiles, London  
PARIS 38 Avenue de Friedland, Paris 8e,  
Cables Quickmiles, Paris



ONE OF 40 FINE WINES  
from the famous Widmer Cellars

**Haut Sauternes**  
(SEMI DRY)

*Pale gold-  
Delicate bouquet*

**WIDMER'S**  
New York State WINES

WIDMER'S WINE CELLARS, INC., NAPLES, N. Y.

has plenty of, it is toads. Every winter hundreds of little corpses litter the highway, and hundreds of live toads congregate to breed in the school's lake or empty swimming pool. How do the toads get there? In 1950 Biology Teacher H. J. Moore collected a band of boys, started them on a Kinsey-type study of the annual migration. Through snow and sleet and dark of night, the study has gone on ever since.

**Garters & Shorts.** To gauge the size of the migration, the boys spent morning after morning counting corpses before classes. But keeping track of the live toads proved infinitely more difficult. The boys tried putting elastic garters on them, only to find that the toads could easily shake them off. Then they tried painting the toads, but no paint would stay. They even tried sewing little numbered "running shorts" on them, soon discovered that clothing a wriggling toad in the dark, often in heavy rain and cold weather, is just about impossible. Finally, "with some reluctance," they hit upon the idea of cutting off a toe.

Through the 21 to 75 days it takes all the toads to complete their migration, night patrols watched in all weathers. They learned that the male toads outnumbered the females two to one, that the males walked while the females hopped as well. They also learned that in a 24-hour period of the migration, the average toad covers at least three-quarters of a mile, that he will refuse to eat en route, no matter how many worms are dangled in front of him. Occasionally the males fight over a female, and the fights sometimes turn into a regular free-for-all. Gradually the boys' notebooks began to fill with observations: "4th March, 1952. In order to measure certain migrating males, I gathered them together and one or two were entangled on the ground. The others approached the scrum and joined in the fun, everyone kicking and croaking."

**How Do They Know?** The habits of the toad are certainly mysterious. Why is it that they always insist on climbing over an obstacle, even when it would be far easier to go under? And how do they know where their breeding ground is? They seem to follow no particular leader, nor do they travel in processions or with any apparent system whatsoever. To find out whether they might be following their sense of smell, the boys smeared the toads' nostrils with Vaseline, but the uncooperative toads promptly wiped it off.

All in all, there are many puzzles the boys could not solve. But after four years they did collect enough data for Teacher Moore to write a learned paper. Last week Clayesmore got its reward: its final report—"Some Observations on the Migration of the Toad (*Bufo Bufo*)"—filled the entire current issue of no less a publication than the *British Journal of Herpetology*. Said Headmaster D. P. M. Burke proudly: "A valuable educational experience. Just the sort of thing we are trying to encourage at Clayesmore." Next project for the boys: the autumn migration of the toad.

## Neglected Brain Power

Are U.S. schools, preoccupied with the "average" child, neglecting the training of uncommonly bright children? Schoolteacher Katherine P. Chambers raises the question after a year-long study of 341 "gifted" (I.Q.s of 135 and up) men and women who attended St. Louis public schools during the '20s. Among her findings:

¶ Because of run-of-the-mill teaching and subject matter, some high I.Q. pupils were bored in school, failed to get top grades. Nor did most feel that skipping grades had helped much; in fact, separated from their friends, they often suffered isolation as "teacher's pets" and "brains."

¶ Of the bright pupils reporting, 7% failed to finish high school; another 14% never got to college, and of those who did, only 76% got degrees. Main reasons



St. Louis's Chambers  
Teacher's pet needs help.

for this high fall-out rate: financial difficulties, lack of interest, parental resistance to "useless" further education.

¶ As adults, although all have jobs at a higher level than the general population, too many are working at jobs (e.g., machine operator, mail carrier, freight handler) that do not utilize their full abilities.

Teacher Chambers believes that, despite progress made in educating gifted children in the past two decades (notably in California, Ohio and New York City), much brain power is still going to waste. Among the possible remedies: special counselors to identify high I.Q. pupils as early as the first grade, advanced courses or classes, parent-teacher cooperation to encourage the gifted child's development without alienating him from his school pals. The U.S. is now spending disproportionately more time and effort on the handicapped than on training the children who should be its future scientists, scholars, spokesmen.

# REWARD YOURSELF

with the pleasure of smooth smoking



*Your appreciation of PALL MALL quality has made it America's most successful and most imitated cigarette.*

## Smoke longer and finer and milder PALL MALL

For those pleasant moments—take it easy—reward yourself with the smooth smoking of a freshly-lit PALL MALL. Fine tobacco is its own best filter, and PALL MALL's greater length of traditionally fine, mellow tobaccos travels the smoke further—filters the smoke and makes it mild.

**You get more than greater length.** PALL MALL pays you a rich reward in smoking pleasure—an extra measure of cigarette goodness. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—distinctively PALL MALL. It's YOUR cigarette—every puff richly-flavorful, fragrant—and always so pleasingly mild.

**Choose well—Smoke PALL MALL.** Relax. Take it easy. Smoke PALL MALL. Cooler, sweeter, milder PALL MALL gives you a smoothness, mildness and satisfaction no other cigarette can offer you.

Reward yourself! Get fresh, new smoking satisfaction. Buy PALL MALL in the distinguishing red package today.

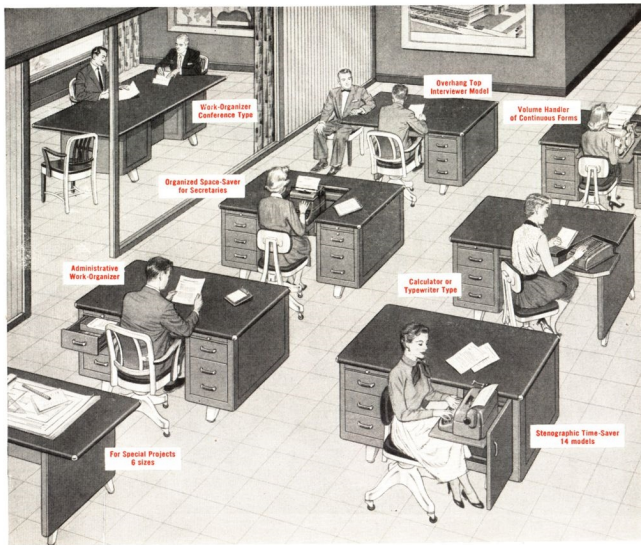
**The finest quality money can buy**



# OUTSTANDING...AND THEY ARE MILD!

© A.T.C. PRODUCT OF *The American Tobacco Company* AMERICA'S LEADING MANUFACTURER OF CIGARETTES





## *Today—these are the Profit Tools of*

**I**N BUSINESS today time is the critical factor. Never before in the history of American business has the handling of detail been so important a problem.

In the process of organizing and handling this multiplicity of detail there are consequential savings to be made. Efficiency here makes for economy. The savings from economy go entirely and directly to profits—a

small percentage, perhaps, of sales, but often a considerable percentage of profits.

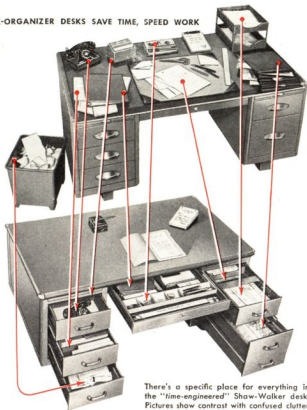
But even more important, the efficient use of these tools does two things: It makes possible an orderly flow of information essential to management in meeting the changing problems of our times and frees more time of management to manage.

Since 1899 Shaw-Walker has

been originating and perfecting these profit tools of management: the organized desk; the posture chair that prevents 4:30 fatigue; "time-engineered" filing cabinets, payroll equipment, and devices to facilitate recording, filing and finding of records; Fire-Files that make records secure and protect them from fire. Everything for the office except machines, over 4,000 items.



#### WORK-ORGANIZER DESKS SAVE TIME, SPEED WORK



There's a specific place for everything in the "time-engineered" Shaw-Walker desk. Pictures show contrast with confused clutter and work-wasting space of any other type and make of desk.

New stylized line! Now 76 models.

#### FOR THE EXECUTIVE—MORE TIME TO MANAGE



Working behind the comfort and convenience of a Shaw-Walker "time-engineered" desk, the busy executive gets more done, with less strain, has a clear, relaxed mind and body to devote to management.

## Management

THE BOOKLET, "TIME AND OFFICE WORK" is packed with ideas for stretching office time. A wealth of information on "time-engineered" office systems and equipment. 36 pages! Many color illustrations! Write today on business letterhead to: Shaw-Walker, Muskegon 10, Michigan.



# SHAW-WALKER

Largest Exclusive Makers of Office Furniture and Filing Equipment in the World  
Executive Offices at Muskegon, Michigan—Branches and Exclusive Dealers in All Principal Cities



Soprintendenza Belle Arti, Florence

NEW-FOUND PIERO DELLA FRANCESCA PAINTING  
Beneath the plaster, sorrowing eyes.

## Renaissance Find

The little (pop. 12,600) Italian town of Borgo San Sepolcro, lying in the fertile valley of the upper Tiber, has a proud boast: one of its townsmen was the great Renaissance painter and mathematician, Piero della Francesca (circa 1418-92). Legend has it that Piero was a fatherless boy who took the name of his mother Francesca. He studied at Florence, returned to Borgo San Sepolcro to get his first major commission, traveled through Italy painting in Rimini, Ferrara, Rome, Arezzo and Urbino, then settled down to spend his last 14 years in his native town compiling two mathematical treatises. Latter-day Sansepolcrans prided themselves on owning three of Piero's major works, and kept alive the hope that more would one day come to light.

Last month workmen in Borgo San Sepolcro were remodeling a building that was, in Piero's time, the church of Sant' Agostino, but has since been turned into a movie theater and the home of the local symphony. While repairing a wall in what was once the apse, a workman touched a loose piece of plaster (spread on by Franciscan nuns who took over the church in the 16th century); it broke away under his hand. Beneath the plaster was a life-sized painting of a haloed young man, fair-haired with wide, topaz eyes. One look was enough to send Giuseppe Nomi, the town's honorary inspector of fine arts, running with the news.

Three days later an impressive array of government art experts descended on Borgo San Sepolcro. After spending a full day in careful inspection, Professor Ugo Procacci, director of Florence's Department of Restorations, announced: "The decision to attribute the painting to Piero della Francesca is unanimous. Even if the painting is not mentioned in original sources, it emerges beyond challenge, from other documents, that Piero della Francesca did work in this church on some panels."

The find may well boost interest in the very great Renaissance painter who had all but dropped from sight 400 years after his death. Famed in his day as one of Italy's greatest masters of mathematical perspective, Piero trademarked his work with his magnificent handling of translucent atmosphere, and his ability to use form and light to give flesh tones an almost silver sheen. It took the followers of Cézanne, with their taste for color and geometric form, to start Piero's comeback; other modernists, in rebellion against the 19th century love of the elaborate and ornate, were impressed by the simplicity and truthfulness of Piero's peasant types.

Just what Piero's original masterpiece looked like will never be fully known, for only the head, shoulders and torso of his haloed young man remain. The rest of the figure was apparently destroyed generations ago, when the church wall was cut away for a doorway and a new partition added.

## Helmets with Weather Vanes

An odd and striking book—the Greek text of the 8th century B.C. poet Hesiod, faced by illustrations by one of France's leading modern painters, 72-year-old Georges Braque—is making art news in Paris. First commissioned in 1932 by one of France's leading art dealers, the work was lost during the war years, was completed by Braque only two months ago. The \$600 limited edition, published this week, was hailed as "a perfect blending of Greek classicism and French modernism," proof that "Braque is one of the great creative spirits of modern art."

But for most viewers the 23 Braque drawings will have an eerie dimension. Braque attempts to break the barriers of a dead language and recapture the almost childlike age when giants, Titans and nymphs shared the world with mortals and Olympian gods. The attempt, in the words of one French critic, becomes something akin to "adventurous voyages in the half-shadows of the irrational."

Both subject and style are of Braque's own choosing. "Hesiod's *Theogony*" has been one of my favorites ever since I read it for the first time in school," Braque explains. "Every line inspires a picture." To capture the inspirations Braque has used a continuous, supple line, adding a note of childlike wonder to the Greek motifs by giving his warriors helmets with weather vanes, picturing chariots racing serenely through the heavens on scrawled bicycle wheels. To critics who note that his drawings for the new book—done over the last 22 years—have a remarkable sameness in style, Braque explains simply: "Hesiod's gods have been fixed in my mind ever since I read the book. Hesiod's poetry is timeless."

© *i.e.*, the genealogy of the gods.



Morgan Edwards

BRAQUE "THEOGONY" DRAWING  
Behind the lines, half-shadows.



EARLIEST KNOWN IONIAN  
COIN, 7TH CENTURY B.C.



ARCHAIC APOLLO AND CHARIOTEER  
MARKED GREEK VICTORY OVER CARTHAGE



SYRACUSE'S GUARDIAN NYMPH  
ARETHUSA AND CHARIOTEER



NYMPH CAMARINA RIDING SWAN, AND  
RIVER GOD HIPPARIS (c. 410 B.C.)



EAGLES RIPPING PREGNANT HARE;  
AGRIGENTUM COIN (413-406 B.C.)



LETTERS "R I" ARE FIRST LETTERING  
ON COINS; LYDIA (610-561 B.C.)



## ANCIENT COINS: MINIATURE ART

THE first known silver and gold coins of the ancients, circulated by cities and colonies of Greece and Asia Minor in the early 7th century B.C., were at once a new art form and an extension of old forms. Although the coins themselves were sometimes roughly shaped, the designs were cut with masterful precision by jewelers and artists whose craftsmanship has seldom been equaled. Today these rare coins form a museum in miniature and include some of the classic world's finest bas-relief sculpture.

The coins shown on this page, currently on display at Harvard University's Fogg Museum, are all from the collection of Utilities Executive Arthur Stone Dewing. They include such rarities as one of the earliest known coins minted in the Western world (*upper left corner*) and a coin issued by fabled Croesus, King of Lydia (561-546 B.C.), the first man rich enough to issue coins made of pure gold. (Previous coins were part silver, part gold.) Handsomest of Collector Dewing's antique masterpieces are two coins designed by Syracuse's master-artist Kimon to celebrate the city's victory over Athens (413 B.C.). The revolutionary beauty of the full face view of the nymph Arethusa, on one of them, set a coin style copied throughout the classic world, and still imitated today.



WARRING ATHENS MELTED GODDESS'  
ORNAMENTS TO MINT THIS (407 B.C.)



COIN FROM ISLE OF  
CRETE (430-200 B.C.)



ONE OF FIRST GOLD COINS,  
MINTED BY LYDIA'S KING CROESUS



REVOLUTIONARY FULL FACE COIN,  
EXECUTED BY ARTIST KIMON



APOLLO SIGNED BY DESIGNER  
HERACLEIDAS (413-404 B.C.)



MACEDONIAN COIN (400-370 B.C.)  
SHOWING APOLLO AND RACE TORCH

HEAD OF ARETHUSA BY SYRACUSE'S  
GREATEST CRAFTSMAN KIMON (410 B.C.)



## SCIENCE

### Transplanted Head

In the Soviet *Ogonek*, Georgi Blok describes a sensational exhibit at a recent meeting of the Moscow Surgical Society. On the platform close to the guests of honor stood a large white dog, wagging its tail. From one side of its neck protruded the head of a small brown puppy (see *cut*). As the surgeons watched, the puppy's head bit the nearest white ear. The white head snarled.

The two-headed dog, no freak of nature, was the latest product of Surgeon Vladimir Petrovich Demikhov, chief of the organ-transplanting laboratory of the Soviet Academy of Medical Sciences. Dr. Demikhov, says Blok, started in a small way by replacing the hearts of dogs with artificial blood pumps. Next, he planted a second heart in a dog's chest, removing part of a lung to make room for it. The extra heart continued its own rhythm, beating independently of the original heart.

After repeating this operation many times, Dr. Demikhov could keep two-headed dogs alive for as long as 2½ months. Sometimes the original heart stopped beating first. Then the second heart carried the burden until it failed too.

Encouraged by his successes, Dr. Demikhov tried the reverse operation. He removed most of the body of a small puppy and grafted the head and forelegs to the neck of an adult dog. The big dog's heart, as Blok tells the story, pumped blood enough for both heads. When the multiple dog regained consciousness after the operation, the puppy's head woke up and yawned. The big head gave it a puzzled look and tried at first to shake it off.

The puppy's head kept its own personality. Though handicapped by having almost no body of its own, it was as play-

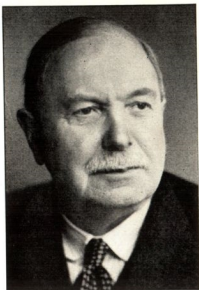
ful as any other puppy. It growled and snarled with mock fierceness or licked the hand that caressed it. The host-dog was bored by all this, but soon became reconciled to the unaccountable puppy that had sprouted out of its neck. When it got thirsty, the puppy got thirsty and lapped milk eagerly. When the laboratory grew hot, both host-dog and puppy put out their tongues and panted to cool off. After six days of life together, both heads and the common body died.

Dr. Demikhov's two-headed dog, Blok points out, was not a mere stunt. It was part of a long-range attempt to learn how damaged organs can be replaced, or how their functions can be performed by mechanical substitutes.

### Improving the Breed

The British Eugenics Society, founded in Edwardian days, is a group of 500 peers, schoolteachers, scientists and other earnest people devoted to encouraging "the better members of the community to have more children, and the worse to have less." To date, the society has largely stressed the second half of its program. It flatters itself that it has had considerable success in this phase of improving the British breed, e.g., passage of a 1913 law prohibiting marriage for mental defectives, increased use of contraceptives by slum-dwelling Britons. Last week in London, Cambridge Physicist Sir Charles Galton Darwin, 67, the society's leader and one of its impressive testimonials (as the fit, surviving grandson of Charles Darwin, cousin of pioneer Eugenist Sir Francis Galton), decided that the time had come to increase the quantity of England's quality.

Figuring out which families to encourage, confessed Physicist Darwin, is a discouraging problem. "The breed of race



Walter Stoneman

EUGENIST DARWIN

One bright child deserves another.

horses has been improved indeed to a remarkable degree . . . We would like to do the same for humanity, but it is a very difficult business deciding what human beings have won the race of life, whereas it is fairly easy to see which people can be classified in ending last." The society's answer: a hand-picked cross section of England's most promising schoolchildren, aged 8 to 13, who are endowed with exceptional scholastic ability, good fellowship and fondness for sport.

Parents of the promising will answer six pages of confidential questions, e.g., on pedigrees, education and other offspring. In the ideal future, the society hopes, parents of the very best pupils will be encouraged to have more of the same, and will get special government grants. On persuading bright boys to marry the right, bright girls, the society is wisely noncommittal: "We hope such pupils will make promising families of their own some day."

### Attention, Inventors!

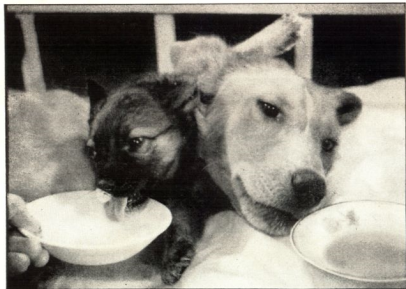
Tremendous technical advances have been made since World War II, but the nation's soldiers, sailors and airmen are still dissatisfied with much of their combat equipment. To spur on U.S. industrialists, scientists and ordinary basement inventors, the U.S. Department of Commerce last week issued its periodic list of new gadgets and gimmicks needed by the armed forces. Sample items:

¶ A new, puttylike material for oxygen masks that can be molded to fit the individual airman's face—for men who cannot fit standard rubber oxygen masks.

¶ A mechanical device for quickly laying barbed wire on a battlefield. Using present hand methods, it takes nine soldiers six hours to set up a double-apron entanglement 300 yards long and 10 feet wide.

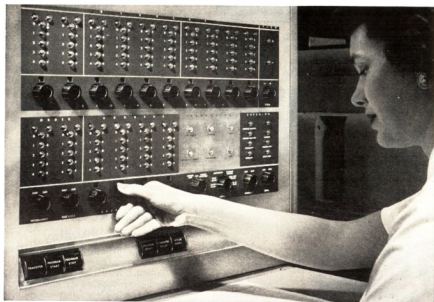
¶ New track for vehicles. Present steel-tank treads chew up paved roads.

¶ A compound that will solidify spongy



Ogonek

Moscow's Host-Dog & PUPPY  
Six days with one heart.



Dec. 1, 1954, marked another great milestone in the automation of business procedures when The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Company of Boston, Mass., started operations with the first IBM 650.

# **IBM 650**

## **New "Business-Minded" Electronic Computer Now Serves 9,000,000 John Hancock Policyholders**

**EDPM—Electronic Data  
Processing Machine—brings vast speed  
to accounting procedures.**

The 650's magnetic drum has 20,000 positions for storing data. Taking advantage of its all-purpose flexibility, John Hancock is now using this machine for preparing mortgage tables and figuring agents' commissions. Other Hancock 650's will be used for such basic accounting procedures as calculating dividends and cash values, and for processing policy value distributions. Another example of what IBM's hard-working EDPM can do for business and industry!



During 1955 this assembly line will produce for American industry better than one EDPM 650 every two days.

WORLD'S LEADING PRODUCER OF  
ELECTRONIC ACCOUNTING MACHINES

*International Business Machines Corp., 590 Madison Ave., N.Y. 22, N.Y.*



**Electronic  
Data  
Processing  
Machines**

America does business on  
**NEKOOSA BOND**



*Nekoosa* BOND  
MADE IN U.S.A.



*it pays to plan  
with your printer*

● In every type of business, large and small, more Nekoosa Bond is being used than ever before. The prestige of a famous watermark, distinctive appearance, unusual durability—all add up to reasons why your letterheads, envelopes and other business forms, will look better on Nekoosa Bond, too. Your printer will gladly supply it. Also available, in standard sizes, at your office supply or stationery store.



by the makers of...  
**NEKOOSA LEDGER**  
**NEKOOSA Mimeo**  
**NEKOOSA DUPLICATOR**  
**NEKOOSA MANIFOLD**

NEKOOSA-EDWARDS PAPER COMPANY, PORT EDWARDS, WISCONSIN

soil, ease construction of forward roads and airstrips.

¶ A new technique for detecting land mines. Standard mine detectors find metallic mines only; in Korea, the best enemy mines were cased in wood.

¶ A simple, lightweight carbon monoxide indicator to detect the deadly gas in aircraft cockpits and compartments.

¶ A nonsonic method of determining the range and direction of enemy submarines. Sonar has a comparatively short range and is hard to use at high speed.

¶ A noncorrosive chemical for melting snow and ice on arctic runways at temperatures as low as  $-65^{\circ}$  F.

¶ A "very critical" need is a device to cut the racket of turbojet and jet engines, a growing Air Force public-relations headache (TIME, Oct. 11).

### Ever-Populated Valley

In *Nature*, Professor Raymond A. Dart of Witwatersrand University tells about a valley in South Africa where humans may have lived continuously ever since humanity began. Such a place is something of a freak because the earliest humans were scarce and furtive creatures, chivied from place to place by changes of environment and predatory beasts. The remains of different types are generally scattered widely, a few bones here, a few bones there.

Professor Dart's new finds came from a cave whose mouth is now 160 ft. above the Makapan River in the Transvaal. The cave's original floor is travertine rock, on which lies more than 50 ft. of sedimentary material. In one of the layers, close to the floor, are bones of *Australopithecus prometheus*, a small, spry primate whom Professor Dart considers at least semi-human. *Prometheus*, he says, ate baboons, may have stood upright and may have possessed fire. On the other hand, apparently, he did not know how to make stone tools or weapons.

*Prometheus* enjoyed the cave for thousands of years, perhaps beginning 200,000 years ago. Then something happened to the cave's mouth. It may have been enlarged by a flood (the river was near then), or perhaps some earth movement directed the current against it. At any rate, the cave filled many feet deep with waterborne gravel. It was still habitable, but *prometheus* seems to have left.

When anthropologists studied the gravel, they found many stones in it whose sharp edges could not have been formed by random jostling in a river bed. The experts decided that at least 17 of them were primitive tools. Conclusion of the experts: some kind of toolmaking human moved into the cave soon after *prometheus* evacuated.

In other places in the Makapan valley traces of many later humans have come to light—from shambling Neanderthal man down to the modern Bantu. The stone tools, says Professor Dart, filled the last gap. Their discovery "may place within our grasp in a single South African valley a continuous story of human handiwork . . . from the dawn of the Pleistocene to the present day."

No. 40 in a series:

*Opportunity unlimited*



*for progressive young men,*

*top careers of the Air Age,*

*including educational opportunities and a lifetime income*



—with the **United States Air Force**

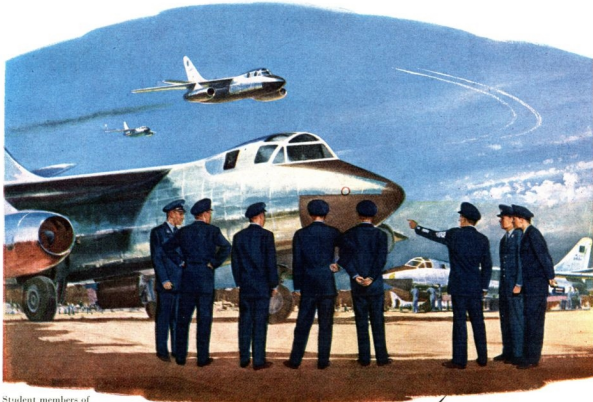
Deservedly the proudest young men of our day are those who have decided to enlist in the U.S. Air Force. They have a brilliant future in store.

Trained in the most efficient aircraft built—as pilots or in supporting roles—members of our Air Force enter an ex-

panding career. Realistically, their service offers opportunity to learn the specialized skills of the Age of Flight through on-the-job training and a chance to continue their educations through and beyond the college level. And, at an age when most civilians still grope for a

future, the man who has made his career with the Air Force is eligible to retire with a life income.

As a designer and builder of modern aircraft, Douglas is in a position to judge the skills developed by Air Force training. They couldn't be higher.



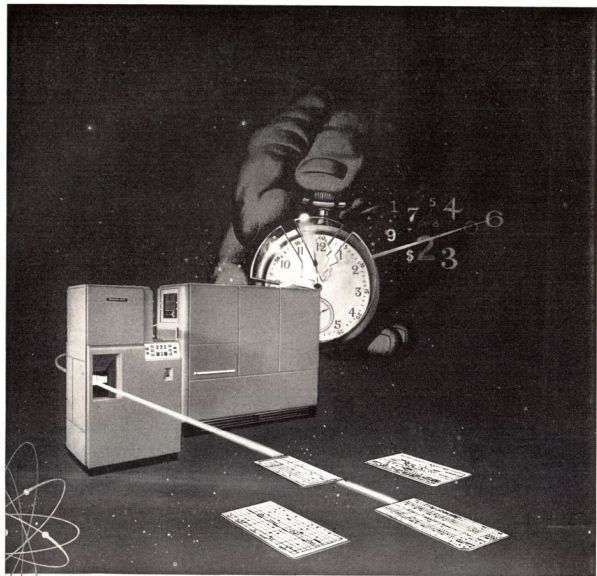
Student members of the U.S. Air Force study a Douglas RB-66

Depend on **DOUGLAS**



First in Aviation





## Breaking Through the Cost Barrier with **UNIVAC 120** Punched-card Electronics

**A whole new world of vital facts about your business has been opened up... by punched-card electronic computing!**

The raw figures have always been on hand... costs, sales, price changes, volume, location... and hundreds of other factors. But integrating and interpreting them would have meant too much mathematics, too much time and too much money for most concerns.

Miraculous electronic accounting has changed all that. Today, you can get the answers simply, economically... in hours or even minutes!

The new UNIVAC 120 punched-card computer reveals the crucial factors behind your profit changes, weighs the relative effect of each. At last, you can make decisions based on complete facts... immediate facts.

UNIVAC 120 was created by the

same skill and experience that produced famous UNIVAC itself. And other applications for UNIVAC 120 are endless... payroll, production scheduling, billing, scientific and engineering figurework, to name a few.

Why don't you put it squarely up to us to show how UNIVAC 120 punched-card electronic computer methods can boost *your* profits? Room 1120, 315 Fourth Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

**Remington-Rand** ELECTRONIC SYSTEMS

# THE PRESS

## Most Overplayed

After polling a group of its member editors, the *Bulletin of the American Society of Newspaper Editors* announced last week the most overplayed newspaper story of 1954: the Sheppard murder case.

## The No. 1 Story

To newspaper readers in the South, the No. 1 story is the result of the Supreme Court's decision banning segregation in the public schools. How are Southern newspapers covering the story? In the opinion of many a Southern newsmen, the papers have done a mediocre job to date. With few exceptions, they have confined coverage largely to wire-service stories



EDITOR MCGILL  
Silence is deafening.

and the printing of official announcements and speeches on the subject. In Nashville, for example, where the city's two dailies reported that Catholic schools were desegregating completely, neither paper followed up the news to see how well desegregation was working. One reason for the lack of enterprise: feeling about segregation runs so high in the South that no matter what stand a paper takes, it is certain to antagonize large groups of its readers. As a result, some dailies, says Atlanta *Constitution* Editor Ralph McGill, "have taken the position that the less said about desegregation the better—on the theory that if you don't talk about something you dislike, you'll wake up one morning and find that it's gone away."

**The Moderates.** With segregation deeply imbedded in tradition, most Southern dailies have opposed trying to end it by "judicial fiat." Even liberal Editor Hodding Carter of the Greenville (Miss.) *Delta Democrat-Times*, who opposes segregation on "moral grounds," feels that

the Supreme Court decision has hurt the gradual progress of desegregation in the South by forcing both segregationists and desegregationists to "extremes." But now that the Supreme Court has struck segregation down, Tuskegee Institute reports that less than one-quarter of Southern dailies surveyed still flatly oppose the court's verdict. "Most papers," says one Louisiana newsmen, "take the position that the court's decision is the law and the South will have to make the best of it."

Last week in North Carolina, the biggest paper in the state showed how Southern dailies are making the best of it. The *Charlotte Observer* (circ. 136,302) opposed a proposal for the state legislature to adopt a "declaration of policy" favoring segregation, saying that debate on such a measure would only "offer a forum . . . for the more importunate voices—a stage and a place in the headlines for opportunists." Most newsmen agree that the biggest newspaper problem is to fight hotheaded extremists on both sides. Such rabble-rousers as Race Agitator Bryant Bowles and Florida Sheriff Willis McCall (TIME, Dec. 13) have been vigorously opposed in the Southern press.

**Freedom to Protest.** On the other side, newspapers have staunchly defended the right of desegregationists to say what they please. In Jackson (Miss.), a self-styled "Negro emancipator" named Arrington High attacked state officials so savagely in his mimeographed weekly *Eagle Eye* that he was arrested and fined three times on the charge of "distributing handbills without a permit." The press defended his right to print the weekly, and the county court overturned his last conviction, ruling: "No matter how great the provocation, governmental agencies cannot indulge in indignation . . . The situation [cannot] be helped by an unlawful arrest and conviction."

Actually, many editors admit privately that they favor ending segregation but do not say so in their papers for fear of stirring up diehards and robbing their papers of all editorial influence. For example, in South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi, where the state governments have been empowered to get around the court's decision by making public schools "private," few newspapers have strongly opposed the plan. In Louisiana, where the legislature decided that measures to enforce desegregation would violate the state police power to maintain "peace and good order," hardly a daily attacked the decision. "It would have been like trying to put out a fire by spitting on it," explained one editor. "There wasn't any need to waste ammunition. Everybody knows, even the sponsors, that the amendment never can stand up in court and is just a delaying action." But in Virginia, many papers have sharply criticized rabid segregationists and even blasted Governor Thomas B. Stanley for appointing a desegregation study commission with no Negroes on it.

While most of the papers caution their

readers to remain calm in the face of desegregation, many of their readers have been hard to convince. Wrote one letter-writer to the Montgomery (Ala.) *Advertiser*: "Put the little blacks and whites in the same schools, they associate freely in the classroom . . . Then, in the course of time, the racial line disappears. What then? This: 'Will you give me a date?' 'Yes.' And then, 'Will you marry me?' 'Yes.' " The minority of papers that have campaigned actively against desegregation are equally outspoken. The Jackson (Miss.) *News* flatly said in an editorial that "Mississippi will never consent to mixing the races in our public schools."

One big failure of the Southern press in covering desegregation is that most of the news is "crisis news." A riot, strike or attack on a school building makes Page One, as do statements by such extreme



EDITOR CARTER  
Low is low.

segregationists as South Carolina's Governor James Byrnes and Georgia's Herman Talmadge. Thus the roaring voices and dramatic news often drown out the even bigger and more dramatic story of the steady, quiet progress that desegregation is making in the South. One remedy for such spotty coverage is the Southern Education Reporting Service, set up by a Ford Foundation grant. Staffed by working newsmen, the service publishes a monthly factual bulletin that reports state by state the progress of desegregation. The bulletin goes to some 25,000 newsmen, educators and public officials. Recently many private citizens have started subscribing also, to fill in the gap in newspaper coverage.

## The Prisoner

The news tip came to Los Angeles' *Mirror-News* Columnist Paul V. Coates on Christmas Eve. In Riverside, Calif., Coates was told, a prisoner had been in jail for twelve days. Reason for the prisoner's arrest, as stated in the official rec-

ord; he was "in danger of leading a lewd and immoral life." Age of the prisoner: seven.

In a series of telephone calls, Columnist Coates learned that the child, Larry, whose last name had been kept secret by juvenile authorities, was the son of a quiet, respectable couple living in nearby Eagle Mountain, a 150-house company town where iron ore is mined for Henry Kaiser's Fontana steel mill. To Columnist Coates, the charges against Larry seemed no worse than the offenses of thousands of other curious youngsters of his age. He had, said the record, placed his hands under the dress of a little girl, aged five. Why had he been jailed? The authorities said that Eagle Mountain is a community of hard-drinking, furnace-tempered miners who might take the law into their own hands. For Larry's own safety, he had to be kept in the detention home, even on Christmas Day.

With that, Coates printed his first angry blast about "the law," which "in its majestic equality, makes more damn fool mistakes." On New Year's Day, with Larry still locked up, Coates drove to Eagle Mountain and talked to the boy's teacher, who said that he was just "a normal, average kid." He talked to the townspeople and found them a decent lot, who had even taken up a collection to help Larry's father pay legal expenses. A day later, when Columnist Coates presented the parents on his TV show, the reaction was instantaneous: shocked viewers flooded the station with 700 phone calls, 1,000 letters and several petitions, copies of which had been sent to the State Capitol at Sacramento, California's Governor Goodwin Knight even called Riverside to find out what was going on.

Last week little Larry finally got a hearing, closed to press and public, before Judge Russell Waite. After it was over, the boy went home with his parents. Judge Waite told Coates that Larry was perfectly normal, should not have been held. The problems could have been adjusted at home easily enough.

At week's end, the angry probation officers challenged Coates's handling of the story, asked: "Do you think you have helped the boy by bringing this out in the open?" Shot back Coates: "No, but I may have helped a thousand other little boys."

## For Sale

In its own columns and in ads in British and U.S. dailies, Canada's biggest and most influential morning newspaper this week announced that it is for sale. The Toronto *Globe & Mail* (circ. 236,503), which many newsmen consider the New York *Times* of Canada, will be sold to a "responsible" bidder by the estates of George McCullagh and William H. Wright. Already mentioned as possible buyers: Roy H. Thomson, Canada's biggest newspaper publisher (*TIME*, Sept. 14, 1953), and Texas Millionaire Clint Murchison, whose property includes half interest in the big Trans-Canada Pipe Lines Ltd. Estimated minimum acceptable price: \$8,000,000.

## MUSIC

### Debut

In Box No. 35 of the Golden Horseshoe, the place usually reserved for visiting statesmen and royalty, sat a small, aged lady who had once been a washerwoman in Philadelphia. Her name was Anna Anderson. As a girl, her daughter dreamed of singing in this great gilt and plush house. Now, at 52, Contralto Marian Anderson was realizing the dream. The first Negro singer to appear at the Metropolitan, she was making her debut in Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

**Overdue.** Seats for the Anderson debut sold weeks in advance, with orders from as far away as California. On the day of the performance, the line for downtown room began to form at 5:30 a.m. At curtain time that night, there were more Negroes in the audience than anyone had ever seen at the Met. The audience waited impatiently through the opening scene, for Anderson would appear only in Scene 2. Her role: the fortuneteller Ulrica, who appears for 27 ominous minutes in order to bring the hero together with another man's wife and to predict his murder. When the curtain rose, Marian Anderson was discovered in a shadowy set, stirring a green-steaming cauldron flanked by a pair of skulls. The great contralto was clearly nervous. Her first notes were parched and shaky, and it was only later, when she reached her smooth upper register, that she began to produce those emotionally charged tones that have moved listeners around the world.

She acted with the dignity and reserve that she has always presented to the public, although she intermittently showed her nervousness during the rest of the haunting scene. Her unique voice—black

velvet that can be at once soft and dramatic, menacing and mourning—stirred the heart as always. But critics who remembered that voice in the past felt that her debut was at least 15 years overdue.

**Overanxious.** Although one of the Met's most imposing casts surrounded Contralto Anderson, the performance was full of flaws. Tenor Richard Tucker growled out notes that were too low for him, Soprano Zinka Milanov let her voice swoop and squawk through Act II, and when she flipped a disguising shawl over her face, she looked so much like an animated teacozzy that the audience snickered. Only Roberta Peters' pearly coloratura and pert presence were thoroughly pleasant. But for Marian Anderson the evening was a soaring personal triumph. There were eight curtain calls. "Anderson! Anderson!" chanted the standees, and men and women in the audience wept.

"I'm not quite sure it's happening," Contralto Anderson told friends and reporters. Apologizing for her jitters, she added: "A serious person, when beginning anything, is usually a little overanxious." With opening night past, she would be her old self in her next two performances this season (one of them scheduled for her home town of Philadelphia, this week). As for the possibility of other roles at the Met, she said in her modest, impersonal way: "One is so involved in this one, no other has been thought about."

### Goliath in Milan

Composer Darius Milhaud's urge to gigantism began 40 years ago, at a time when he was intriguing the world's musical taste buds with a *potage* of polytonality sweetened by a dash of essence-of-jazz. His first large work was a musical setting for Aeschylus' *Orestes*, and it used



CONTRALTO ANDERSON (AS ULRICA) AT THE MET  
A lifetime's dream in 27 minutes.

Serge Le Blang

whistling winds, human groans and shouts along with percussion accompaniment. Since then, whether acting as French Minister to Brazil or teaching composition at California's Mills College, Milhaud has turned out a compulsive stream of music ranging in quality from excellent to insufferable and in gimmicks from a "spectacle with fireworks" to a suite for a kind of electronic banshee called *ondes martens*. His operas, e.g., *Christopher Columbus* (1928), *Bolivar* (1943) approached the length of the Wagner marathons. Last week the biggest of Milhaud's operas to date, his Old Testament epic *David*, had its first stage production at Milan's La Scala. It strained even a house accustomed to *spettacolo* productions.

*David's* size comes partly from French Librettist Armand Lunel's story, which includes practically every episode of the Biblical story, partly from Milhaud's use of a 96-voice chorus to chant modern Israeli reaction to the ancient action. The work opens on a CinemaScope-like prospect of old Israel, where young David is chosen by Samuel to be future king while trumpets in the orchestra blare out a forecast of future greatness. After that, scene after scene follows Biblical copy—the slaying of Goliath, David being banished by Saul, war with the Amalekites, Saul's death. After Jerusalem rose symbolically in the background (end of Act III), the Milan crowd cheered and Composer Milhaud himself—badly handicapped by arthritis—came out for a bow.

But there was more, much more, all the way to the death of Absalom and finally the anointing of Solomon. Weary Milanese leaned forward in their seats expectantly every time David (heroically sung by Baritone Anselmo Colzani) or Saul (Basso Nicola Rossi-Lemeni) seemed about to soar off into an honest aria. But, as if the composer had suddenly remembered that there were several more Old Testament chapters to cover, the score invariably cut the solos short. When it was over, after four hours and 24 scenes, the crowd scattered as if the theater were on fire.

Critics called *David* "a noble work," found much of the music flat, and concentrated their praise on the backstage heroics involved in handling the cast of 500, 1,200 costumes, 125 different lighting effects and masses of rollable, flyable and sinkable scenery. For all its dramatics, *David's* music seemed to make little lasting impression, perhaps because of so much distraction onstage. The David-size works of a composer such as Gian-Carlo Menotti may hit the mark better than Milhaud's Goliath-size epics.

## New Records

**Bach: The Brandenburg Concertos** (Vienna State Opera Chamber Orchestra conducted by Felix Prohaska; Vanguard, 3 LPs; French soloists conducted by Jascha Horenstein; Vox, 2 LPs). The Vanguard set of these masterpieces is played more cohesively and soulfully, particularly in such spots as the dissonant slow movement in Concerto No. 1. Vox's interpreta-



COMPOSER MILHAUD (IN WHEELCHAIR) AT LA SCALA®  
A giant urge in 24 scenes.

tions are more rugged and, in the low-toned No. 6, merrier. Standout performer: the Vanguard trumpeter, who tootles his sky-high part in No. 2 with insolent ease. Vox says it used a "clarino" for the part, which sounds more like a clarinet than a trumpet.

**Donizetti: Elixir of Love** (Margherita Carosio, Nicola Monti, Tito Gobbi; Rome Opera chorus and orchestra conducted by Gabriele Santini; Victor, 2 LPs). A 123-year-old take-off on the Tristan legend involving a desirable and wealthy wench, her two swains, a phony love potion and a welter of sunny tunes (including *Una furtiva lagrima*). A painless score, handsomely performed.

**Haydn: Trumpet Concerto** (George Eskdale; Vienna State Opera Orchestra conducted by Franz Litschauer; Vanguard, 1 LP). This is a must. The soloist is brilliant London Trumpeter Eskdale, who amazed and delighted collectors when he recorded excerpts of the concerto some 20 years ago. His style is effortless, his tone is clear and martial, recalling a soldier preening himself in his full-dress uniform.

**Hershy Kay: Western Symphony** (New York City Ballet Orchestra conducted by Leon Barzin; Vox, 1 LP). A grab bag of American tunes, famous (*Good Night, Ladies*) and infamous (*Rye Whiskey*), written to order for George Balanchine's crack ballet company. Comments Balanchine aptly on the album cover: "It was exactly as if I had ordered . . . riding clothes, admirably cut, free in the seat, smart at the hips, and unobtrusively if personally elegant."

**Mozart: Oboe Concerto in C** (Mitchell Miller; Sainenberg Little Symphony conducted by Daniel Sainenberg; Columbia, 1 LP). This disk is recommended as an antidote for aches and pains caused by

some of Hitmaker Mitch Miller's pop creations (he is a Columbia Records executive as well as an oboist). Miller's oboe tone is sweet, his technique impeccable. In the plaintive slow movement, his sense of graceful phrasing makes Mozart sing.

**Riegger: Symphony No. 3** (Eastman-Rochester Symphony conducted by Howard Hanson; Columbia). Manhattan's Composer Wallingford Riegger, 69, was one of the "bad boys" of the '20s, and his symphony makes abundant use of tone clusters then fashionable. He is also interested in more stringent twelve-tone technique, and dips into that idiom every now and then. The work, which won the New York Music Critics Circle Award (1947-48), is full of dissonance, but consistently strong and appealing.

**Strauss: Wiener Blut** (Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Erich Kunz, Emmy Loose, Nicolai Gedda; Philharmonia Orchestra and Chorus under Otto Ackermann; Angel, 3 sides of 2 LPs). Not so grand a ball as *Die Fledermaus*, Johann Strauss's masterpiece, this operetta is lighter but in spots even more delightful. A composite of Strauss music not originally written for the stage, the score is full of surprises: when sung, some of the waltzes and polkas take on a warbling charm they do not have as orchestra pieces alone. The libretto is preposterous, but offers linguists an unusually rich sampling of Viennese slang, a quaint, native dialect distantly related to German. (Samples: *charmuzieri*, v., to flirt; *G'spusi*, n., girl friend; *Remasuri*, n., big shindig; *tulli*, adj., first-rate.) Soprano Schwarzkopf, veteran of Mozart and Brahms, has a fine romp. General performance and recording: *tulli*.

\* From left: Baritone Colzani (as David), Director Margherita Wallmann, Librettist Lunel.



G.E. HAS THE ANSWER TO AIR CONDITIONING PROBLEMS IN ANY OFFICE, STORE, OR FACTORY

## General Electric Air Conditioning saves space and money for Southwest's first skyscraper



Texas Distributors, Inc., Dallas, G-E Distributors, who operate an Industrial and Commercial Contracting Department, made a complete climate survey of Amicable Life Building (above), then recommended the conversion of an old freight elevator shaft into equipment rooms on 19 floors, to house the specified G-E Packaged Air Conditioners.

The Amicable Life Building, Waco's familiar 22-story landmark (completed in 1911), was recently air conditioned from top to bottom. The job was completed with practically no inconvenience to the tenants, and at a minimum cost. To avoid expensive structural changes, a G-E climate survey recommended that General Electric Packaged Air Conditioners be placed in an unused elevator shaft. After the contract was signed, it took only a few short weeks to complete the installation, and then only 3 days were required to start, check out, balance and put the 36 G-E Units into perfect operation.

**GET FREE SCIENTIFIC ANALYSIS** by G-E trained experts of all the factors that determine the type of installation best suited to your space, including any special adaptations necessary for efficient, low-cost area or zone cooling.

**NOW'S THE TIME TO SAVE MONEY!** Prices are lowest now, and you can wait till May to begin payments. G-E dealers are able to make unhurried climate surveys during the next few weeks and install units any time you wish. Call your G-E dealer today, or write General Electric Co., Commercial & Industrial Air Conditioning Department, Bloomfield, New Jersey.

### IT TAKES BOTH FOR EFFICIENT, LOW-COST AIR CONDITIONING



**1** Thorough survey by G-E trained experts. Here Mr. L. Griffin, Manager, Contract Department, Texas Distributors, Inc., (on left), discusses floor plans with Mr. Louis Overton, Building Manager of Amicable Life Insurance Co.



**2** The best in packaged air conditioners. 3-15 ton capacity • Easily directed airflow • Muggy Weather Control • Modern streamlined cabinets • New single unit refrigerating system, warranted for five years' service.

## Packaged AIR CONDITIONERS

*Progress Is Our Most Important Product*

**GENERAL  ELECTRIC**

## RADIO & TELEVISION

### The Week in Review

Television set a furious pace that it may find hard to keep up. Most of the excitement of the week was generated by dramatic shows. CBS's *Best of Broadway* resurrected the 1941 hit, *Arsenic and Old Lace*, and filled it with a star-studded cast that Broadway today would give its eyeteeth to have. As the addlepated Brooklyn sisters who gently practice mass euthanasia on lonely old men, Helen Hayes and Billie Burke were the epitome of lethal charm. John Alexander recreated his memorable role of their nephew who believes that he is Teddy Roosevelt (and leads a spirited charge up San Juan Hill every time he gallops upstairs), while Orson Bean managed to bring fresh good humor



HELEN HAYES  
*Arsenic and old pros.*

to the part of the only sane member of the zany Brewster family. Peter Lorre and Boris Karloff made a satisfying pair of stumblebum villains. Few TV revivals of old Broadway plays have come off as entertainingly and inventively as *Arsenic and Old Lace*.

NBC's *Lux Video Theater* did nearly as good a job in its version of the 1950 movie success, *Sunset Boulevard*. Miriam Hopkins had some big ravaged moments as the faded film star who is convinced that her public still clamors to see her on the screen, but James Daly was altogether too wooden as the young man whose mixed motives of pity and greed turn him into a gigolo and, eventually, a corpse. ABC's *U.S. Steel Hour* offered another TV version of Henri Bernstein's *The Thief* (Kraft *TV Theater* did the same play in 1952), with Paul Lukas, Diana Lynn, Mary Astor and James Deane. An old-school melodrama, *The Thief* tells of an idealistic young man who takes the responsibility

for an older woman's momentary weakness. The play, as well as the actors, was better in its parts than in its whole, but it made a satisfactory 60 minutes on TV.

The week's most-talked-about show was Ed Murrow's *See It Now*, which presented a half-hour "conversation" with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, directing genius in the making of the atom bomb and last year (*Time*, July 12) denied security clearance by a 4-to-1 vote of the Atomic Energy Commission.

The show was especially memorable for the impelling quality of Oppenheimer's personality and bearing. The talk ranged from pleasant academic jokes ("There's Panofsky, who is a historian of art. He has two kids—two boys—both physicists, and they are very, very bright boys, and one of them is first in his class at Princeton. The other is second. They call one the 'bright' Panofsky and the other the 'dumb' Panofsky") to Oppenheimer's own ideas of security and secrecy ("There aren't any secrets about the world of nature. There are only secrets about the thoughts and intentions of men. Sometimes they are secret because a man doesn't like to know what he's up to if he can avoid it").

Filmed at Princeton, at the Institute for Advanced Study, where Oppenheimer presides as director, the show was a 30-minute digest of a 2½-hour interview. When the show went on the air the CBS switchboard at first received a "few calls of protest." Since then, the mail received at both CBS and Princeton has been heavily in Oppenheimer's favor, and Murrow reports that an additional hour-long film of the interview is being prepared for release to colleges. It will be financed by the Fund for the Republic, a division of the Ford Foundation.

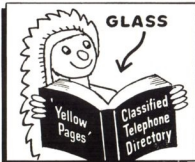
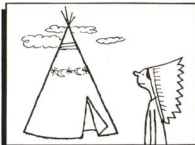
### The New Shows

On the basis of last week's entries, the 1955 TV shows are out to set a record low for lovable cuteness. Some samples:

**Norby** (Wed. 7 p.m., NBC) stars David Wayne as vice president of a Pearl River, N.Y. bank and Joan Loring as his giggling wife. Like all TV investigations of small-town U.S.A., it is suffused in the rosy, nostalgic glow more common to the Gay Nineties than the 20th century. Filmed in color by sponsor Eastman Kodak Co., *Norby* finds its humor in an uncritical succession of minor disasters for Hero Wayne: he gets his arm caught in the lining of his sleeve; he shakes hands with a statue instead of a friend; he promptly breaks a desk he has been warned to take good care of. The show is one more TV monument to the accepted fatheadedness of the American husband.

**Professional Father** (Sat. 10 p.m., CBS) has Actor Steve Dunne pretending to be a child psychiatrist in what are described as "all kinds of hilarious adventures." Helping him to make a chump of himself are his wife, Barbara Billingsley, and the inevitable two children (Ted Marc and Beverly Washburn). As a psycholo-

## Looking for Something?



FROM AWNINGS  
TO GLASS  
WHATEVER YOU NEED  
LOOK IN THE  
**'YELLOW PAGES'**  
OF YOUR TELEPHONE DIRECTORY

# B·O·A·C ROUND-THE-WORLD SPORTS SAFARI

**FARES AS LOW AS 6¢ A MILE OR LESS!**

Somewhere in the world, each of your favorite sports reaches perfection. Let B.O.A.C. speed you there on a round-the-world sports safari that actually costs less per mile than driving a car!

B.O.A.C. does the hurrying. Its swift airliners save you precious days and weeks to enjoy big game hunting, fresh water or deep sea fishing, mountain climbing, skiing, golf, skindiving.

**FLY 1,000 ROUTES AROUND THE WORLD—  
FOR AS LITTLE AS \$1,347.90 TOURIST AIR FARE**



**SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT OR BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION**  
Offices in Boston, Chicago, Dallas, Detroit, Los Angeles, Miami, New York,  
San Francisco, Washington; Montreal, Toronto, Vancouver.

What to pack and wear: Ask Ouida Wagner, Flight Wardrobe Advisor, at B.O.A.C.'s New York office

**B.O.A.C., 342 Madison Ave., New York 17, N.Y.  
MUrray Hill 7-8900 DEPT. R-3**

Please send me free Round-the-World Planning Chart  
and literature on round-the-world air tours.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY  STATE

My travel agent is

**Ask about NEW**

**B·O·A·C 10 20**

**BUDGET PLAN**

**FLY NOW—  
PAY LATER**

**FLY B·O·A·C** ➔

gist, Dunne advises other fathers how to deal with their children but, naturally, it takes his all-wise wife to set him right on how to handle his own.

**The Bob Cummings Show** (Sun. 10:30 p.m., NBC) has a real twist: Bob is a bachelor. But since he lives with his widowed sister and her callow son, viewers are not deprived of any of the dubious delights of family comedy. Bob is also a Hollywood photographer, which permits him to be surrounded by shoals of swooning models as well as a yearning secretary. The plot of the opening show, sponsored by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., was composed of equal parts of slapstick and nonsense, and not even as able a light comedian as Cummings could do much with it.

**Way of the World** (weekdays, 10:30 a.m., NBC) is a TV soap opera with a difference: it promises to tell its dramatized stories in six to 15 episodes each, instead of going on endlessly. The current sudsy romance (sponsored by the Borden Co.) deals with Claudia Morgan and Philip Reed, who are supposed to be one of Broadway's better-known husband-and-wife acting teams. Claudia is growing deaf but won't tell her husband, who worries because she is acting peculiarly.

## Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, Jan. 12, Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

### TELEVISION

**Disneyland** (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). Part II of *Treasure Island*.

**Pond's Theater** (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., ABC). Gene Raymond in *The Hickory Limb*.

**Lux Video Theater** (Thurs. 10 p.m., NBC). Phyllis Thaxter in *Penny Serenade*.

**Dear Phoebe** (Fri. 9:30 p.m., NBC). With Peter Lawford, Marcia Henderson.

**Person to Person** (Fri. 10:30 p.m., CBS). Ed Murrow interviews Actress Helen Hayes, AEC Chairman Lewis Strauss.

**The Big Top** (Sat. noon, CBS). Circus telecast in color.

**Spectacular** (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). *Naughty Marietta*, with Patrice Munsell, Alfred Drake.

**Toast of the Town** (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). Excerpts from Menotti's new opera, *The Saint of Bleeker Street*.

**Goodyear TV Playhouse** (Sun. 9 p.m., NBC). Janet Blair in *Doing Her Bit*.

**Studio One** (Mon. 10 p.m., CBS). *Sail with the Tide*, with Claude Dauphin and Mai Zetterling.

### RADIO

**Nightwatch** (Thurs. 8:30 p.m., CBS). Good California crime show.

**Metropolitan Opera** (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Marriage of Figaro*.

**Capitol Clockroom** (Sat. 6:30 p.m., CBS). Introducing the new Senators.

**New York Philharmonic** (Sun. 2:30 p.m., CBS). Soloist: Pianist Robert Casadesu.

**Adventures of the Abbotts** (Sun. 8:30 p.m., NBC). A new crime series.

**Telephone Hour** (Mon. 9 p.m., NBC). Tenor Ferruccio Tagliavini.

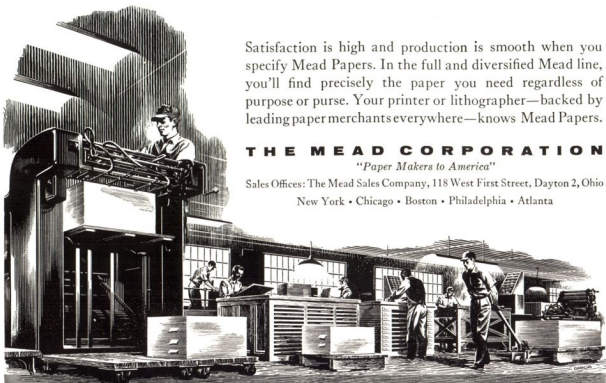
# For booklets and brochures . . .

Satisfaction is high and production is smooth when you specify Mead Papers. In the full and diversified Mead line, you'll find precisely the paper you need regardless of purpose or purse. Your printer or lithographer—backed by leading paper merchants everywhere—knows Mead Papers.

## THE MEAD CORPORATION

*"Paper Makers to America"*

Sales Offices: The Mead Sales Company, 118 West First Street, Dayton 2, Ohio  
New York • Chicago • Boston • Philadelphia • Atlanta



# MEAD

# *papers*



## CINEMA

### The Big Money

The top ten "alltime grossers" in the U.S. and Canada, according to *Variety's* 40th anniversary issue, now include a couple of brand-new titles (*Cinerama, White Christmas*). The list:

- 1) *Gone With the Wind* (1939), \$33.5 million
- 2) *The Robe* (1953), \$19 million (estimated total revenue)
- 3) *The Greatest Show on Earth* (1952), \$12.8 million
- 4) *From Here to Eternity* (1953), \$12.5 million
- 5) *This Is Cinerama* (1952), \$12.5 million
- 6) *White Christmas* (1954), \$12 million (estimated total revenue)
- 7) *Duel in the Sun* (1947), \$11.3 million
- 8) *The Best Years of Our Lives* (1947), \$11.2 million
- 9) *Quo Vadis* (1952), \$10.5 million
- 10) *Samson and Delilah* (1950), \$9 million

### The New Pictures

**Animal Farm** (Louis de Rochemont Associates). George Orwell's political fable, the famous allegory about Communism, has been rendered as an animated cartoon, at feature length (75 minutes), by a team of 100 artists, working in Britain under the direction of John Halas, a Hungarian, and his wife Joy Batchelor. It was three years in the making—more than 300,000 colored drawings are assembled in the final print—and it has been made, in all technical respects, quite as good as good Disney. In every other sense the picture is about as remote from Mickey Mouse as Moscow is from Hollywood.

The story holds pretty true to Orwell. Manor Farm is run by a drunken brute

named Jones. One day the animals, incited by a wise old Middle White boar, revolt and drive Jones out. The pigs, being the most intelligent of the animals, assume the leadership of a communal democracy based on the precept: All Animals Are Equal. The most prominent pigs are Snowball and Napoleon. Napoleon drives Snowball off the farm and seizes absolute power. As time goes by, the pigs get to look more and more like people until at last, as Orwell put it, "it was impossible to say which was which."

Orwell wrote in the reverse English of the ironist: when he is most grim he reads most gay, and such laughter is a Jason's shield against the Medusa he is facing. In the movie all sense of humor is discarded, and the audience is asked to look the Soviet horror square in the eye. The film, in short, is a shocker that demands not customers but a sort of resolutely determined suicide squad.

All the same, *Animal Farm* is an important film, and intensely interesting to see. The voices of the animals, all spoken by Maurice Denham, are wonderfully satisfying. And Matyas Seiber's rousing anthem, *Beasts of England*—in which Imitator Denham sings a dozen voices at once, a roaring chorus of many sound tracks blended into one—is a proletarian hymn ("Something," as Orwell imagined, "between *Clementine* and *La Cucaracha*") that can make the most conservative heart go pit-a-pat.

The sum of these virtues is, moreover, a greater virtue. They demonstrate what Disney's dominance in the field has made moviemakers as well as moviegoers forget: that the animated film is not necessarily a subdivision of slapstick. Though one or two U.P.A. cartoons have suggested the possibility, Halas and Batchelor prove with this picture that animation can cope with serious subjects as well as with slight ones. Next H. & B. production: a feature treatment of John Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*.

**Bad Day at Black Rock** (M-G-M) starts Metro off on the New Year with its best footage forward. It is a tight film, told in quiet words and simple pictures that give it an uncommon quality of economy.

The town of Black Rock is a miserable-looking shamble of buildings straddling a strip of railroad tracks on a southwestern plain. One sunny morning in 1945, the Santa Fe streamliner pulls up at Black Rock with a screech that sounds like trouble. The one man to alight is John J. MacReedy (Spencer Tracy), a robust fellow despite his game left arm. MacReedy is looking for an old Japanese farmer who ran a small place on a nearby rocky slope. The farmer's son saved MacReedy's life in the Italian campaign, and MacReedy carries with him the son's posthumous medal. But wherever he turns for help, MacReedy meets the distrustful, sun-and-sand-beaten faces of five or six townsmen; they do not



SPENCER TRACY & ROBERT RYAN  
Best footage forward.

yet know the stranger's mission, nor are they eager for him to discover that in a fit of distorted patriotic fervor combined with jealousy and just plain meanness, they have burned out the Japanese farmer's shack and killed him. And all they want is for MacReedy to get out of town.

But John J. MacReedy is a patient man and a thorough one. In fact, he appears to accept the snarling opposition of the villains with placidity, and shrewdly allows himself to be buffeted about by their cold-war tactics. Still, when the showdown comes, MacReedy singlehandedly—with judo and some other efficient, war-schooled tricks—mauls them down. And it is a tribute to Director John Sturges that when *Bad Day* blasts out with violence, the audience is ready—in fact, rooting—for it.

For a change, CinemaScope and color go beyond merely recording pretty scenery in wide-open spaces. Cameraman William C. Mellor composed some topnotch shots (reminiscent of the paintings of the Southwest's Peter Hurd) of hardy, blue-jeaned men smoldering idly as if they were as much a part of the dusty brown floor of their town as the yellow sun.

Practically the whole cast is first-rate. As a conscience-stricken, whisky-soaked sheriff, Dean Jagger shows what it means to waver on the drink; Lee Marvin is alarmingly mean as a steely, easygoing plotter, and so is tough-guy Ernest Borgnine. Robert Ryan as the chief villain has some fine scenes with Spencer Tracy, who is at his best.

### Also Showing

**Deep in My Heart** (M-G-M) stars Actor-Dancer-Singer-Comic José Ferrer in the life story of Composer Sigmund Romberg. As Ferrer plays him, Romberg is just Ferrer with a Viennese accent. When the story begins, in 1911, Romberg is a piano player in a Manhattan restaurant belonging to Anna Mueller (Helen Traubel);



NAPOLEON (RIGHT) & ADMIRAL  
In time, just like people.



© OF CO. 1954

## *Generalaire*—a line of 45 beautiful new metal desks

*combining smart efficiency with maximum functional value in the latest creation  
by the world's largest manufacturer of desks*

HERE IS A LINE of handsome new metal desks to add beauty and efficiency to your office—the GF Generalaire.

Its 45 different models provide the right size and type of desk for every office job. There are single and double pedestal flat top desks; conference desks with top overhang at either side; foldaway, elevator and fixed-bed typewriter desks; a variety of machine desks; and matching tables.

Because they are assembled from only a few standard parts, Generalaire desks can be converted easily from one model to another right in your own office.

Beautiful, lustre-gray enamel finish and sparkling aluminum trim contrast with cool mist-green Velvolum writing surfaces. Generalaire's functional styling enhances the appearance of any general office, harmonizes with present equipment.

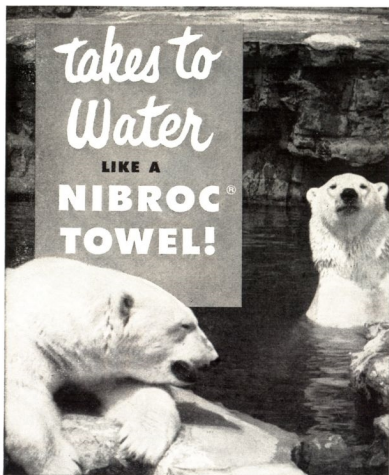
Metal desks can't warp or split, drawers can't stick, welded joints can't loosen—in short, the Generalaire, like other metal desks made by GF since 1924, will be just as strong and serviceable in 1984 as it is today.

See Generalaire in GF distributor and branch showrooms. Or write for a catalog. The General Fireproofing Co., Dept. T-39, Youngstown 1, Ohio.



*Good metal business furniture is a good investment*

MODE-MAKER DESKS • GOODFORM  
ALUMINUM CHAIRS • SUPER-FILER  
MECHANIZED FILING EQUIPMENT •  
GF ADJUSTABLE STEEL SHELVING



## The paper towel used most by industry for real washroom economy



Nibroc towels *soak up water faster*... that's the big way they cut your washroom costs. And there are other ways...

1. They *dry drier faster*... your employees save time!
2. *One* does the job... you save towels!
3. Soft, lint-free, won't come apart when wet — your employees like them best!
4. Nibroc cabinets hold more towels... your maintenance costs are less!



### GET NEW NIBROC SOFWITE AND SOFTAN TOILET TISSUE

Costs no more than ordinary tissue. Save by ordering towels and tissue together.

See your classified directory for nearest Nibroc dealer. Or write us at Boston—Dept. NA-1—for samples.

# BROWN



## COMPANY

Berlin, New Hampshire

GENERAL SALES OFFICE: 150 CAUSEWAY STREET, BOSTON 14, MASS.

when it ends he has made the big time. This thread of a story sews together some patches and snatches from Romberg shows (*Maytime*, *The Desert Song*, etc.), most of them super-duper production numbers. Among the performers: Rosemary Clooney, Gene Kelly, Jane Powell, Vic Damone, Cyd Charisse, Howard Keel, Tony Martin. All the same, 132 minutes of spectacle is more than any audience can comfortably watch, and it takes all of Ferrer's electric charm and versatility to keep the moviegoer looking at the screen.

**There's No Business Like Show Business** (20th Century-Fox) is another picture that does a lot of big-name-dropping—Ethel Merman, Dan Dailey, Donald O'Connor, Mitzi Gaynor, Marilyn Monroe and Johnnie Ray—and some of the names drop with a big thud. The show is an Irving Berlin potpourri, containing some good old sweetmeats along with a few fresh-picked sour apples. The mixture will probably simmer steadily at the box office, even though fussy moviegoers feel they have reached the Berlin point. Singer-Dancer Mitzi Gaynor has a figure that suggests a finely machined set of ball bearings, becomingly encased, and Marilyn Monroe will undoubtedly sing the eyebrows off front-row patrons in her *Heat Wave* number, in which she bumps and grinds as expressively as the law will allow.

**Three-Ring Circus** (Paramount) has Dean Martin and Jerry Lewis selling frozen custard at the circus. Customers crowd around. All at once the bung blows out of the custard vat. Splat! Barrages of goo go glugging in all directions. Jerry tries to plug the hole with his fist. Ffffffft! His feet go silly on the slimy stuff, and down he slathers. "Help! Help! Help!" As he opens his mouth to holler, a stream of sweet bilge hoses down his esophagus. In a matter of seconds everybody in sight is wallowing gloriously in orange muck, and the whole scene looks like nothing so much as a Bruegel landscape dipped in batter. The trouble with *Three-Ring Circus* is that this scene lasts only two minutes, while the rest of the picture lasts 102.

### CURRENT & CHOICE

**Romeo and Juliet**. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set—among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena; with Laurence Harvey and Susan Shentall (TIME, Dec. 30).

**The Country Girl**. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly) and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

**Gate of Hell**. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

**Phffff!** Jack Lemmon and Judy Holliday give a wacky answer to the divorce question (TIME, Nov. 15).

**Carmen Jones**. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge putting the torch to Bizet's babe (TIME, Nov. 11).

**On the Waterfront**. Elia Kazan's big-shouldered melodrama of dockside corruption; with Marlon Brando (TIME, Aug. 9).



Janesville, Wisconsin, January 10, 1955. The Parker Pen Company announced today the development of an important new product. It is a pencil with a fluid graphite "lead," appropriately named the Parker Liquid Lead Pencil—L.L.P.

Among the features of this new writing instrument is a point that never breaks and never requires sharpening. The writing is fully erasable and doesn't smudge. It will outlast ordinary pencils many times.

Parker believes that this new product of the Parker Research Laboratories will eventually replace the common lead pencil in all its thousands of forms.

The secret of this new invention is Parker's development of a unique liquid graphite, so perfectly controlled that it is capable of laying down on any kind of writing paper a smooth, clean line three miles long. The weight and appearance of the line correspond in Parker's first models to that of a 2B pencil, the favorite degree or grade for most pencil users.

The models Parker plans to market in the near future range from customized luxury models to a basic series priced in the area of conventional pencils.

So convinced is Parker that its L.L.P. Pencil is the pencil of the future that it has discontinued, as of January 1, 1955, manufacture of all other Parker pencils. Parker has manufactured pencils in its Janesville plant since 1924.

This is a paid message of The Parker Pen Company. It advertises no merchandise for sale. The Parker L.L.P. Pencil is now available only in laboratory models. School principals, artists, art teachers, architects, engineers and draftsmen as well as office managers are invited to write The Parker Pen Company Research Laboratories, Janesville, Wisconsin, for additional details.





# How we work steel to make steel

*Nearly 50,000,000 A. O. Smith auto frames in 52 years*



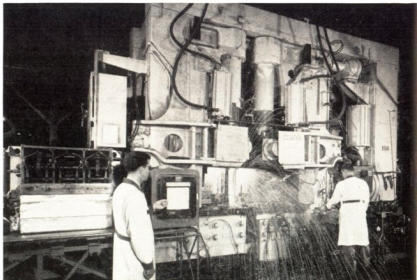
## *Pioneer of automation*

A. O. Smith has been a leader in the development of automation for 35 years—resulting in lower cost of many products to the ultimate consumer. Its highly mechanized auto frame plants are striking examples of this creative approach to manufacturing. And so are its plants for production of Permaglas glass-lined water heaters, welding electrodes, large-diameter line pipe, and electric motors. This engineering ingenuity is an important part of every product A. O. Smith ships you.

Shown is one of the exclusive fully mechanized flash-welders we use in mass production of aircraft components. This giant machine has a mechanical "brain" to monitor important control functions on every weld.

• Photo shows just a part of one day's production of A. O. Smith automobile frames. 14,000 steel skeletons right now, they'll soon be sturdy foundations for 1955's better-looking, safer-

riding cars. A. O. Smith developed the first pressed steel automotive frame in 1902. For more than half a century, we have been partners in the progress of America's great automobile industry.



**How**



**we**



**work**

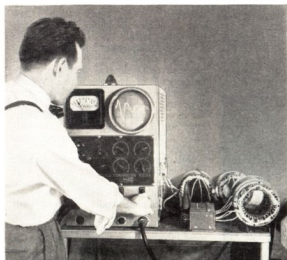


**steel**





# work for you



## No "heart failure" in air conditioners using A. O. Smith electric motors

A. O. Smith's line of custom-engineered electric motors (3/4 to 150 hp) includes units for use in the hermetically sealed compressors of leading brands of air conditioning equipment. The "heart" of your air conditioner is this hermetic unit. At A. O. Smith every one must pass rigid tests to assure the kind of dependable performance that upholds the good name of our customers' products.

## Putting oil and gas on your shopping list

A. O. Smith research brought new speed, efficiency and economy to the manufacture of oil-well casing and line pipe. This helped put the countless vital products and by-products of petroleum and natural gas within the reach of everyone.

These are just a few of the ways A. O. Smith applies research and engineering to its work in steel. We cover many other fields... among these may be yours. Write! We'd like to tell you more.

Through research  ... a better way

# A.O. Smith

CORPORATION

MILWAUKEE 1, WISCONSIN

11 plants in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio,  
Wisconsin, Illinois, Texas and California  
International Division: Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin

to



make



steel



work



for



you!

# BUSINESS

## MINING

### Oklahoma Uranium

Uranium fever struck Oklahoma last week, carried there by a Texas wildcatter named Samuel Labon Shepherd. Eight months ago Oilman Shepherd was checking land in Nowata County in northeastern Oklahoma with a scintillator, an electric gadget used to find oil as well as uranium. Around him were wells producing oil by the waterflood method, in which oil is recovered by pumping water into the ground, thus increasing the underground pressure and forcing oil up the well. On the surface, the oil and water are separated, and the water is passed through a sand filter before being recirculated through the well.

Near one of the sand filters Shepherd got a surprise: his scintillator needle indicated high radioactivity. Shepherd scooped up some filter sand and shipped it off to the Atomic Energy Commission's office in Grand Junction, Colo. AEC reported that the sand contained up to 0.75% uranium, almost four times as rich as minimum commercial ore. The uranium, said AEC, was being deposited in the sand by water. But since sand is a poor concentrator, it was probably catching only about 20% of the uranium in the water.

Shepherd mixed some coal, a good uranium concentrator, with the sand in one of the oil-well filters. When he sent the filter coal to the Atomic Energy Commission after a few weeks, he got the report that it was several times as rich in uranium as the sand. Shepherd then took some shallow-core samples of the rock in one section of Nowata County and shipped them off to AEC. The assays showed a uranium content well above the lowest commercial grade.

**Radioactive Rumors.** Keeping his find to himself, Shepherd began buying leases and options on land in Nowata County and started negotiations to buy from Whitehill Oil Corp. several thousand acres where he had found radioactive filters. But two weeks ago that deal fell through. Reason: Climax Molybdenum Co., one of the nation's biggest uranium producers, bought Whitehill—and rumors started running around Wall Street of a big uranium find. In a declining market (see below), Climax stock scooted up six points, to 63½. Climax, which already has an active waterflood oil division, insisted that it bought Whitehill only for the oil. It was astonished when it first heard the uranium reports last week.

Climax acted fast. It flew one of its top uranium geologists out to Nowata, and hired a fleet of "gamma" trucks to scout the area. Reported Climax: some of its oilwell filters were indeed radioactive. But on the basis of its gamma reports and the general geology of the Nowata area, the company did not believe that there was any uranium lode on its land. It



Time Map by J. Donovan

speculated that the uranium, spread throughout the oilfields in small quantities in the rock, was leached out by the water and deposited in the filters.

**Patent Pending.** At week's end, nobody knew how much uranium was in Nowata County—or whether Sam Shepherd might have discovered a practical method of mining uranium by waterflood and filter. Others have tried such a process before—and failed. But it has never been tried as a byproduct of another operation, such as oil producing, that already pays the basic costs. In any case, Shepherd has applied for a patent on his method and is getting ready to ship about ten tons of filter sand from his holdings to AEC for processing.



SAM SHEPHERD & SCINTILLATOR  
The needle said yes, sir.

## WALL STREET

### Finger Shaker

Said a top Federal Reserve Board official last week: "We thought we had an obligation to warn the elevator operators that it is one thing to buy stocks for cash and another thing to use borrowed money." With that, FRB suddenly announced a boost in margin requirements: investors would have to put up 60% cash to buy stocks instead of 50%.

FRB's unexpected action scared the stock market into the biggest sell-off since the start of the Korean war. As prices dropped, the high-speed reporting tape fell as much as 15 minutes behind floor transactions. Sitting in their boardrooms, brokers could only guess, from a few scattered "flash prices," what was happening on the floor at any given moment. By day's end volume hit 4,640,000 shares. General Motors, which only two days before had hit a new high of 107½ on rumors of a stock split, and then lost seven points when the rumor proved false,\* dropped another 3½. General Electric lost two points, to 48; Du Pont was off 3½, to 167½. The Dow-Jones industrial average, which was at a new high at week's beginning, cracked 8.93 points, to 397.24.

**"Very Dangerous."** At the opening next day, the battering continued. Again the tape fell behind as sell orders were touched off all over the nation. Volume hit 5,300,000 shares, biggest since four days after World War II started. Later in the day the market steadied; the maximum lost in the Dow-Jones industrials was cut from more than seven points, to 5.35.

Next morning the encouraged bulls went on the rampage. The market went up almost as fast as it had declined, made up 40% of the preceding day's losses. Amid continuing reports of good business, good dividends and good earnings, prices jumped all through the list. The most spectacular gains were made by the railroads, which were cashing in on the business upswing; they had their best day in 21 years. New York Central was up 3½ points for the week, to 36½; Pennsy was up ½, to 24½. The Dow-Jones rail average soared 4.03 points in one day, to 144.34; the industrials rose 3.71 points, closed at 395.6 for a week's loss of 13.29 points.

In Washington Arkansas' Democratic Senator William Fulbright helped push the market down by announcing that his Banking and Currency Committee "probably will make a study" of the market's

\* G.M. instead announced plans for a new \$325 million stock issue, largest in corporate history and equal to about one-fourth of all common-stock financing done by U.S. industry in 1954. G.M. shareholders will be given the right to buy the stock at less than the market price on the basis of one new share for every 20 held.

## TIME CLOCK

recent sharp rise. Said Fulbright: "The situation looks very dangerous to me. It is too reminiscent of 1929." Committee Member A. Willis Robertson, a Virginia Democrat, disagreed, said that FRB and the Treasury Department were capable of watching the market without the help of any Congressional investigation. Added Alabama's John Sparkman: "I have never felt that we were at the top of the market's rise . . . I don't feel that yesterday's break shows that we have reached that top."

**No Alarm.** On Wall Street the market break was calmly interpreted as a long-overdue technical reaction after an almost uninterrupted rise of 15% in the past two months. Said President Edward T. McCormick of the American Stock Exchange: "In my opinion none of the basic economic indices justify alarm over the present level of the market . . ."

Actually, that was about the way the Federal Reserve Board felt about things. While it had noted that credit in the market rose 31% in ten months, to \$3.2 billion, FRB did not think that credit was getting out of hand. Its margin boost was meant to be a finger-shaking warning that FRB was ready to step in if necessary. "If we thought it was dangerous," said an FRB official, "we would have raised the margin requirements to 75%, or even higher." Nevertheless, the boost was a symptom of a far more important switch in basic credit policy, aimed not merely at the stock market but at nipping any possible new inflation. FRB has taken the "active" out of its policy of "active ease," is tightening credit generally. FRB has let the interest rate on short-term Government bills run up, and allowed free excess bank reserves to run down slightly. But FRB does not intend to try anything more drastic at the moment, lest it slow the nation's burgeoning economic recovery.

### BUSINESS ABROAD

#### State v. Private Industry

In Britain last week a box score on nationalized v. denationalized industry was posted. Year-end reports showed that steel, denationalized by the Tories after they took power three years ago, was doing much better than the government-run coal mines and railroads. Steel output last year hit an alltime high of 18.5 million tons, 43% over the prewar rate, and production schedules released last week estimated production at about 19.5 million tons this year and 21 million by 1958.

Although Laborites could argue that Britain's prospering economy helped the rise, there was little doubt about the real reason for it: private capital. Held back when steel was nationalized, capital is once more flowing in to build new coke ovens, blast furnaces, rolling mills, etc. Now plans are under way to build one of the biggest strip mills in the world with a

**CHEVROLET WON** the 1954 auto-production race by a hair, but Ford claims the sales lead for the first time since 1935, though final sales figures will not be in until February. Though Chevy made 1,414,286 cars to Ford's 1,394,657, Ford claims that it sold more. In 1953 Chevy out-produced Ford by nearly 20%, yet sold only 17% more cars.

**COPPER LODE** in Peru, one of the biggest ever found, will be developed by a combine of four big U.S. firms calling themselves the Southern Peru Copper Corp. The new company will be run by American Smelting & Refining Co. with 57 3/4% of the stock. Others: Cerro de Pasco Corp. (16%), Phelps Dodge Corp. (16%) and Newmont Mining Corp. (10 1/2%). The company will spend \$200 million within five years to develop deposits at 10,000 ft. along the western flank of the Andes, with more than 1 billion proven tons of copper ore.

**CRUDE-RUBBER STOCKPILING** should be ended, say rubber manufacturers. B.F. Goodrich Chairman John L. Collier says that the Government stockpile now has 1,200,000 long tons worth an estimated \$825 million—enough to last six to eight years in an emergency.

**NORTHWEST LABOR PEACE** for the embattled lumber industry seems assured for the next 15 months. Both A.F.L. and C.I.O. loggers (100,000 men), who walked out on strike for 84 days last fall, have agreed to a 7 1/2% pay increase recommended by an arbitration panel appointed by Washington's and Oregon's governors.

**DENVER BUILDING PROJECT** by two of President Eisenhower's fishing companions will be one of the biggest in Colorado's history. With other businessmen Bankers Bal F. Swan and Aksel Nielsen, joint owners of the ranch where Ike trout fishes, have formed the Turnpike Land Co. to build a \$100 million model community of 6,000 brick houses, shopping centers, parks,

schools and churches outside of town, along the turnpike running between Denver and Boulder.

**ELECTRONIC BRAINS** will soon be put to work by the Prudential Life Insurance Co. in a big way. The company has leased eight giant IBM brains for its home and regional offices, will use them to speed up billing of policyholders and other office operations. Cost: \$40,000 per machine per month.

**BANK OF AMERICA**, first private bank to pass the \$8 billion mark in resources, has climbed to \$9,163,355,289, an increase of more than \$661 million in a year.

**SCHENLEY INDUSTRIES**, one of the world's biggest whisky makers (fiscal 1954 sales: \$410 million), has gained control of Park & Tilford Distillers Corp. (estimated 1954 sales: \$45 million) by buying 176,000 shares of stock (70%) for \$7,500,000 from President Arthur D. Schulte and his family. Schenley will offer the same price (\$43 per share) to all remaining stockholders.

**TIRE PRICES**, up 5% in the last few months, are headed still higher. Both U.S. Rubber and Goodyear have just announced 2 1/2% to 5% price boosts because of continuing high crude-rubber prices, and the rest of the industry will probably follow suit. Predictions are for an overall 8% boost by June.

**CAB APPOINTMENT** to fill the seat vacated by Aeronautics Boss Oswald Ryan will go to Harold Jones, 57, a California Republican who served previously on the board under Harry Truman.

**BOEING JET TRANSPORT** prototype, with a total of 92 hours of test-flight time, has cruised considerably higher and faster than the 40,000 ft. and 550 m.p.h. first reported. The big four-jet plane has made one short flight at 634 m.p.h. and climbed to about 50,000 ft.

### RAILROADS

#### McGinnis Reports

After nine months as boss of the New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad, Patrick B. McGinnis last week made his first year-end report on the state of the road's health. Despite a \$1,152,606 net loss before he took over in April, said McGinnis, the New Haven wound up 1954 with a net income of \$9,000,000. As a result, he would be able not only to pay off \$2,400,000 on the New Haven's income mortgage bonds, but also to hand stockholders a welcome dividend: \$1.25 for preferred shareholders and a proposed 10% stock dividend for common shareholders. Furthermore, said McGinnis, heading off possible complaints that he is making a profit by cutting maintenance, the New Haven will modernize 1,000 old

million-ton annual capacity at a cost of \$280 million.

In contrast, the nationalized coal industry did badly. When the miners won a general wage increase a year ago, they agreed with the National Coal Board that a production increase of 2 1/2% (about 5,000,000 tons) was "a reasonable minimum aim." But when 1954 figures were published, the gain was a mere 270,000 tons. As a result, the Coal Board had to import 2,000,000 tons during the year; in the first nine months it suffered a \$9,800,000 loss.

The real trouble was that miners, mindful of the "bad old days" when they went hungry for lack of work, were fearful that they might work themselves out of jobs if they dug too much coal. Said one observer: "They are their own bosses now, and intend to keep things the way they are."



boxcars built in 1941, thus extend their life eight more years, and spend another \$1,000,000 for new signals along a 40-mile stretch of mainline track into Boston.

Wall Streeter McGinnis also announced that he wants to merge the New Haven with the \$269 million Boston & Maine Railroad within two years, says this will give New England the benefits of greater economy and better service. Most New Englanders are against the move, including Massachusetts' Governor Christian Herter. But after a meeting with the Governor, McGinnis said flatly that he still intends to steam full-speed ahead. He and his friends have already bought 350,000 shares of B. & M. stock, now own 42.5%. If that is not enough, said McGinnis, "we are willing to put in more money to get control."

## SHIPPING

### The New Fleet

With a sweep of a pen, American President Lines, biggest West Coast shipper, contracted with the U.S. Maritime Board last week for the complete replacement of a merchant fleet. Over the next ten years American President will retire all its 19 ships, including the 981-passenger *President Cleveland*, and its sister-ship the *President Wilson*, replace them with 18 to 20 new ships. Total cost of the program: \$225 million, of which the U.S. Govern-

ment will pay \$90 million, American President Lines the balance.

It was the biggest deal ever signed by a U.S. shipper, and Federal Maritime Administrator Louis S. Rothschild hopes that it will be a pattern for other U.S. lines, and a big step towards leveling out the feast-or-famine conditions that have plagued American shipbuilders.

The four passenger-cargo ships to be built under the new program will have a radical look. Among the proposals: a freight-liner, with all cargo forward, all decks and staterooms aft; a multidecked patio around the swimming pool to give inside staterooms an outside view; a picture-windowed cocktail lounge perched aloft in the streamlined main stack. Each ship will carry at least 100 passengers and have space for 500,000 cu. ft. of cargo, and will be plying American President's round-the-world trade routes by 1960.

The Maritime Board and American President had been working on the deal for several years, came to terms last summer on the first step—replacing eight ships at a cost of \$65.8 million (TIME, Aug. 9). But each saw a farther horizon. The board wanted the whole fleet modernized while American President was more immediately interested in getting a Government subsidy for operating over Trade Route 17 (Atlantic Coast through the Panama Canal to Malaya and Indonesia). Finally a bargain was struck. If American

President would agree to replace its entire fleet over a ten-year period, the Maritime Board would subsidize American President's operations on Route 17.

Under the new program American President has already bought and is converting four Mariner-class freighters, will put them into round-the-world service by summer. The timetable for additional orders: four passenger-cargo ships by July 1956, four to five new freighters for delivery by 1962, four to five more freighters for delivery by 1964, replace the *Cleveland* in 1964, the *Wilson* in 1965. Said President's President George Killion: "For years we've been forced to use war-built ships on routes for which they were not designed. But now American President is going to have a tailor-made ship for every route it serves."

## LABOR

### Red Stronghold Demolished

At International Harvester, a key fortress of the Red-led Farm Equipment-United Electrical Workers union has been the Rock Island (Ill.) Local 109, with more than 3,000 workers employed at the Farmall tractor works. Two years ago, Local 109 leaders had such a firm grip on the rank and file that the C.I.O. United Auto Workers withdrew an application for an NLRB election for fear of being trounced. Last week the A.W.A. went

# TREE FARMING: THE NEW CONSERVATION

IN the old days lumbermen had a harsh motto—"Cut and get out"—as they marched across U.S. forests leaving them stumped and stripped. The result was that by the late 1930s the U.S. was in danger of becoming timber-poor, and the lumber industry was under heavy fire from conservationists. Today, lumbermen have a new approach and a new program that promises to produce more trees than ever before. The project: tree farming, under which U.S. forests are as carefully planted, managed and harvested as lettuce and tomatoes. When loggers fell a tree, they make sure a new one grows in its place.

Tree farms, ranging in size from small, back-country wood lots to the vast forests of big logging firms, now cover 33,692,964 acres, an area bigger than New York State. Some 3,500,000 of these acres were set aside for farms last year for the first time. In the South tree farms cover 21 million acres from North Carolina to Texas. Florida has one gigantic farm of 800,000 acres owned by St. Joe Paper Co., and Texas has 3,400,000 acres producing fast-growing Southern pines for U.S. construction and pulp mills. But the biggest operations are in the Pacific Northwest (see following pages), where the idea first took root. There the Weyerhaeuser Timber Co., Potlatch Forests, J. Neils Lumber, Crown Zellerbach, Long-Bell Rayonier, and other large companies have nearly 8,000,000 acres of tall Douglas fir, cedar, hemlock, spruce and pine spreading across four states.

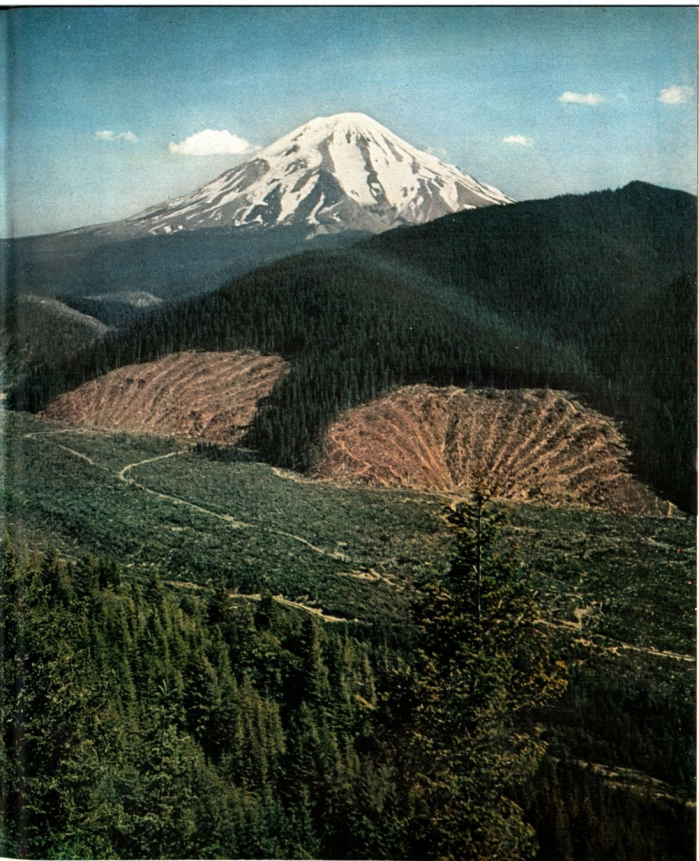
Credit for the idea goes largely to the Weyerhaeusers. As far back as the turn of the century enlightened lumbermen talked of timber as a steady crop instead of something to be mined like gold. But no one did much in an organized way until 1941, when dwindling U.S. lumber reserves, new wood-using industries, and the increased needs of World War II gave the idea a boost. For a starter, Weyerhaeuser planted the first 120,000 acres of logged-over ground near Montesano, Wash. with Douglas fir seedlings, and sat back to watch them grow to logging size in 80 to 100 years.

To help nature work for man, loggers now act as regulators

of the natural reseeding process. For example, in cutting over an area of Douglas fir, they fell trees in blocks about half a mile square, leaving thick stands of mature trees as natural nurseries to sow their airborne seeds over the cut areas. At five years the seedlings are Christmas-tree size and at 20 about the height of a two-story house, and growing about 300 to the acre. When the crop is 30 years old, the lumberman's harvest begins. With power saws the lumbermen thin out the weakest trees, use the wood for pulp and poles, leave the best trees to mature in another 50 to 70 years into huge, 150-ft. giants for the building industry.

The harvest is only half the job. Year round company foresters roam the woods to protect the crops against disease and fire, spray insecticides to kill off such enemies as the pine beetle and the spruce budworm, which can destroy masses of trees. If fire has cleaned out all mature, seed-bearing trees, the timbermen do their own planting. In six years Crown Zellerbach seeded nearly 30,000 acres of barren land, gave away more than 1,000,000 seedlings to 4-H clubs and others for planting.

Spurred by many new uses for wood, U.S. lumber production last year hit a new record of 36 billion board feet. Yet the loggers promise that there will be more timber in the U.S. in the future than there is now. "Our big problem," says Arthur W. Prialoux of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association, "is to get the idea across to the little guys. They can realize \$25 an acre every year by tree farming, more than they can make by putting the same land into pasture." Those who have tried it agree. Says one timber-wise farmer, who tree-farms 180 acres in Washington's Lewis County: "For years we struggled to clear this land for pasture and crops . . . Finally, the timber company told us to get wise and harvest timber as a crop. In the last ten years I've harvested 1,000,000 board feet of railway cross-ties, 800 cords of fuel wood, 1,000,000 board feet of saw logs and 500 cords of pulpwood off that land. Now my motto is 'Let your tree work for you.' It pays."



WEYERHAEUSER TREE FARM, beneath Washington's Mount St. Helens, shows clear-cut harvest method: bare areas, reseeded by fir trees left standing, will have new growth ready to harvest in 80-125 years.

Roy Atkinson



SELECTIVE LOGGING in dry pine forests thins out dead, over-age and damaged

trees, leaving younger ones to seed new growth. Above: J. Neils farm in Montana.



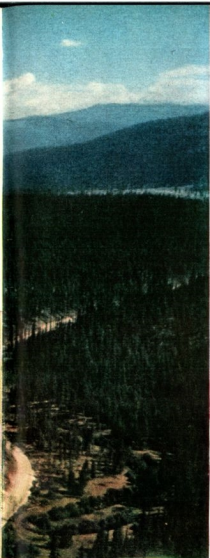
AERIAL SPRAYING, here used against spruce budworms that have eaten needles

from trees in Willamette National Forest, helps check insects and timber diseases.



Boy, Arizson





Ray Atkeson

U.S. Forestry Service



FOREST FIRES, such as this one in Oregon's fir and hemlock country, are fought by smoke-jumpers and mobile

ground units—brigades maintained cooperatively in timber land by private companies and U.S. and state agencies.



Ray Atkeson

BURNED SNAGS, ghostly reminders of 1933 Tillamook fire, still cover 237,000 acres of what was once Oregon's finest virgin forest. Lightning, sparks from loggers' equipment and careless campers start most fires. One result: natural means for reseeding trees are wiped out.



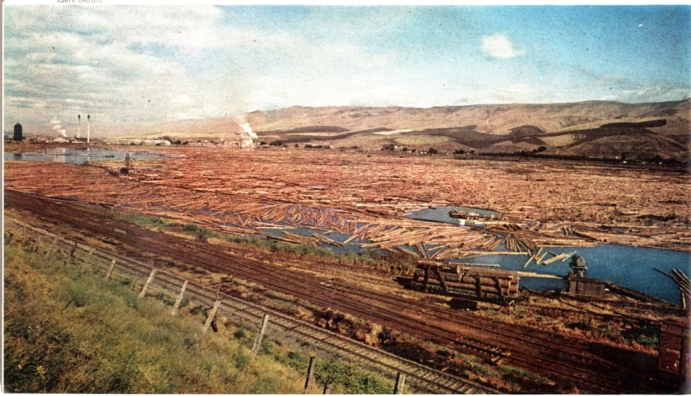


Bob & Ira Spring

**WHITE-WATER WANNIGAN**, a floating bunkhouse, rides rapids of Idaho's Clearwater River as it accompanies lumberjacks during annual 95-mile log drive, last big one in U.S.

Isaem Gerzht

**HARVEST OF LOGS**, gathered from the forests by truck, rail and river drive, fills Potlatch's big pond near sawmill and pulp and paper plant at Lewiston, Idaho (in distance).



into a second NLRB election with no intention of quitting.

On the side of the U.A.W. was the Rev. William ("Father Bill") O'Connor, a labor priest who has fought for 22 years in Rock Island for what he calls "vigorous American unionism," often over the protests of Quad-City\* businessmen. In the last seven years Father O'Connor has set up 30 labor schools for workmen in his district to fight Communist infiltration, notably in the Farm Equipment Workers union, which was thrown out of the C.I.O. in 1949.

With the election in doubt, Father O'Connor called on his friend Msgr. T. J. Jordan, dean of ten Rock Island-East Moline Roman Catholic churches for support. On Sunday before the election, the parish priests read an announcement of Msgr. Jordan from the pulpit: "The issue is simple—the choice of C.I.O.-U.A.W., a good American union, or Communist-dominated U.E.-F.E. Good Catholics, who know the evils of atheistic Communism, should vote . . . C.I.O.-U.A.W." Across the Mississippi in Davenport and Bettendorf, Iowa, another seven priests joined the campaign. After the sermons, two U.E.-F.E. shop stewards bolted to the C.I.O. Next day at Farmall, though no more than 15% of the workers are Catholic, U.A.W. buttons blossomed everywhere, and the result no longer seemed in doubt. The C.I.O.-U.A.W. won by 1,740 to 760.

The C.I.O. had broken the back of the Red-led union in the farm-equipment industry. U.A.W. claims some 19,000 Harvester workers, v. 9,000 for the U.E. The U.A.W. also thinks that it is a sure winner in another contest this week with U.E. for 600 workers at Harvester's Richmond (Ind.) plant. Said a triumphant U.A.W. organizer: "They'll be coming in so fast we'll have to bar the door."

## AUTOS

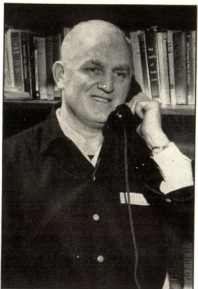
### The Last 1955s

The auto industry rolled out the last of the new 1955 models last week:

❑ Studebaker-Packard's President James J. Nance brought out his first all-new Packard with V-8 engine rated up to 260 h.p., wraparound windshields, and a new electrically controlled torsion-bar suspension that takes most of the bumps out of rough roads. The eight restyled models come in 17 single-tone colors and 36 two-tone combinations. Still to be shown: Packard's super convertible Caribbean, which will pack the most horsepower (275) of any standard model on the road.

❑ American Motors' new Hudsons, completely restyled, have wraparound windshields and bumpers, a new V-8 engine (made by Packard) with as much as 208 h.p. They are a shade longer than last year's slow-selling models, and resemble the 1955 Nash also brought out last week.

❑ Kaiser-Willys announced two new models, with seven inches more in length and



Harry E. Boll  
"FATHER BILL" O'CONNOR  
After the sermons, a rush.

\$300 to \$400 less in price than last year's models: the Bermuda, a two-door hardtop replacing the Eagle, has a factory list price of \$1,795; the Custom, replacing the Ace, has a list price of \$1,725.

### Too Big? Too Powerful?

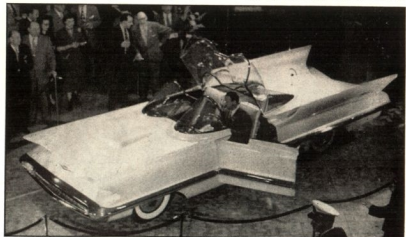
Are American cars too big, too long, too wide and too powerful? Last week, too late of the new 1955 models came out (see above), there was a country-wide argument about Detroit's latest marvels.

Ever since war's end, when automen started the great horsepower race in earnest, there have been complaints that safety was neglected for speed and power. Any further boost in either horsepower or size, cried New York Traffic Commissioner T. T. Wiley, would be "sheer madness." Auto makers have "gone on a horsepower jag . . . as insidious as dope." Added Denver's Traffic Engineer Jack Bruce: "We're running 300-h.p. cars on 50-h.p.

streets." But despite the highway toll, the cold fact is that safety on the road is greater now than it was before World War II. In 1937, when horsepower was pushing the 60s, there were 39,643 traffic fatalities in the U.S., or 13.3 deaths for every 10,000 passenger vehicles on the road. In 1941, as horsepower crept higher, there were about the same number of deaths, but with more cars on the highways the ratio dropped to 11.6 per 10,000 autos in use. The 1953 fatality figure was actually lower (38,300) than in 1937. And there were fewer than seven deaths per 10,000 vehicles, or about half the 1937 ratio. Said Director John W. Maloolf of the Georgia Citizen's Council: "A fast take-off and extra power can save people's lives in an emergency. We just have to teach drivers how to save it for emergencies."

"One Happy Man." A louder complaint about the 1955 cars concerns their size. In Seattle, curbside meter parking spaces laid out at a uniform 20 ft. in 1941, last week were being changed to 22 ft. to accommodate the new models. "If the cars were cut in half," said Traffic Engineer Emris E. Lewarch, "I'd be one happy man." All over the U.S. home owners with garages built 20 years ago complained that they could no longer close their garage doors on the new monsters. "The new Cadillac is a swell car," said a Los Angeles supersalesman of a smaller brand. "but will you have enough money left over to buy a new garage to fit it?" Some people cut sections out of their garage walls, let bumpers protrude. Complained a Chicago motorist: "My garage fits so close, it's like the skin on a grape."

But the private garage owners' complaints were as nothing compared to those of the commercial garages. Everywhere garage attendants were playing all the angles to wedge the long, broad cars of today into spaces designed for the cars of yesterday. Some of the bigger cars could no longer navigate the narrow ramps to upper floors. In downtown Los Angeles, the May Co. garage, built 28 years ago to hold 675 cars, had to be redesigned, now holds only 450. Seattle's Olympic Garage



Lincoln-Mercury's Futura  
And a garage like the skin of a grape.

Arthur Shay

\* Rock Island, Moline, E. Moline (Ill.) and Davenport (Iowa).

## What does he hear?

Is he playing back a "dry-run" on tomorrow's important speech?  
A plea for an allowance increase from his college son?  
Favorite "hit parade" tunes?  
These and more can be yours  
on tape... because Ampro records  
anything, plays back instantly!

- Two speeds; high fidelity or long-play
- Electro-magnetic piano key controls
- Automatic selection locator
- \$239.95 at music shops, camera counters, appliance dealers, department stores



CONSOLE SPEAKER  
AS SHOWN, \$59.95

*Ampro* **HI-FI TWO-SPEED**  
*Tape Recorder*

AMPRO CORPORATION • CHICAGO 18, ILLINOIS

A SUBSIDIARY OF  
GENERAL PRECISION  
EQUIPMENT CORPORATION



MIT

## Massachusetts Investors Trust Special Distribution of Capital Gains

The Trustees have declared a special distribution of net long-term capital gains of twenty-nine cents (80.29) a share payable February 18, 1955, in shares or, at the option of the shareholders, in cash, to shareholders of record December 31, 1954.



ROBERT W. LADD, Secretary  
300 Berkeley Street, Boston  
January 4, 1955.

**TOMORROW'S BLUE CHIPS**  
ARE ON THE **AMERICAN** STOCK EXCHANGE  
SEND FOR FREE BOOKLET  
"DIVIDENDS FOR A DECADE"

**JAY W. KAUFMANN & CO.**

MEMBER  
AMERICAN  
STOCK EXCHANGE

111 BROADWAY, NEW YORK 6, N.Y.  
BOSTON, MASS. • RIVERHEAD, N.Y.

## WHEN YOU COME WEST, YOUNG MAN

Enjoy thoroughbred racing every Sunday  
the year 'round at this international play-ground just 10 minutes south of California.



BEAUTIFUL  
**CALIENTE**

HOME OF THE WORLD-FAMOUS  
CALIENTE FUTURE BOOK

For complete details and passes to Caliente, write to  
Caliente Race Course, Box 2087, Tijuana, Mexico.

DISCOVER  
**The DRAKE**  
OF PHILADELPHIA

30 STORIES  
OF  
HOSPITALITY!

New Drake Ballroom and other rooms  
recently decorated by Dorothy Draper.

TIME —



to be well informed

was built in 1930 to hold 500 cars. Present capacity: 400. Cracked Foreman Al Abrahamson, who spends his days working in and out of the close-packed autos: "If the cars don't get smaller, the only solution will be to can the present crew and start advertising for emaciated men, specially designed to be garage attendants." In a big San Francisco Shell garage, attendants were getting used to jockeying the cars into position, then pushing them by hand into their parking spaces. Otherwise, they would not be able to open the door and get out once the cars were jammed in.

**Things to Come.** How long and wide will the car of the future be? A hint of possible things to come was given in Chicago last week, when Ford's Lincoln-Mercury Division showed off its experimental Futura, a car with an Italian Ghia body on a special Lincoln chassis. The two-seater, shark-finned Futura (see cut) has a plastic-canopied compartment where driver and passenger sit in air-conditioned comfort sealed off from the noise and dirt of the world, pick up outside noises through a microphone. A full 19 ft. overall, the Futura is almost a foot longer than most standard models on the road, and almost six inches wider (7 ft.). While the Futura is strictly an experimental model, Lincoln Boss Benson Ford gave a preview of what to expect in his next-year models. Said he: "The 1956 Lincolns will be a good deal longer than the present ones. They have to be to come even with Cadillac and the other big cars. You've got to be long to compete."

From the sales results of the past year, when Chrysler Corp. tried to sell shorter cars and lost half its share of the market (Time, Aug. 16), that would seem to be true. But hard as it is for most motorists to believe, the trend to longer and wider cars has been more apparent than real since the war. The big stretch-out came in the '30s, when trunk room was added to accommodate a traveling America. Car bodies have since been stretched to the bumper line, and out to where the running boards once reached. But in many models, overall length and width have actually been shrinking. Chevrolet and Ford, for example, are both an inch shorter overall than they were in 1947; the Buick Special is an inch shorter, and the Roadmaster more than an inch; Pontiac is a full 4 in. shorter; Oldsmobile, Lincoln and Packard have all shrunk. Said General Motors' Chief Designer Harley Earl: "The American passenger car has been on a diet since 1946, and it will continue to be on a diet for a few years to come. The general trend is to lower, narrower and shorter cars."

## PERSONNEL

### Young Men of the Year

The U.S. Junior Chamber of Commerce, which has a membership of 200,000 young men under 36, last week performed its annual rite of naming "America's Ten Outstanding Young Men of 1954." The ten:

¶ Lawyer Robert F. Kennedy, 29, younger brother of Senator John Kennedy, and

# THE MEMBERSHIP OF A DISTINGUISHED CLUB...

C. I. P. Century Club Now Has 67 Members

## CLUB ROSTER

DEPT. OF WATER AND WATER SUPPLY  
City of Albany, New York

NIAGARA MOHAWK POWER CORP.  
Albany, New York (gas)

ALEXANDRIA WATER COMPANY  
Alexandria, Virginia

BUREAU OF WATER, DEPT. OF PUBLIC  
WORKS, Baltimore, Maryland

CONSOLIDATED GAS, ELECTRIC LIGHT  
AND POWER CO., Baltimore, Md.

PUBLIC WORKS DEPT., WATER DIV.  
Boston, Massachusetts

BOSTON CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.  
Boston, Massachusetts

PUBLIC SERVICE ELEC. & GAS CO.  
Bound Brook, N. J.

BRIDGEPORT GAS LIGHT COMPANY  
Bridgeport, Conn.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, DIVISION  
OF WATER, Buffalo, New York

SO. CAROLINA ELECTRIC & GAS CO.  
Charleston, S. C.

PEOPLES GAS LIGHT & COKE CO.  
Chicago, Ill.

WATER WORKS DEPARTMENT  
Chicago, Ill.

\*CINCINNATI GAS & ELECTRIC CO.  
Cincinnati, Ohio

\*COLUMBIA WATER COMPANY  
Columbia, Pa.

BOARD OF WATER COMMISSIONERS  
Detroit, Michigan

MICHIGAN CONSOLIDATED GAS CO.  
Detroit, Michigan

FALL RIVER GAS WORKS COMPANY  
Fall River, Massachusetts

CITY OF FREDERICK WATER DEPT.  
Frederick, Maryland

\*FREDERICK GAS COMPANY, INC.  
Frederick, Maryland

GAS DEPARTMENT  
City of Fredericksburg, Virginia

PUBLIC SERVICE COMMISSION  
City of Halifax, N. S., Public Water  
Supply

THE HARTFORD GAS COMPANY  
Hartford, Connecticut

\*WATER BUREAU OF THE METRO-  
POLITAN DISTRICT  
Hartford, Connecticut

MUNICIPAL WATER WORKS  
Huntsville, Alabama

\*CITIZENS GAS & COKE UTILITY  
Indianapolis, Indiana

BUREAU OF WATER  
Lancaster, Pennsylvania

LOUISVILLE GAS & ELECTRIC CO.  
Louisville, Kentucky

CITY OF LYNCHBURG WATER DEPT.  
Lynchburg, Virginia

NATURAL GAS SERVICE, INC.  
Madison, Indiana

MOBILE GAS SERVICE CORP.  
Mobile, Alabama

MOBILE WATER WORKS COMPANY  
Mobile, Alabama

QUEBEC HYDRO-ELECTRIC COMM.  
Montreal, Quebec

\*PUBLIC WORKS DEPT., WATER-  
WORKS & SEWERAGE DIV.  
Montreal, Quebec

WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT  
City of Nashville, Tennessee

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC & GAS CO.  
New Brunswick, N. J.

NEW HAVEN GAS COMPANY  
New Haven, Conn.

NEW ORLEANS PUBLIC SERVICE, INC.  
New Orleans, Louisiana (gas)

PUBLIC SERVICE ELECTRIC & GAS CO.  
Newark, New Jersey

DEPT. OF WATER, GAS & ELECTRICITY  
New York, New York

PHILADELPHIA ELEC. CO., Gas Dept.  
Norristown, Pa.

CITY OF PAINESVILLE, Gas Dist. Dept.  
Painesville, Ohio

DEPT. OF PUBLIC WORKS, BUREAU OF  
WATER, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

PHILADELPHIA GAS WORKS CO.  
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

BUREAU OF WATER, DEPT. OF PUBLIC  
WORKS, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania

PLYMOUTH GAS LIGHT COMPANY  
Plymouth, Mass.

POTTSVILLE WATER COMPANY  
Pottsville, Pennsylvania

PROVIDENCE GAS COMPANY  
Providence, Rhode Island

QUEBEC POWER COMPANY, GAS DIV.  
Quebec, Canada

BUREAU OF WATER  
Reading, Pennsylvania

DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES (gas)  
Richmond, Va.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES (water)  
Richmond, Va.

ROCHESTER GAS & ELECTRIC CORP.  
Rochester, N. Y.

\*DIVISION OF WATER & SEWERS  
Sacramento, Calif.

WATER & SEWERAGE DEPARTMENT  
City of Saint John, N. B.

DEPT. OF PUBLIC UTILITIES, WATER  
DIVISION, St. Louis, Missouri

NORTH SHORE GAS COMPANY  
Salem, Mass.

WATER DIVISION, Dept. of Engineering  
Syracuse, New York

THE CONSUMER'S GAS CO. OF  
TORONTO, Toronto, Ontario

DEPT. OF WATER WORKS  
Troy, New York

CITY OF UTICA, BOARD OF WATER  
SUPPLY, Utica, New York

CITY OF WHEELING WATER DEPT.  
Wheeling, West Virginia

WILMINGTON WATER DEPT.  
Wilmington, Delaware

WATER DEPARTMENT  
City of Winchester, Virginia

WATER DEPARTMENT  
City of Winston-Salem, N. C.

YORK WATER COMPANY  
York, Pennsylvania

WATER DEPARTMENT  
City of Zanesville, Ohio



The Cast Iron Pipe Century Club is probably the most unusual club in the world. Membership is limited to municipal, or privately-owned, water and gas supply systems having cast iron mains in service for a century or more.

In spite of the unique requirement for membership, the Club roster grows, year by year, from 18 in 1947 to 67 in 1954. And why not, when a survey sponsored by three water works associations, indicates that 96% of all 6-inch and larger cast iron water mains ever laid in 25 representative cities are still in service. And when answers to a questionnaire, mailed to gas officials in 43 large cities, show that *original* cast iron mains are still in service in 29 of the cities.

If your records show a cast iron main in service, laid a century or more ago, the Club invites you to send for a handsome framed Certificate of Honorary Membership. Address Thomas F. Wolfe, Recording Secretary, Cast Iron Pipe Century Club, Peoples Gas Bldg., Chicago 3, Illinois.

\*New Members in 1954

# CAST IRON PIPE

SERVES  FOR CENTURIES



New  
MARATHON  
BLACK  
HECTO MASTERS  
are  
clean



The unpleasant stain and smear that once was the trademark of hectograph spirit duplicating is rapidly becoming a thing of the past—thanks to Columbia research and development. New, Black Marathon Ready-Master Units are clean—clean because Columbia's exclusive ink does not "blossom" on contact with the skin—clean because protective Supercoating covers carbon surface and all edges. Yes, the results you can obtain from Marathon Black Ready-Master Units will prove how much Columbia engineering has advanced the quality of hectograph duplicating.

Use the coupon below attached to your business letterhead to obtain your copy of the Free booklet, "Quality Duplicating With Hectograph".



**Columbia**  
RIBBONS • CARBONS  
DUPLICATING SUPPLIES

COLUMBIA RIBBON AND  
CARBON MFG. CO., INC.  
751 Herb Hill Road, Glen Cove, N. Y.  
Send booklet,  
"Quality Duplicating With Hectograph".

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ Zone \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

minority counsel of Joe McCarthy's Senate Subcommittee on Investigations, for assembling the facts which persuaded owners of 242 vessels not to trade with Iron Curtain countries (TIME, April 4, 1953).

¶ Educator Dr. Frank A. Rose, 34, president of Transylvania College, Lexington, Ky., for increasing the student body 100% and the endowment by 25%.

¶ Major Charles E. Yeager, 31, first human to fly faster than the speed of sound (in a Bell XS-1), for his contributions as a test pilot (TIME, Dec. 21, 1953).

¶ Archaeologist-Explorer Dr. Wendell Phillips, 33, of Concord, Calif., for his contributions to tropical medicine, paleontology and ethnology.

¶ Notre Dame Football Coach Terence

P. Brennan, 26, for his "inspiration to the youth of America."

¶ Artist-Sculptor Arthur M. Kraft, 33, of Kansas City, Mo.

¶ Polio Fighter Dr. William A. Spencer, 32, for establishing the first regional polio respiratory center in the U.S., at Houston.

¶ Research Metallurgist J. Herbert Holmstrom, 35, of General Electric's Schenectady plant, for some 25 discoveries about metals.

¶ South Carolina's Lieutenant Governor Ernest F. Hollings, 32, for authoring the successful bill for a secret ballot and use of voting machines in his state.

¶ Davis Cup Star Hamilton F. Richardson, 21, of Baton Rouge, for his tennis triumphs despite the handicap of diabetes (TIME, Oct. 25).

## MILESTONES

**Born.** To Lieut. Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, 36, Premier of Egypt, and Mme. Nasser, 30; their fifth child, third son. Name: Abdel Hakim. Weight: 9½ lbs.

**Married.** Thomas E. Millsop, 56, president of National Steel Corp., fifth largest U.S. producer; and Mrs. Frances Weir, widow of David M. Weir, one of the founders of the Weirton Steel Co. (a National subsidiary); he for the third time, she for the second; in San Francisco.

**Married.** Mrs. Mona Harrison Williams, 57, perennially "best dressed" widow of Public Utilitycoon Harrison Williams, who left her the bulk of his estimated \$12 million fortune when he died 14 months ago, aged 80; and Count Albert Edward Bismarck, 51, interior decorator and grandson of Prince Otto von Bismarck, first chancellor of the German Empire; she for the fourth time, he for the first; in Edgewater, N.J.

**Married.** Herbert S. Morrison, 67, deputy leader of the British Labor Party and onetime Foreign Secretary; and Edith Meadowcroft, 47, retired credit-clothing-store manager; for the second time (his first wife died in 1953), she for the first; in Rochdale, England.

**Died.** Charles Christian Wertenbaker, 53, longtime (1931-48) *FORTUNE* and *TIME* writer and editor, World War II chief *TIME-LIFE* military correspondent in Europe, writer on U.S. foreign policy (*A New Doctrine for the Americas*), novelist (*Death of Kings*); of cancer; in Ciboure, France. Wertenbaker directed *TIME*'s coverage of the Normandy beachhead, was among the first newsmen to enter liberated Paris, received the Medal of Freedom from the U.S. Army for "exceptionally meritorious achievement." In 1948 he retired to write fiction.

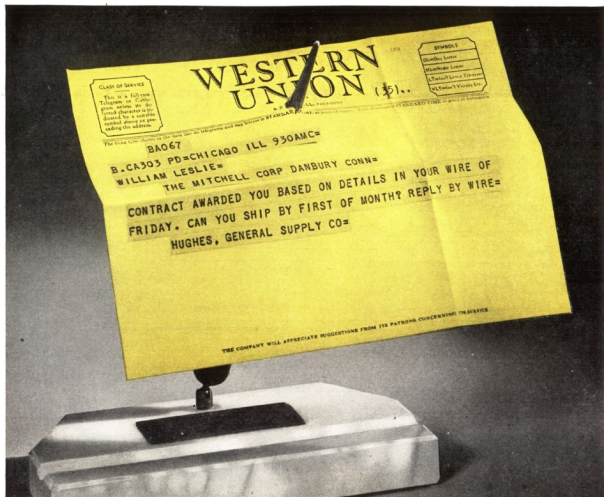
**Died.** Raissa Irene Berkman Browder, 58, Russian-born wife of Earl Browder, deposed head (1946) of the Communist Party in the U.S., and mother of his three

sons; after long illness; in Yonkers, N.Y. Raissa Berkman married Browder in Moscow in 1926, entered the U.S. from Canada in 1933, waged a four-year fight to avoid deportation on grounds of illegal entry. In a politically unpopular decision, the Board of Immigration Appeals permitted her to leave the country and re-enter as a quota immigrant in 1944. She was later barred from naturalization, at the time of her death was again subject to deportation and, with her husband, under perjury indictment on charges of falsely denying Communist Party membership.

**Died.** General José Mendes Ribeiro Norton de Mattos, 88, leading light of Portugal's Liberal Party and bitter opponent of Dictator António de Oliveira Salazar; after long illness; in Ponte do Lima, Portugal. In the 1949 presidential election, De Mattos became the first candidate ever to run in opposition to the Salazar regime, established in 1928. He later withdrew, charging unfair electoral practices.

**Died.** Sir Arthur Keith, 88, top-ranking British anthropologist, director of the surgical experimental station of the Royal College of Surgeons, renowned for his studies in the origins of modern man, and widely criticized in the 1930s for his defense of war as nature's indispensable "pruning hook"; of a stroke; in Downe, England. An ardent believer in Darwinism (which he called "impregnable"), Sir Arthur devoted his lifetime to searching for the missing link between man and the ape, saw man's prehistoric past as justification for his belief that racial prejudice and nationalism "work for the ultimate good of mankind."

**Died.** Edward R. Pease, 97, last survivor of Britain's original Fabian Society, founded in 1883 to preach the inevitability of socialism without revolution; in Limsfield, England. Onetime London Stock Exchange Member Pease represented the Fabians at the conference of socialist organizations in 1900 that gave birth to the British Labor Party.



## Why a telegram makes your message very important

**Y**OUR MESSAGE on a telegram stands out like a match in the dark. It says, "I'm important!" in a voice too urgent to be ignored.

Note the "Reply by Wire". It's a request that won't be missed... won't be forgotten... when 2-way speed is a *must*.

No wonder busy executives use telegrams to make sales, close deals, arrange appointments, submit

prices and above all, to get facts straight... whatever their type of business.

Isn't it time *you* made telegrams a habit?

*when it means business  
it's wise  
to wire*

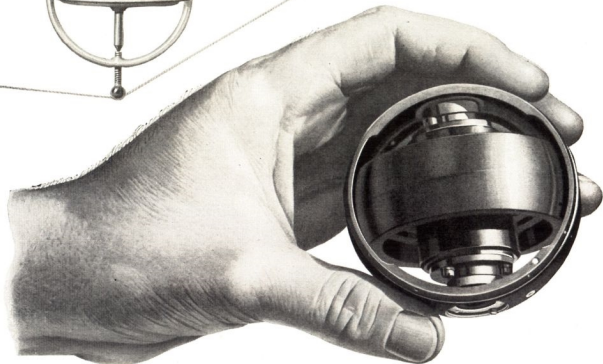
# WESTERN UNION



**GET THE ANSWER . . .  
GET IT FASTER!**

Always ask for a reply by wire. You get telegraphic speed both ways.

You Remember the Toy...  
HERE'S THE REAL M<sup>c</sup>COY!



## **Bendix** GYROS... amazingly precise navigate planes, guide missiles, point

ONE of the first gyroscopes on record is credited to Bohnenberger; the date, 1810. Compared to today's precision-made gyros, of course, it was in the toy class.

The evolution of the gyro from a novelty to a definite place of importance in the field of aviation and our national defense program is worth noting.

The value of a gyro is in direct ratio to its accuracy. Thus, even if early applications had been apparent, the gyros of the 19th century could not have met the requirements.

Some of the first practical applications of the gyro were in instruments for airplanes. And while most Bendix Gyros today still find their way into commercial and military airplanes, they also do many other jobs—help point guns, stabilize aerial photographic platforms, direct and stabilize radar antennas and many others.

It should be explained that a gyro does not stabilize or control anything directly—*except itself*.

But its peculiar ability to hold *itself* fixed, almost unwaveringly, in any designated position despite the movements of the object to which it is attached, provides the gyro's user with a vital requirement—a firm, stable reference point on which to base calculations or corrective actions.

Developing and manufacturing gyros and gyro-controlled instruments for blind flight, automatic pilots and the famous Bendix Polar Path† compass which has made polar navigation practical, is another facet of the Bendix Aviation Corporation's diverse operation handled by our Eclipse-Pioneer Division, Teterboro, N. J. Contacting E-P will get you quick answers to problems involving aviation instruments and components.

A FEW OF THE MANY BENDIX GYRO APPLICATIONS



## "tops" that help fly and guns, take pictures, aim radar!

For the complete picture of Bendix and ideas on how some of our thousand products can contribute to the efficiency of your business, write to the address below for the brochure "Bendix and Your Business."

**ENGINEERS:** Bendix diversity offers unlimited opportunity to experienced men and undergraduates. Write for the interesting brochure "Bendix and Your Future."

BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION  
Fisher Building • Detroit 2, Michigan



### PRINCIPAL DIVISIONS AND BASIC PRODUCTS

ECLIPSE-PIONEER, TETERBORO, N. J.  
*aviation instruments and components; foundry.*

SCINTILLA, SIDNEY, N. Y.  
*aviation ignition systems; industrial engine magnets; diesel fuel injection; electrical connectors; ignition analyzers.*

RED BANK, EATONTOWN, N. J.  
*electron tubes; dynamos; inverters; AC-DC generators.*

BENDIX RADIO, TOWSON, Md.  
*radar; auto, railroad, mobile and aviation radio; television.*

ECLIPSE MACHINE, ELMIRA, N. Y.  
*bicycle coaster brakes, Stromberg® carburetors, electric fuel pumps, starter drives.*

ZENITH CARBURETOR, DETROIT, MICH.  
*automotive, marine and small engine carburetors.*

BENDIX-SKINNER, DETROIT, MICH.  
*micronic filters.*

PACIFIC, NORTH HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.  
*telemetering equipment; hydraulic and electric actuators; depth recorders; boat steerers.*

BENDIX FRIEZ, TOWSON, Md.  
*meteorological instruments, precision instruments and recorders.*

BENDIX PRODUCTS, SOUTH BEND, IND.  
*automotive brakes, carburetors, power steering; aviation brakes, landing gear, fuel metering.*

MARSHALL-ECLIPSE, TROY, N. Y.  
*brake blocks, brake lining, synthetic resins.*

CINCINNATI, CINCINNATI, OHIO  
*automatic viscosity regulators, nuclear products.*

BENDIX COMPUTER, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.  
*digital computers.*

HAMILTON, HAMILTON, OHIO  
*jet engine controls and aircraft pumps.*

LAKESHORE, ST. JOSEPH, MICH.  
*power steering and automotive devices.*

UTICA, UTICA, N. Y.  
*aviation components.*

MONTROSE, SOUTH MONTROSE, PA.  
*aviation components.*

PIONEER-CENTRAL, DAVENPORT, IOWA  
*aviation instruments and components; ultrasonic cleaners.*

YORK, YORK, PA.  
*electronic devices; test equipment.*

BENDIX-ECLIPSE OF CANADA, LTD.  
Windsor, Ont.

BENDIX INTERNATIONAL  
New York City



®REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

[EXCLUSIVE TRADE NAME OF BENDIX AVIATION CORPORATION]



## BOOKS

### Remember Pearl Harbor?

ADMIRAL KIMMEL'S STORY (206 pp.)—*Husband E. Kimmel*—Regnery (\$3.75).

"Until this day I have kept silence on the subject of Pearl Harbor," writes Admiral Husband E. Kimmel, 72. "Now, however, I deem it my duty to speak out." In testimony at inquiries, Kimmel previously implied that Washington kept vital information from him before the Japanese struck at his fleet. Books by his partisans have done the same. Now Kimmel makes the direct charge for the first time: "This lack of action on the part of both the War and Navy Departments must have been in accordance with high political direction."

Admiral Kimmel is entitled to tear off an angry book. As the responsible commander on the spot, he and the late General Walter Short were singled out as scapegoats for those U.S. leaders who blundered in assuming the Hawaiian base safe from attack. Relieved from command, Kimmel was refused the court-martial that might have shown whether or not he deserved to bear all the blame alone. And when finally he got a hearing at a postwar congressional investigation, his countrymen were then persuaded that the real blunders at Pearl Harbor were the Japanese, and the old salt was swamped in a sea of politicians' words.

**Spy System.** Everything considered, the admiral has presented his case with brevity, restraint and a quarterdeck command of facts now long on the record. The U.S. was unready at Pearl Harbor, says Kimmel, but not by his fault. The trouble, he says, was that Washington never told him what was cooking or where and when it might boil over. All through

November, for instance, Washington was reading intercepted messages in which the Japanese consulate in Hawaii sent Tokyo pinpoint locations of Pearl Harbor warships. Says Kimmel: "The information received during the ten days preceding the attack clearly pointed to the Fleet at Pearl Harbor as the Japanese objective, yet not one word of warning and none of this information was given to the Hawaiian Commanders."

**War Warning.** It is clear that—possibly to safeguard the secret that the U.S. was cracking Japanese codes—Washington did not give Kimmel all the information he needed. But special commissions, Army and Navy boards and congressional committees have gone through all this, and it is a fact that on Nov. 27, 1941 the Navy Department sent Kimmel a formal "war warning." He might have been more alert, might, for instance, have ordered distant air searches when his own intelligence officer told him that he had suddenly lost four Japanese carriers, *i.e.*, could not place them at their usual empire bases.

A lot of what Kimmel says makes sense. It is easy to be sympathetic with the unhappy admiral. It is harder to go along with him when he concludes: "I cannot excuse those in authority in Washington for what they did. . . . In my book they must answer on the Day of Judgment like any other criminal."

### Shaggy Dragon Story

SIR HENRY (187 pp.)—*Robert Nathan*—Knopf (\$3).

The dragon was a scaly monster with a forked tongue and hooked claws. He politely requested the knight's identity. "I am Henry of Brentwood, knight," the knight replied. "My father was Sir Tiffany of The Glen, and my mother was an enchantress."

"Nonsense," said the dragon. "Your mother was a kitchen wench. . . ."

"She enchanted my father," said Sir Henry simply, "and the enchantment was strong enough to bring me into the world."

With that, Sir Henry tried to charge, but his nervous horse backed away. Soon the dragon was spitting clouds of smoke and fire. As the monster opened his mouth wide, horse and rider were so scared that the knight dropped his spear—right into the dragon's mouth. It killed the beast stone-cold dead before you could as much as say Saint George.

That was only the beginning of Sir Henry's troubles. By slaying the dragon, he, of course, won the damsel, Lady Ali-sane, the dragon's ward, had been idly waiting around to be rescued, and as soon as the battle ended, she stepped forward and offered her knight some tea.

**Second Maid.** The world of *Sir Henry* was made by Novelist Robert (*Portrait of Jennie*) Nathan. It is located at the intersection where whimsy and satire collide. It is a slap-happy world, in a well-bred way, where the fish are philosophical.



NOVELIST NATHAN  
A run-of-the-mill knight.

"There are creatures beyond us; for I have seen their shadows," says a trout to a nonbelieving chum, who thinks all there is beyond is an absence of water. "Do they lay eggs?" asks the chum. "They are altogether spiritual," says the trout. As for the dogs, they are even better than the fish. They are romantic. "If you had wings," a he dog murmurs to a she dog, "you would be an angel."

The animal Author Nathan is really aiming at, of course, is man; in the shape of Sir Henry, he makes a fine target. No longer young, prudent Sir Henry is just a run-of-the-mill knight who wears old-fashioned armor, travels with a hot-water bottle and suffers from nosebleed after battle. Head up, though run down after his encounter with the dragon, he is lucky enough to beat the daylight out of another knight and win a second fair maid. This doubles his troubles. With two women to choose between, Sir Henry becomes the eternal, quintessential male—totally incapable of making up his mind as he holds on to both of them.

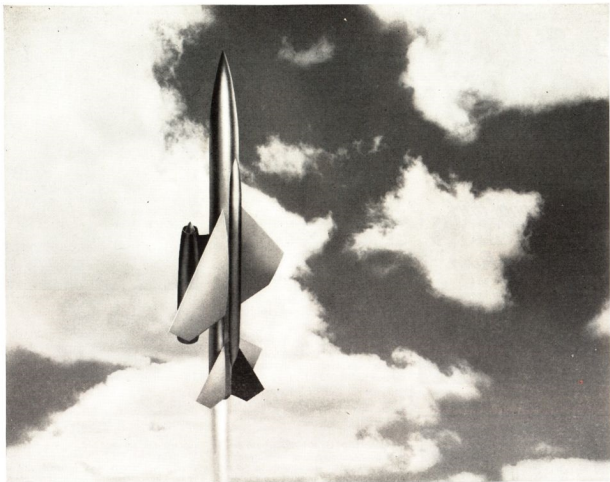
**Suburban Bliss.** Sir Henry is sufficiently tired to realize that his quest is not for glory and the Grail, but for the cozy security of a small castle with a hot-and-cold-running moat. But once he finds his medieval version of suburban bliss and the *itinerant ménage à trois* settles down, he feels he is committed to being a hero. So off he rides again on his trusty steed, this time to face the greatest foe a man can have: himself. It is a battle that Satirist Nathan does not allow his Everyman to win.

Novelist Nathan is that literary oddity, a lineal descendant of James Branch Cabell. Their type of gently spoofing, satirical fantasy is not much in vogue these days, but Author Nathan is an expert practitioner of the genre. His touch is light, his fish are intelligent, and his dogs and dragons are shaggy.



APOLOGIST KIMMEL  
A fateful day.

United Press



## Spearhead of a new Air Force defense weapons system

One of the weapons taking an increasingly prominent position in American defense plans is the guided missile.

Like any other category of weapons, guided missiles vary in design, in complexity, and in performance. Some missiles are destined for short-range efforts. In contrast, the F-99 pilotless interceptor now being developed by Boeing in co-operation with the Air Force is a longer-range missile designed to strike high-speed enemy bombers over areas away from vital targets. While the missile is operating at supersonic speed, its flight path will be controlled by elec-

tronic devices that guide the missile into position to destroy the target aircraft.

As a part of the F-99 Bomarc missile program, Boeing engineers are developing an entirely new weapons system for air defense. It includes bases, communications, logistics and maintenance, in addition to the missile itself. Boeing's experience in the missile field goes back more than eight years. Today the company's enlarged Pilotless Aircraft Division is utilizing a steadily growing portion of Boeing's vast research and design facilities, and engineering staff.

Working of necessity behind a cur-

tain of secrecy, Boeing missile engineers are carrying on extensive research and development in the widely diversified engineering fields required—among them rocket and ram-jet propulsion, supersonic aerodynamics and electronic guidance and control.

The development of the Bomarc system has behind it the huge engineering, research and production resources of Boeing—resources of sufficient breadth and depth to have created the jet age's outstanding bombers, the B-47 and B-52, and America's first jet transport, the Boeing 707.

Young men: You'll acquire "know how" as an airman in the United States Air Force. Opportunities for top technical schooling, world travel and a responsible position on the nation's defense team.

# **BOEING**



"FOR VARIETY,  
spice your life with MYERS"

## Traditional dark MYERS

Jamaica Rum



"Planters' Punch" Brand  
not too heavy...  
not too light...

but just right

Write for FREE  
Rum Recipe Booklet

R. U. Delapenha & Co., Inc., Dept. U,  
655 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.  
97 Proof



Sunbathing on the Famed Patio-in-the-Shape-of-a-Key

## Visit Miami's Friendly HOTEL EVERGLADES



Convenient to downtown  
attractions • Air conditioned  
rooms, Dining Room  
Grill and Lounge  
Private Parking  
Cabana Privileges  
JAMES W. TINKLEY, Mgr.

OVERLOOKING BEAUTIFUL BISCAYNE BAY  
Biscayne Blvd. at 3rd St., Miami, Florida

## EUROPE \$698 11 COUNTRIES

Sailing on

### QUEEN ELIZABETH and QUEEN MARY

Sailing from New York on March 23rd... Returning April 28th. European Grand Tour visiting England, Holland, Belgium, Luxembourg, Germany, Switzerland, Liechtenstein, Austria, Italy, Monte Carlo, France. PERSONALLY ESCORTED—ALL EXPENSE—includes round trip tourist class airfare on QUEEN ELIZABETH and QUEEN MARY, all hotels, most meals, all sightseeing, train, taxi and even tips. Later return if desired. Tour limited to 40 travelers. See Your Travel Agent or Write for Free Booklet No. 10-A

## CARAVAN TOURS

238 S. State St., Chicago 4, Ill.

## Mixed Fiction

THE OTHER PLACE, AND OTHER STORIES OF THE SAME SORT, by J. B. Priestley (265 pp.; Harper; \$3). In these nine short stories, Britain's robust, many-sided man of letters takes a series of ordinary Englishmen right out of this world. In one story, an engineer named Harvey Lindfield—lonely, bored and bewildered by the drab meanness of life in a manufacturing town—gingerly walks through a library door into The Other Place. There he basks in sunshine and fellowship among the townspeople with whom he used to be shy and awkward but who are now transformed into his friends. Then his own lustful impatience leads him to open a girl's door too soon, and he finds himself back in his miserable old world. In other fantasies, a movie director and his script-writing wife win back brief happiness in a flying visit to Regency England, a schoolmaster gets a terrifying look at the future, a cabinet minister has the illusion that he is addressing an audience of dead men. Expertly told, these stories stick so sternly to the same supernatural theme as to suggest that the author, who has been writing plays for years about tricks with time (*I Have Been Here Before*, *Time and the Conways*), would rather like to take his fantasies seriously. The one exception is *Uncle Phil on TV*, an uproarious account of how the unwanted uncle whose insurance money was spent by his family on a TV set returns to haunt every program they turn on.

A WORLD OF LOVE, by Elizabeth Bowen (224 pp.; Knopf; \$3.50), is not a tempest but a great calm in a teapot. In the attic of a ramshackle Irish country house, adrift in the summer doldrums, a beautiful girl finds a batch of old love letters. Their author—a dashing young man, dead these many decades, to whom the girl's mother was once engaged—now comes strangely to life. Around his memory, three women begin to dance slowly, lazily, like tired butterflies: the young girl, who falls in love with the shade she raised; the mother, scatterbrained and scatterhearted, who is shackled to the remembered lover; and the young man's cousin, a great ruin of a woman, who suddenly presents a claim of her own to the dead love. The bond between the two older women, one strangely dominating the other's life, might once have grown into a whole Gothic novel, but no Goth is Author Bowen: her plot twists are in the mind, her castles are moated by irony rather than romance. It is the kind of story where mood is action; each fall of spirits is barometered, each falling flower microscopied. Hovering on the story's edges is a terrifyingly bright child who wants to make a man out of her weakling father and closes in, occasionally, to prick the balloon-souls of her elders. In the end, after the hot letters have rekindled an ashen marriage and warmed the cool young beauty, Author Bowen unconsciously produces a handsome American *deus ex machina*—the *machina* in this case being a plane that carries him abruptly from



Tom Blau—Pix

NOVELIST BOWEN  
Calm in a teapot.

Colorado to Shannon. Irish-born Novelist Bowen writes beautifully—sometimes, in fact, so beautifully that it hurts. But she also demonstrates that it takes more than good writing to make a good book.

THE GOODLY SEED, by John Wyllie (218 pp.; Dutton; \$3) is an intensely humane novel about character under almost inhuman duress. The action takes place during four days at Christmas 1944, in a fetid Japanese P.W. camp near Singapore. The elderly and beloved British camp commandant is dying of beriberi, and everything turns round that fact. The Japanese chief warder hauls out two capsules of vitamin B<sub>1</sub> to keep alive the prisoner at whom he has so often raged but whose authority and advice he cannot do without. The camp doctor decides he must give the medicine to two younger patients instead of his old friend. The medical orderly, who loves the commandant, prays all night for strength to disobey the doctor and give one of the capsules to the dying leader. British Author John Wyllie, himself a survivor of such a camp, spares the reader none of the horrors of torture, debasement and disease, but writes with deep compassion of the chaplains, lunatics, waifs and informers who fight for rice and grope for truth. The memorable figure of the commandant offers an interesting contrast with another fictional prison camp commander, the Blimpish Colonel Nicholson in *The Bridge Over the River Kwai* (TIME, Nov. 1). Where Nicholson believes only in face and the rule book, the commandant in *The Goodly Seed* believes only in man. When he dies, an atheist, he leaves a kind of confession of faith—his faith that man, generation after generation, will go on living and defying death. This may not make him an original thinker, but he remains an original, moving, and finely drawn character.



The famous "forward look" of Chrysler Corporation's 1955 automobiles well represents the progressive thinking leading to this company's use of Copyflex machines. Copyflex has helped speed accounting reports, reduced manual paperwork.



The DoALL Company, world's largest manufacturer of band machines, is the creator of the giant band saw shown above. Copyflex machines speed order-invoice paperwork, cut shipping time by 50%. Installed in 35 branch outlets, Copyflex eliminates manual copying, saves \$100,000 annually in clerical work.

# Two Progressive Companies Find New Way to Make Big Savings on Costs

## by Slashing Paperwork Time and Labor!

Every day more and more progressive firms like Chrysler Corporation and the DoALL Company are adopting fast, efficient Copyflex copying machines to simplify and speed business paperwork.

They use Copyflex to reproduce from the original "action" paper the many different copies needed to complete such operations as order-invoice, purchase order-receiving, and production control. This eliminates costly excess labor, delays, and errors of manual copying; affords improved con-

trol; saves thousands of dollars.

No other copying equipment offers the flexibility and efficiency of Copyflex. These machines are clean, quiet, odorless. They require only an electrical connection for operation. Anyone can learn to operate them quickly and easily.

Copyflex will fit readily into your business systems, utilize your standard forms. Act now to add thousands of dollars to your company's profits. Mail coupon for complete information about Copyflex.



All-purpose, compact desk top Model 100 Copyflex. Produces up to 300 copies, of different originals hourly, 11 inches wide by any length . . . . .

**\$498<sup>50</sup>**

# BRUNING

## Copyflex

Copies anything typed, written, printed, or drawn on ordinary translucent paper — in seconds

*Specialists in Copying Since 1897*

Charles Bruning Company, Inc.  
4700 Montrose Ave., Chicago 41, Illinois, Dept. 515

Please send me complete information on Copyflex Process and Machines.

Name \_\_\_\_\_ Title \_\_\_\_\_  
Company \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ County \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

CHARLES BRUNING COMPANY, INC., 4700 MONTROSE AVE., CHICAGO 41, ILLINOIS



This Season

ENJOY YOUR SUN  
in the beauty and luxury of the

ARIZONA



BILTMORE

Our big pictorial folder will give  
you an idea of our

Unsurpassed Service • Magnificent Setting  
Delicious Food • Colorful Pool Area  
Championship Golf Course

and many other interesting things  
to see and do here...Just write to

Mr. George Lindholm, Manager  
ARIZONA BILTMORE HOTEL  
Box 71, PHOENIX, ARIZONA



**GRAVELY**  
makes tough  
Jobs EASY!

Powerful!

Rotary Mower is  
only one of 21 tools

... 5-HP Gravelly Tractor does every lawn,  
garden, field job easier, better! All-gear Drive,  
Power Reverse, New "Power vs Drag" Drive!  
Booklet FREE! Write today... and ask about  
the NEW EASY PAY PLAN.

(Dealership opportunity in some areas.)



**GRAVELLY**  
BOX 170 DUNDAR, W. VA.  
FIELD-TESTED FOR 34 YEARS

**Mothersills**

The fast-acting  
aid in preventing  
and relieving  
Travel Sickness.  
for Adults & Children



THE WORLD OVER

**free booklet**

for all business executives: "How 60  
second cameras can help you in your  
business." Write Polaroid Corp.,  
Dept. PH-1, Cambridge 39, Mass.

## GENIUS IN A WIMPLE

THERE are three writing Sitwells: Edith, Sacheverell and Osbert; and the best of them is Edith. She is a poet (she hates to be called a poetess) and a good one, possibly a great one. Three English universities have dubbed her Doctor, her sovereign has made her a Dame Grand Cross of the Order of the British Empire, her poetry readings in the U.S. are well attended, and Hollywood has hired her to write the film script for her own book on Queen Elizabeth I. Now published for the first time in the U.S. are her *Collected Poems* (Vanguard; \$6.50). They make an impressive and haunting volume. To Dame Edith, her success is gratifying, especially when she recalls her father's pleasure on reading her first poems: "Edith will commit suicide when she finds out she cannot write poetry."

Edith Sitwell dresses like a child's vision of a poet. At 67, she still wears the richly brocaded gowns that billow and sweep about her, the quartets of enormous rings, the turbans and the wimples that give her the look of a fictional heroine lately escaped from a 16th century castle. She likes to dwell on the resemblance between her thin, aristocratic features and those of Elizabeth I. Before Edith's portrait in London's Tate Gallery, an American exclaimed: "Lord, she's Gothic, Gothic enough to hang bells in!"

When Dame Edith half sings her short, glittering lines, intones her long, prayer-like ones, many a listener feels the shivers induced by the delivery of the great actresses. Now that Dylan Thomas is gone, hers is the most startling sight-and-sound presence in English or U.S. poetry.

**Edith & the Peacock.** Great poets and happy childhoods rarely go together. Edith Sitwell's parents would have preferred a boy. Her father, Sir George, was offended by Edith's aquiline nose and got a doctor to try to change it "by iron and manacles." The attempt failed. Sir George also was cross when his daughter showed a distaste for lawn tennis, made her practice the cello, although she liked the piano, "I used to practice with tears pouring down my cheeks because the C string hurt my little finger so frightfully, and also because I was making such a horrible noise."

Even the servants disapproved of the lonely, awkward girl. Once when Edith was reading the Bible at family services, she happened to glance at the butler's solemn face and burst out giggling. "The butler rose and looked around at the maidservants, who all got to their feet and silently trooped out."

Edith was only five when she attempted to run away from home, but returned because she couldn't lace her boots. At Renishaw, the Sitwell country house in Derbyshire, the child's first friend was a peacock which used to wait for her each morning. "I would go to the garden and we would walk, you might say, arm in arm. When asked why I loved him so, I answered, 'Because he's beautiful, and be-

cause he wears a crown!'" That idyll ended when father Sitwell bought the peacock a wife. "From that moment the peacock neglected me. It was my first insight into the fickleness of living creatures."

Through her teens Edith memorized vast stretches of poetry, until she was able to recite poem after poem all the way from England to the Sitwell villa near Florence without repeating herself once. When she discovered the heavy-breathing love poems of Algernon Swinburne, her family's friends were shocked. Her answer was to make the rough crossing to the Isle of Wight, where Swinburne is buried. There, over the furious objections of the sexton, she poured a jug of milk over the grave and placed on it a honeysuckle, a wreath of bay leaves and a sheaf of roses.

**Buns & Barrel Organs.** With her beloved governess, Helen Rootham, Edith went to Berlin to study music. Not until she was 27 did she get away from home



DAME EDITH SITWELL

for good. Says she: "I became a human being when I was 27." In her London flat, Edith Sitwell gave Saturday teas at which she served halfpenny buns, evening parties with coffee and iced cherries. The talk was rich and gay, the guests were talented: T. S. Eliot, Jacob Epstein, E. M. Forster, Ezra Pound, Virginia Woolf.

Edith worked hard. "I used to practice writing poetry as a pianist practices," she recalls. "I would take a waltz or a polka, some gay music-hall song or perhaps the song of the barrel organ beneath my window and translate it into words."

When Edith first read the spanking rhythms of *Façade* publicly through a horn and hidden from the audience by a curtain, she was hissed, and one paper wrote: "Surely it is time this sort of thing were stopped." Brother Osbert remembers that even friends avoided the Sitwell eyes; Edith and Osbert were made to feel "as if we had committed a murder."

Dame Edith insists that the early poems

were apprenticeship: "I wasn't such a fool as to use any fire that I had until I had the vehicle for the fire." In 1929 the vehicle left on its maiden journey in the poem *Gold Coast Customs*. Skillful, almost savage, it describes African murder rites and equates them with the miseries of London slums and the lives of the fashionable rich. William Butler Yeats wrote: "Something absent from all literature was back again . . . passion ennobled by intensity, by endurance, by wisdom . . ."

But no sooner had Poet Sitwell arrived than she came to a dead stop. For ten full years she wrote almost no poetry, spent most of her time nursing Helen Rootham through her final illness. Her friend died in 1939, and the war ended Edith's silence, because she was "in such a passion of despair and rage and pity." Her wartime poetry stands up today as enormously inventive and touched with a compassion that astonished her early admirers. Through the war and since, she has moved majestically toward God and the brotherhood of man, never doubting the presence of one and the possibility of the other:

*The Sun kisses the loveless,  
The mouth of the condemned by Man,  
the dog-mouth and the lion-fang  
Deep in the heart . . . Then why should  
we lie loveless?  
He will clothe us again in gold and a  
little love.*

**Martinis & Murder.** Today Dame Edith faces the world in a composite armor of shyness, imperiousness and friendliness. She likes her solitude, and she likes her martinis. At Renishaw, she stays in bed till noon reading and writing as a huge wood fire blazes away. Much as she likes elegance, she is addicted to occasional forays into London's East End, where she often chats with prostitutes and barrow boys. On these excursions, her friends say, she creates for herself an underworld dream life. She also follows murder cases avidly, recently dragged brother Osbert to the scene of the grisly Christie murders and kept him there for hours. The critics now pay her court, but she is still bitter about them. Once she sent a stuffed owl to a critic she thought was too stuffy.

Now in the U.S. for readings and Hollywood chores, Dame Edith sometimes shows her age, often her temper, and always her talent. If her trappings and her manner seem theatrical and deliberate, they also have the genuineness that only a true eccentric can give them. And if her readings, electrifying as they are, often seem staid, a look at the printed poems will restore the balance in favor of respect for the lady who can write:

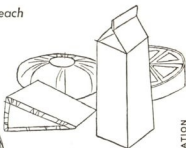
*I am a walking fire, I am all leaves—  
I will cry to the Spring to give me the  
birds' and the serpents' speech  
That I may weep for those who die of  
the cold—  
The ultimate cold within the heart of  
Man.*

Tyler Refrigeration Corporation • Niles, Michigan • Cobleskill, N. Y. • Waxahachie, Texas • Smyrna, Del.

great variety within easy reach

...with Tyler Multiple-Shelf

Dairy Sales-Cases



**TYLER**

a wide choice of dairy  
products, bottled beverages,  
table-ready meats  
is yours in  
the modern food store.

LEADER IN COMMERCIAL FOOD REFRIGERATION

• PLASTIC MOULDING MACHINES • HABERDASHERY • TOYS AND GAMES •

## BUSINESSMEN!

Plan Your European Trip to Include This Wonderful

# BRITISH INDUSTRIES FAIR



"Run by Businessmen for Businessmen"  
LONDON, BIRMINGHAM—MAY 2nd TO 13th

Today, in British industry, full competition is whetting skills, providing increased incentive, for the production of a wealth of new and improved products in practically every field of manufacture. You'll see all these newest British product-advancements at this year's BIF. Don't miss this great Fair, sure to be rich in profit possibilities for you.

British Industries Fair, Ltd.  
380 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.  
Please send me personal invitation to  
Fair, Guest Card to Overseas Buyers  
Club, and descriptive literature.

MY NAME .....  
ADDRESS .....  
CITY ..... ZONE ..... STATE .....  
... Or ask your nearest British Consulate.

• OFFICE MACHINERY & EQUIPMENT • HIGH-FREQUENCY EQUIPMENT

STEAM POWER APPLIANCES • BABY CARRIAGES

Especially welcome in  
a client's office...



the plant you wire...



...and you!



TRADEMARK



## A PLANT BELONGS

### IN EVERY MAN'S OFFICE

On anniversaries . . . promotions . . . openings . . . any occasion of importance to clients, your Flowers-By-Wire (including plants) reflect your thoughtfulness and good taste.

Have your secretary talk with your F.T.D. Florist . . . the shop that *guarantees* delivery worldwide, telegraph-fast.

Phone or Visit  
Your F.T.D. Florist

Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association, Headquarters: Detroit, Michigan

## MISCELLANY

**Still Rusty.** In Sacramento, Lawrence B. Garcia sued the Citrus Heights Fire Department for \$12,530 damages, charged that firemen he had permitted on his property to practice had let their fire get out of control and burn down his home.

**Spectator Sport.** In Atlantic City, 17 days after he had skipped out on a \$75 board bill at the rooming house of Mrs. Margaret Robbins, Angelo Pellegrini, 55, dropped by municipal court to watch the sentencing of offenders, was spotted and arrested by Detective Captain James Pike.

**Eleventh Hour.** In Barquisimeto, Venezuela, when Central Hospital opened its new maternity ward, Zayda de Barrios, 30, checked in as the first patient, promptly gave birth to her tenth, eleventh and twelfth children.

**Gaucherie.** In Pasadena, Calif., after she had testified in an uncontested divorce action that her husband had blackened her eyes 50 times, broken her glasses 150 times, broken her collarbone, broken her nose and kicked a hole in her leg, Mrs. Emma L. Kincaid was asked if she found this upsetting, replied: "Well I'll tell you, it certainly embarrasses you."

**The Realist.** In Kyoto, Japan, unfrocked for working in a pinball parlor and pawning temple images, Buddhist Monk Sabaichi Okuno remarked: "Even a monk has to eat."

**Lesser Evil.** In Portsmouth, Ohio, Judge Lowell Thompson dismissed a drunken-driving charge against Robert Fortenberry, 32, after hearing Fortenberry's explanation: in his home state of Georgia, police confiscate an auto if liquor is found in it, so rather than lose his new car after a traffic mishap, he drank the half-pint of whiskey he had under the seat.

**Vicious Circle.** In Warwick, Va., the city planning commission gave top priority to "how to improve the attendance of members of the commission," but failed to act for lack of a quorum.

**For Short.** In Rio de Janeiro, the Panair do Brasil airline reported that it had issued a ticket to a Europe-bound woman passenger under the name Maria Cunha, rather than the name she had given them: Maria Teresa Francisco de Assis da Conceição da Rocha Filomena das Necessidades do Sagrado Coração de Jesus Pereira da Cunha.

**Neoclassic.** In Mount Vernon, N.Y., thieves broke into the brilliantly floodlighted second floor of Genungs' department store, removed the store's safe from its conspicuous place by the windows, substituted a painting of the safe on plywood, battered the real safe open and escaped with \$10,000.



*You won't find all these hour-saving, dollar-saving*  
**'55 CHEVROLET TRUCK FEATURES** *anywhere else!*

#### **Dollar-saving Engine Features**

You get exactly the right power for your job. All three great valve-in-head engines deliver gas-saving, hour-saving high-compression performance. Aluminum alloy pistons, all-weather ignition system, full-pressure lubrication, assure long low-cost life!

#### **Trip-Saving Body Features**

Chevrolet - built, Unit - Designed truck bodies last longer, require less maintenance. What's more, you haul big loads, save time and extra trips. New stake and platform bodies are wide, long and roomy. Spacious pickups have sturdy tailgates that close grain-tight to prevent load leakage.

#### **Long-Life Chassis Features**

Sturdy single-unit tubular steel rear axle housings! Strong and rigid frames! Durable Diaphragm Spring Clutches with high torque

capacities and long-life construction. Spring capacity is matched to tire capacity for dependable performance.

#### **Advance-Design Cab Features**

Assured driver comfort with efficient ventilation and insulation; shackle mountings that cushion frame vibrations; a one-piece curved windshield with full-width defroster outlet. The all-steel Double-Wall cab construction means extra safety and durability.

#### **Work-Saving Control Features**

Less effort needed with Recirculating-Ball Steering Gear; Torque-Action and Twin-Action brake design helps you stop more surely and easily. Proved truck Hydra-Matic Transmission, optional on 1/2-, 3/4- and 1-ton models at extra cost, eliminates clutching and gearshifting for good . . . saves time on delivery jobs!

Take a good look at these '55 Chevrolet truck features, if you will. See how they'll save hours and dollars and driving effort on your hauling job. Then consider this: You won't find all these worthwhile advances in any other truck at any price. It's a fact! Chevrolet trucks bring you the features you want for '55 . . . the savings you want for years to come! See your Chevrolet dealer. . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



**CHEVROLET ADVANCE-DESIGN TRUCKS**



# You're So Smart to Smoke Parliaments

A man in a vibrant red suit jacket and white shirt is shown from the chest up. He is holding a single white-filtered cigarette in his right hand. In his left hand, he holds an open pack of Parliament cigarettes, which is tilted to show several cigarettes inside. The pack is gold and white with the brand name 'Parliament' in a stylized font. The background is a solid dark color, making the red suit stand out.

Parliament's exclusive  
filter mouthpiece and superb blend  
of fine tobaccos give you  
filtered smoking at its best.

KING SIZE or REGULAR

THE HALLMARK OF QUALITY



A PRODUCT OF

**Benson & Hedges**

FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK